SUPPLEMENT

TO THE EDITION OF

SHAKSPEARE's PLAYS

PUBLISHED IN 1778.

VOL. I.



R Greene del.

(The House in Stratford upon Avon in which Shakspeare was born.)

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE EDITION OF

SHAKSPEARE's PLAYS

PUBLISHED IN 1778

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON AND GEORGE STEEVENS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS

BY SEVERAL OF

THE FORMER COMMENTATORS:

TO WHICH ARE SUBJOINED

THE GENUINE POEMS

OF THE SAME AUTHOR,

AND

SEVEN PLAYS

THAT HAVE BEEN ASCRIBED TO HIM;

WITH NOTES

BY THE EDITOR AND OTHERS.

Natura infirmitatis humanæ tardiora sunt remedia quam mala; et ut corpora lente augescunt, cito extinguuntur, sic ingenia studiaque oppresseris facilius quam revocaveris. TACITUS.

L O N D O N,

Printed for C. Bathurst, W. Strahan, J. F. and C. Rivington, J. Hinton, L. Davis, R. Horsfield, W. Owen, E. Johnson, S. Crowder, B. White, T. Longman, C. Dilly, T. Cadell, J. and T. Bowles, T. Lowndes, J. Robson, T. Payne, H. L. Gardner, J. Nichols, J. Bew, W. Cater, W. Stuart, F. Newbery, G. Robinson, R. Baldwin, T. Beecroft, J. Ridley, T. Evans, S. Hayes, and E. Johnson.

MDCCLXXX.

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE EDITION OF

SHAKSPEARE's PLAYS

PUBLISHED IN 1778.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING

ADVERTISEMENT.
ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS
VENUS AND ADONIS.
RAPE OF LUCRECE.
SONNETS.
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.
A LOVER's COMPLAINT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE various Commentaries on the plays of Shakſpeare are already ſwelled to ſo large a ſize, that ſome apology may be neceſſary for a publication, of which the profeſſed deſign is to increaſe their number.

Thoſe who complain of the repeated impreſſions of this great poet, would do well to conſider, whether the hopes, which were many years ſince entertained, of ſeeing a perfect edition of his works produced by the effort of a ſingle perſon, were not rather ſanguine than reaſonable. By a diligent collation of all the old copies hitherto diſcovered, and the judicious reſtoration of ancient readings, the text of this author ſeems indeed now finally ſettled. The great abilities and unwearied reſearches of his laſt editor, it muſt likewiſe be acknowledged, have left little obſcure or unexplained. But the field of illuſtration is ſo extenſive, that ſome time may yet elapſe before the dramas of Shakſpeare ſhall appear in ſuch a manner as to be incapable of improvement. If, though the moſt eminent literati of Europe for above two centuries were employed in reviſing and expounding the writers of Greece and Rome, many

ancient editions of classick authors have yet within our own memory been much improved by modern industry, why should it create surprize, that a poet, whose works were originally printed with so little care, whose diction is uncommonly licentious, and whose dialogue, agreeably to the nature of dramatick composition, is often temporary and allusive, should still stand in need of critical assistance?—Till his whole library shall have been discovered, till the plots of all his dramas shall have been traced to their sources, till every allusion shall be pointed out, and every obscurity elucidated, somewhat will still remain to be done. The books of the age of queen Elizabeth are now difficult to be procured; and when procured, the aid that they afford to the commentator is not always to be obtained by a regular and systematick course of reading. Hence this species of illustration must necessarily be the slow and gradual work of time; the result of various inquiries, instituted for different purposes.

This opinion is not now for the first time advanced; for one of the most learned of our author's editors, whose vigorous and comprehensive understanding enabled him to throw more light upon the plays he undertook to revise, than all his predecessors had done, long since declared that "so many passages remain, in which Shakspeare evidently takes his advantage of the facts then recent, and of the passions then in motion, that he could not but suspect that time had obscured much of his art, and that many allusions yet remain undiscovered, which perhaps may be gradually retrieved by future commentators."

If

If the Obſervations now laid before the publick ſhall at all contribute to point out theſe alluſions, or illuſtrate theſe obſcurities, the time that has been expended in arranging and preparing them for the preſs, will not, it is hoped, be conſidered as wholly miſemployed.

So large a work as the preſent was not originally intended; but the editor having met with the ancient poem entitled *Romeus and Juliet*, on which Shakſpeare's tragedy was manifeſtly founded, that very rare and curious piece has been reprinted entire. From the old tract alſo called *The Hyſtorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. all ſuch parts have been extracted as ſerve in any ſort to illuſtrate the drama conſtructed upon it. Various additional obſervations by ſeveral of the former commentators are likewiſe inſerted in the following Supplement. To theſe the editor has been enabled to add the annotations of ſome gentlemen who now firſt appear as ſcholiaſts on our author; among which every reader, he is perſuaded, will be pleaſed to find the remarks of one of the moſt eminent literary characters that the preſent age has produced; a perſon whoſe name will be revered, and whoſe works will be ſtudied and admired, as long as the laws and conſtitution of England ſhall have any exiſtence. It is ſcarcely neceſſary to obſerve that by this deſcription the late Sir William Blackſtone is pointed out; whoſe notes, in conformity to his own deſire, have no other diſtinction than the final letter of his name. There is now no longer occaſion for ſecrecy; and the editor has only to lament that ſo unfortunate an event as the death of this

gen-

gentleman ſhould have left him at liberty to divulge it; a liberty, however, which he ſhould ſcruple to take, were he not confident, that, notwithſtanding the very high rank in which the learned and elegant compoſitions of this great lawyer have deſervedly placed him, theſe amuſements of his vacant hours will by no means diminiſh the luſtre of his reputation.

Though near a century and a half has elapſed ſince the death of Shakſpeare, it is ſomewhat extraordinary, that none of his various editors ſhould have attempted to ſeparate his genuine poetical compoſitions from the ſpurious performances with which they have been ſo long intermixed, or taken the trouble to compare them with the earlieſt editions. Shortly after his death, a very incorrect impreſſion of his poems was iſſued out, which in every ſubſequent edition has been implicitly followed. They are now all faithfully printed from the original copies, except his *Venus and Adonis*, of which, though much inquiry was made for it, the editor has not been able to procure the firſt impreſſion. By the kindneſs however of the reverend Dr. Farmer he has been furniſhed with a copy of that poem publiſhed in 1600, which has been carefully collated for the preſent work. This edition ſeems to have eſcaped the reſearches of all our typographical antiquarians, not being mentioned in any catalogue, ancient or modern.

Many paſſages in theſe poems being obſcure, they have been illuſtrated with notes, in which all ſuch parallel expreſſions as have been diſcovered in our author's

author's dramatick performances are quoted, as furnishing a very ſtrong proof of their authenticity.

With reſpect to the greater part of the plays that compoſe the ſecond of theſe volumes, the editor does not offer them to the publick as the compoſitions of Shakſpeare, being convinced that of the *majority* of them not a ſingle line was written by our great poet. When he firſt undertook the taſk of reviſing theſe plays, his opinion concerning them was by no means ſo decided as it is at preſent: but having carefully examined all the evidence relative to them, he might juſtly be charged with want of candour, if he did not fairly ſtate what has been the reſult of his inquiries.

If the majority of theſe pieces then, in the editor's opinion, were not written by Shakſpeare, what connexion, it may be aſked, have they with his works, or why are they again reprinted?—The reader will be pleaſed to obſerve, that the preſent publication aſſumes only the humble title of a Supplement to the laſt excellent edition of our author's plays; and under this deſcription theſe imputed performances may perhaps not improperly be arranged. Though to the editor ſome of theſe dramas do not appear to be genuine, other perſons may entertain different ſentiments concerning them. It is now above a century ſince they were all publiſhed together as his compoſitions; and four of them had been ſeparately printed with his name in his life-time. In a period of more than a hundred and fifty years various opinions have been entertained about them; yet never has our author's title to theſe conteſted pieces been fairly and fully

fully inveſtigated. Notwithſtanding the doubts that have been raiſed concerning them, (doubts which indeed the circumſtances already mentioned were ſufficient to create,) they have remained in the ſame ſtate in which they originally appeared; abounding, like almoſt all the dramatick productions of that age, with the groſſeſt corruptions; with which, be it remembered, the pages of our author alſo would ſtill have been disfigured, if they had not paſſed through the ordeal of a critical examination by a numerous band of learned editors and commentators. Deterred by the uncouth form in which theſe plays appeared, few have taken the trouble to read them; and the queſtion concerning their authenticity has remained in its original obſcurity.

Hence it was thought that it would not be wholly without uſe or entertainment to trace the hiſtory of theſe dramas as far as at this diſtance of time it can be traced; to collect all the internal and external evidence that might ſerve to point out the probable authors of them; to aſcertain as nearly as poſſible the era when each of them was produced; to collate them with the original copies; to attempt to free them from the numerous corruptions with which they abound; and to preſent them to the publick in a more *queſtionable ſhape* than that in which they have hitherto been exhibited. The authoritative deciſion of criticks, on a point ſo long agitated, will not ſatisfy the curious and intelligent reader of Shakſpeare. He will wiſh to ſee with his own eyes, and to decide by the power of his own underſtanding.

ing. To ſuch perſons theſe performances, in their preſent form, will, it is preſumed, not be unacceptable. Indeed, conſidering them merely as productions of writers contemporary with our author, they may be peruſed with advantage; ſince, like moſt of the dramatick compoſitions of that time, they may ſerve to explain his phraſeology, and illuſtrate his alluſions; for which purpoſe they have perhaps been examined leſs attentively than any other of the dramas of that age, having been hitherto rejected out of the modern collections of old Engliſh plays, not, as it ſhould ſeem, from their want of merit, but becauſe they were conſidered as in ſome ſort belonging to Shakſpeare. They have met with the fate of other ſpurious productions, and have been neglected by all parties. They were originally diſowned by their natural parents; and the truſtees of the literary eſtate of their imputed father have treated them as ſuppoſititious offspring, to whom they were not bound to pay any regard.

Under this general deſcription of theſe conteſted pieces, it is not wiſhed that the play of *Pericles*, and the ſhort interlude entitled *A Yorkſhire Tragedy*, ſhould be included. The latter, in ſome places, appears to have much of our author's manner; and, for the reaſons aſſigned by Mr. Steevens in his ingenious remarks on that piece, it may well be doubted whether it was not a haſty production of a few days, about which, as it was to be exhibited in conjunction with three other ſhort dramas, compoſed perhaps by writers of no great eminence, he gave himſelf little trouble. With reſpect to the tragedy of *Pericles*, I fear

I fear I have already trefpaffed too much on the reader's patience in the notes on that play, and the obfervations annexed at the end of it; and will therefore only add, I am fo thoroughly convinced that, if not the whole, at leaft the greater part of that drama was written by our author, that I hope it will be admitted into fome future edition of his works, in the room of *Titus Andronicus*, of which I do not believe a fingle line to have been the compofition of Shakfpeare.

I cannot conclude this Advertifement without expreffing my warmeft acknowledgments to the Dean of Carlifle, the reverend Dr. Farmer, the reverend Mr. Henley, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Steevens, and the other gentlemen, whofe valuable communications form fo confiderable a part of the enfuing volumes. To the friendfhip of Mr. Steevens I am indebted, not only for the numerous obfervations that are fubfcribed with his name, but alfo for many judicious hints for the conduct of the prefent work, by which (though ftill, I fear, in need of the reader's utmoft indulgence,) it has been rendered lefs exceptionable than it otherwife would have been.

E. MALONE.

ERRATA.

Page. VOL. I.

23 Note h, l. 6, *for* represention *r.* representation.
41 l. 6, *for* boy *r.* toy.
42 l. penult. *for* either o *r.* either on.
57 l. 10, *for* Actors *r.* Actor.
59 l. 13, *for* words *r.* verses.
63 l. 7, *for* cetrainly *r.* certainly.
65 l. 4 from the bottom, *for* perfomer *r.* performer.
136 l. 3, *for* By captious believe *r.* By captious I believe.
178 l. 3 from the bottom, *for* lord of Cobham, *r.* lord Cobham.
184 l. 15, *for* AMNER *r.* WHITE.
191 l. 7, *for* AMNER *r.* WHITE.
208 l. 18, after *events* add MALONE.
222 l. 20, *for* Akinside's *r.* Akenside's.
263 l. antepenult. after *guess* add MALONE.
436 note 9, l. 5, *for* devining *r.* divining.
490 l. 15, *for* night-wandring *r.* night-wand'ring.
492 note 5, *for* checkea *r.* checked.
527 note 1, l. 11, *for* strife's *r.* strifes.
570 note 3, l. 7, *for* quicksilker *r.* quicksilver.
579 l. 11 from the bottom, *for* one hundred and twenty *r.* one hundred and twenty-*six*.

VOL. II.

14 Stage direction, *for* The Riddle *r.* reads the Riddle.
21 l. 2, *for* Exit *r.* Exeunt.
37 l. 11, dele the comma after *ships*.
50 l. 8, *for* di'e take it *r.* do ye take it.
53 l. 7, *for* dulcura *r.* dulçura.
60 l. 6 from the bottom, *for* Pyrricke *r.* Pyrrichia.
74 l. 8, *for* deafning *r.* deaf'ning.
95 l. 5, *for* mone *r.* moan.
98 l. 5, *for* enflame *r.* inflame.
160 l. 16 from the bottom, *for* five feet metre *r.* five-feet metre.
169 l. 37, *for* flighted *r* flightest.
192 note *, *for* Vcsta *r.* Vesta.
341 l. penult. *for* whethet *r.* whether.
347 l. 4 from the bottom, *for* person *r.* parson.
372 List of Persons represented, *for* hangman *r.* executioner.
381 note 4, *for* I often heard *r.* I have often heard.
401 and 407, note 9, *for* Bolognia *r.* Bologna.
449 l. penult. *for* first *r.* second.
476 l. 1, *for* yousrelf *r.* yourself.
536 l. 1, *for* outshind em *r.* outshin'd 'em.
563 note 4, l. 4, *for* pronounciation *r.* pronunciation.
631 l. 14 and 16, *for* 1604 *r.* 1605.
Ibid. l. 14, *for* following *r.* same.

DIRECTIONS to the BINDER.

Shakspeare's House to face the title-page to Vol. I. The Head of Lord Southampton to front p. 401, Vol. I.

When these Books are sewed and put in boards, it is desired that they may not be beaten; and it is recommended not to bind them till next winter.

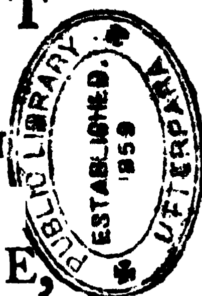
SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

LAST EDITION

OF

SHAKSPEARE,



1778.

VOLUME I.

Prolegomena.

After Mr. Steevens's note at the bottom of p. 85, the following imperfect account of our ancient theatres may be added.

In the preceding page the antiquarian has been gratified with a view of *the Globe* Play-house. It may not be wholly unamusing to examine the inside of the building, and to exhibit as accurate a delineation of the internal form and œconomy of our ancient theatres, as the distance at which we stand, and the obscurity of the subject, will permit. Vol. I. Prolegomena.

The drama, before the time of Shakspeare, was so little cultivated, or so ill understood, that it is unnecessary to carry our researches higher than that period. Dryden has truly observed, that he "found not, but created first the stage;" of which no one can doubt, who considers, that of all the plays issued from the press antecedent to the year 1592, when there is good reason to believe he commenced a dramatick writer, the titles are scarcely known, except to antiquarians; nor is there one of them that will bear a second perusal. Yet these, contemptible and few as they are, we may suppose to have been the most popular productions of the time, and the best that had been exhibited before the appearance of Shakspeare [a].

The

NOTE.

a There are but thirty four plays (exclusive of mysteries, moralities, interludes, and translations) now extant, written antecedent to, or in the year 1592. Their titles are as follow:

Vol. I. Prolegomena.

The most ancient English play-houses of which I have met any accounts, are *the Curtain* in Shore-ditch, and *the Theatre* [b].

In

NOTES.

Acolastus - - -	1540
Ferrex and Porrex -	1561
Damon and Pythias -	1562
Appius and Virginia	1575
Gammer Gurton's Needle	
Promos, and Cassandra	1578
Three Ladies of London	
Cambyses, no date, but probably written before - - -	1580
Arraignment of Paris	1584
Sappho and Phaon	
Alexander and Campaspe	
Jeronimo	1588
Spanish Tragedy, or *Hieronimo is mad again*	
Tamburlaine	
Titus Andronicus - -	1589
King Henry V. in or before	1589
King John, in two parts	1591
Endymion - -	

Orlando Furioso	before 1592
Alphonsus king of Arragon	
James IV. king of Scotland	
A Looking-Glass for London	
Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay -	
Jew of Malta	
Dr. Faustus	
Edward II.	
Lust's Dominion	
Massacre of Paris	
Dido	
Soliman and Perseda	1592
Midas	
Galathea - -	
Tancred and Gismund	
Arden of Feversham	

Between the years 1592 and 1600, the following plays were printed or exhibited, some of which, probably, were written before our author commenced play-wright.

Cleopatra - -	1593
Edward I. - -	1593
Battle of Alcazar	1594
Wounds of Civil War	
Selymus Emperor of the Turks	
Cornelia	
Mother Bombie	
The Cobler's Prophecy	
The Wars of Cyrus	
King Leir - -	
Taming of a Shrew	

Locrine	1595
Antonius	
Edward III.	
Woman in the Moon	1597
Mucedorus	
The virtuous Octavia	1598
Every Man in his Humour	
Pinner of Wakefield	1599
Warning for Fair Women	
David and Bethsabe	
Two angry Women of Abington	
The Case is altered	
Every Man out of his Humour	

b They

In the time of our author, there were no less than ten theatres open: four private houses, viz. that in *Black-friars*, the *Cockpit* or *Phænix* in Drury Lane, a theatre in *White-friars*, and one in *Salisbury Court*; and six that were called public theatres; viz. the *Globe*, the *Swan*, the *Rose*, and the *Hope*[c], on the Bank-side; the *Red Bull* at the upper end of St. John's street, and the *Fortune* in White-cross street. The two last were chiefly frequented by citizens[d].

Most, if not all of Shakspeare's plays were performed either at *the Globe*, or at the theatre in *Black-friars*. I shall therefore confine my enquiries chiefly to these two. It appears that they both belonged to the same company of comedians, viz. his majesty's servants, which title they assumed, after a licence had been granted to them by king James in 1603; having before that time been called the servants of the lord chamberlain.

The theatre in *Black-friars* was, as has been mentioned, a private house; but what were the peculiar and distinguishing marks of a private play-house, it is not easy to ascertain. We know only that it was very small[e]; and that plays were there usually represented by candle-light[f].

The

NOTES.

[b] They are mentioned in an ancient *Treatise against Idleness, vaine Plaies and Interludes*, by John Northbrook, bl. l. no date, but written apparently about the year 1580. Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, p. 90, edit. 1583, inveighs against *theatres* and *curtaines*, which he calls *Venus' Palaces*. Edmund Howes, the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle*, says, p. 1004, "That before the year 1570, he neither knew, heard, nor read of any such theatres, set stages, or play-houses, as have been purposely built within man's memory."

[c] Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* was performed at this theatre in 1614. He does not give a very favourable description of it:—"Though the fair be not kept in the same region that some here perhaps would have it, yet think that the author hath therein observed a special decorum, the place being as dirty as *Smithfield*, and as stinking every whit."—*Induction* to *Barth. Fair*.—The other theatres here alluded to, were probably *the Red Bull*, and *the Fortune*, which were both near Smithfield.

[d] See Wright's *Historia Histrionica*, 1699.

[e] Wright, in his *Hist. Histrion.* informs us, that the theatre in *Black-friars*, the *Cockpit*, and that in *Salisbury Court*, were exactly alike both in form and size. The smallness of the latter

is

Vol. I. Prolegomena.

The Globe, which was situated on the southern side of the river Thames, was an hexagonal building, partly open to the weather, partly covered with reeds. It was a public theatre, and of considerable size [g]; and there they always acted by day-light [h]. On the roof of *the Globe*, and the other public theatres, a pole was erected, to which a flag was affixed [i]. These flags were probably displayed only during

NOTES.

is ascertained by these lines in an epilogue to *Tottenham Court*, a comedy by Nabbes, which was acted there:

"When others fill'd rooms with neglect disdain ye,
"My *little* house with thanks shall entertain ye."

The theatre in *Black-friars* was situated somewhere near the present Apothecaries-Hall. There is still in that neighbourhood, *Play-house Yard*, where probably the theatre stood. It appears to have been a very ancient play-house, Lilly's *Campaspe* having been acted there in 1584. It is uncertain at what time it came into the possession of Shakspeare and his fellow-comedians. In the licence granted to them in 1603, *the Globe* is called the house where they *usually* performed, and no mention is made of *Black-friars* theatre. The children of the Revels sometimes acted here; indeed either they, or some other company of children, seem to have belonged to this theatre; for, *The Case is altered*, a play of Ben Jonson's, is printed *as it was acted by the children of the Black-fryars*. They were probably introduced occasionally for the sake of variety.

[f] "All the city looked like *a private play-house*, when the *windows are clapt downe*, as if some *nocturnal* and dismal tragedy were presently to be acted." Decker's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606. See also *Historia Histrionica*.

[g] *The Globe*, we learn from *Historia Histrionica*, was nearly of the same size as the theatre built by Edward Alleyn, called *the Fortune*, the dimensions of which may be conjectured from a circumstance mentioned by Mr. Steevens, vol. I. p. 267, last edit. *The Fortune* is spoken of in the prologue to *the Roaring Girl*, a comedy which was acted there, as a play-house of considerable size:

"A roaring girl, whose notes till now never were,
"Shall fill with laughter *our vast theatre*."

See also the concluding lines of Shirley's prologue to *the Doubtful Heir*, infra p. 7.

[h] Wright's *Hist. Histrion.*

[i] So, in *the Curtaine Drawer of the World*, 1612: "Each play-house advanceth his *flagge* in the aire, whither quickly at the waving thereof are summoned whole troops of men, women, and children."—Again, in *A Mad World my Masters*, a comedy by

during the hours of exhibition; and it ſhould ſeem from a paſſage in one of the old comedies, that they were taken down during Lent, in which ſeaſon no plays were preſented [k].

The Globe, though hexagonal at the outſide, was probably a rotunda within, and perhaps had its name from its circular form [l]. It might, however, have been denominated only from its ſign; which was a figure of Hercules ſupporting the Globe This theatre was burnt down in 1613; but it was rebuilt in the following year, and decorated with more ornament than had been originally beſtowed upon it [m].

The

NOTES.

by Middleton, 1608: "——the hair about the hat is as good as a *flag* upon the pole, at a common play-houſe, to waft company." See a *South View of the City of London as it appeared in* 1599, in which are repreſentations of *the Globe* and *Swan* theatres. From the words, "a *common* play-houſe," in the paſſage laſt quoted, we may be led to ſuppoſe that flags were not diſplayed on the roof of *Black-friars*, and the other *private* play-houſes.

This cuſtom ſeems to have taken riſe from a miſconception of a line in Ovid:

"Tunc neque marmoreo pendebant vela theatro——"

which Heywood thus tranſlates:

"In thoſe days from the marble houſe did waive
"No ſail, no *ſilken flag*, or enſign brave."

"From the roof (ſays the ſame author, deſcribing a Roman amphitheatre) grew a loover or turret, of exceeding altitude, from which *an enſign of ſilk waved continually*;—pendebant vela theatro."—The miſinterpretation might, however, have ariſen from the Engliſh cuſtom.

k "'Tis *Lent* in your cheeks;—*the flag is down.*" *A Mad World my Maſters*, a comedy by Middleton, 1608.

l "After theſe (ſays Heywood, ſpeaking of the buildings at Rome, appropriated to ſcenic exhibitions) they compoſed others, but differing in form from the theatre or amphitheatre, and every ſuch was called *circus*; the frame *globe*-like, and merely *round.*" *Apology for Actors*, 1612. See alſo our author's prologue to *K. Henry V.*

"——or may we cram
"Within this wooden O, &c."

m See Taylor's *Skuller*, p. 31, Ep. 22.

VOL. I. PROLEGOMENA.

The exhibitions at *the Globe* seem to have been calculated chiefly for the lower class of people [n]; those at *Black-friars*, for a more select and judicious audience. This appears from the following prologue to Shirley's *Doubtful Heir*, which is inserted among his poems, printed in 1646, with this title:

NOTES.

" As gold is better that's in fire try'd,
" So is the Bank-side *Globe*, that late was burn'd;
" For where before it had a thatched hide,
" Now to a stately theator 'tis turn'd."

See also Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 1003.

[n] *The Globe* theatre, (which was situated in Southwark, nearly opposite to Queen-street Cheapside) being contiguous to the *Bear-Garden*, when the sports of the latter were over, the same spectators probably resorted to the former. The audiences at *the Bull* and *the Fortune*, were, it may be presumed, of a class still inferior to that of *the Globe*. The latter, being the theatre of his majesty's servants, must necessarily have had a superior degree of reputation. At all of them, however, it appears, that noise and shew were what chiefly attracted an audience. Our author speaks in *Hamlet* of "*berattling the common* [i. e. the *public*] theatres." See also *A Prologue* spoken by a company of players who had seceded from *the Fortune*, infra p. 15. (Note [q]) from which we learn that the performers at that theatre "*to split the ears of the groundlings*," used "*to tear a passion to tatters*."

In some verses addressed by Thomas Carew to Mr. [afterwards Sir William] D'Avenant, "Upon his excellent Play, *The Just Italian*," 1630, I find a similar character of *the Bull* theatre:

" Now noise prevails; and he is tax'd for drowth
" Of wit, that with the cry spends not his mouth.——
" ——— thy strong fancies, raptures of the brain,
" Dress'd in poetic flames, they entertain
" As a bold impious reach; for they'll still slight
" All that exceeds RED BULL and *Cockpit* flight.
" These are the men in crowded heaps that throng
" To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue
" Of the untun'd kennel, can a line repeat
" Of serious sense; but like lips meet like meat:
" Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone
" Keep natural unstrain'd action in her throne,
" Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse
" The terser Beaumont's, or great Jonson's verse."

The *true brood of actors* were the performers at *Black-friars*, where *The Just Italian* was acted.

Prologue

Prologue at *the* GLOBE, to his Comedy called *the Doubtful Heir*, which should have been presented at *the Black-friars* [o]. VOL. I. PROLEGOMENA.

" Gentlemen, I am only sent to say,
" Our author did not calculate his play
" For *this* meridian. The *Bank-side*, he knows,
" Is far more skilful at the ebbs and flows
" Of water than of wit; he did not mean
" For the elevation of your poles, this scene.
" No shews—no dance—and what you most delight in,
" Grave understanders [p], here's no target-fighting
" Upon the stage; all work for cutlers barr'd;
" No bawdry, nor no ballads;—this goes hard:
" But language clean, and what affects you not,
" Without impossibilities the plot;
" No clown, no squibs, no devil in't.—Oh now,
" You squirrels that want nuts, what will you do?
" Pray do not crack the benches, and we may
" Hereafter fit your palates with a play.
" But you that can contract yourselves, and sit,
" As you were now in the *Black-friars* pit,
" And will not deaf us with lewd noise and tongues,
" Because we have no heart to break our lungs,
" Will pardon our *vast* stage, and not disgrace
" This play, meant for your persons, not the place."

The superior discernment of the *Black-friars* audience may be likewise collected from a passage in the preface prefixed by Heminge and Condell to the first folio edition of our author's works: " And though you be *a magistrate of wit*, and sit on the stage at *Black-friars* or the Cockpit, to arraigne plays dailie, know these plays have had their tryal already, and stood out all appeales."

A writer, already quoted [q], informs us that one of these

NOTES.

[o] In the printed play, these words are omitted; the want of which renders the prologue perfectly unintelligible.

[p] The common people stood in *the Globe* theatre, in that part of the house which we now call the pit; which being lower than the stage, Shirley calls them *under*standers. In the private playhouses, it appears from the subsequent lines, there were seats in the pit.

[q] Wright.

theatres was a winter, and the other a ſummer houſe. As *the Globe* was partly expoſed to the weather, and they acted there uſually by day-light, it was probably the ſummer theatre. The exhibitions here ſeem to have been more frequent [r] than at *Black-friars*, at leaſt till the year 1604 or 1605, when the *Bank-ſide* appears to have become leſs faſhionable, and leſs frequented than it formerly had been [s].

Many of our ancient dramatic pieces were performed in the yards of carriers' inns, in which, in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, the comedians, who then firſt united themſelves in companies, erected an occaſional ſtage [t]. The form of theſe temporary play-houſes ſeems to be preſerved in our modern theatre. The galleries are, in both, ranged over each other on three ſides of the building. The ſmall rooms under the loweſt of theſe galleries, anſwer to our preſent boxes; and it is obſervable that theſe even in theatres which were built in a ſubſequent period expreſsly for dramatic exhibitions, ſtill retained their old name, and are frequently called *rooms* by our ancient writers. The yard bears a ſufficient reſemblance to the pit, as at preſent in uſe. We may ſuppoſe the ſtage to have been raiſed in this area, on the fourth ſide, with its back to the gateway of the inn, at which the money for admiſſion was taken. Thus, in fine weather, a play-houſe not incommodious might have been formed.

Hence, in the middle of *the Globe*, and I ſuppoſe of the other *public* theatres, in the time of Shakſpeare, there was an

NOTES.

[r] *King Lear*, in the title page of the original edition, printed in 1608, is ſaid to have been performed by his majeſty's ſervants, playing *uſually* at *the Globe* on the Bankſide.—See alſo the licence granted by king James in 1603: "——and the ſaid comedies, tragedies, &c.—to ſhew—as well within their now *uſual* houſe called *the Globe*—"

[s] See *The Works* of Taylor the water-poet, p. 171. edit. 1633.

[t] Fleckno, in his *Short Diſcourſe of the Engliſh Stage*, publiſhed in 166 , ſays, ſome remains of theſe ancient theatres were at that day to be ſeen in the inn-yards of the *Croſs-keys* in Gracechurch Street, and *the Bull* in Biſhopſgate Street.

In the ſeventeen play-houſes erected between the years 1570 and 1629, the continuator of Stowe's *Chronicle* reckons "five *innes* or common *oſteryes* turned into play-houſes."

open

open yard or area [u], where the common people stood to see the exhibition; from which circumstance they are called by our author *groundlings*, and by Ben Jonson, "the *understanding* gentlemen of the *ground*."

In the ancient play-houses there appears to have been a private box; of which it is not easy to ascertain the situation. It seems to have been placed at the side of the stage, towards the rear, and to have been at a lower price; in this some people sat, either from œconomy or singularity [w]. The galleries or *scaffolds*, as they are sometimes called,

NOTES.

[u] "In the play-houses at London, it is the fashion of youthes to go first into the *yarde*, and to carry their eye through every gallery; then like unto ravens, when they spye the carion, thither they flye, and press as near to the fairest as they can." *Plays Confuted, in Five several Actions*, by Stephen Gosson, 1579. Again, in Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609: "The stage, like time, will bring you to most perfect light, and lay you open; neither are you to be hunted from thence, though the *scare-crowes* in the *yard* hoot you, hiss at you, spit at you." So, in the prologue to an old comedy called *The Hog has lost his Pearl*, 1611:

"We may be pelted off for what we know
"With apples, eggs, or stones, from *those below*."

See also the prologue to *The Doubtful Heir*, ante p. 7:

"——and what you most delight in,
"Grave *understanders*,——"

[w] "Whether therefore the gatherers of the publique or private play-house stand to receive the afternoon's rent, let our gallant, having paid it, presently advance himself to the throne of the stage. I mean not into *the lords' roome*, *which is now but the stage's suburbs*. No, those boxes,—by the iniquity of custom, conspiracy of waiting-women, and gentlemen-ushers, that there sweat together, and the covetous sharers—are contemptibly thrust into the *reare*, and much new satten is there dambd, by being smother'd to death in darkness." Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609. So, in the prologue to Massinger's *City-Madam*:

"The *private box* took up at a new play
"For me and my retinue; a fresh habit
"Of a fashion never seen before, to draw
"The gallants' eyes that sit upon the stage."

See also, *Epigrams*, by Sir John Davis, no date, but printed at Middleburg, about 1598:

"*Rufus* the courtier at the theatre,
"Leaving the best and most conspicuous place,
"Doth

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called, and that part of the houſe, which in private theatres was named the pit [x], ſeem to have been at the ſame price; and probably in houſes of reputation, ſuch as *the Globe*, and that in *Black-friars*, the price of admiſſion into thoſe parts of the theatre was ſix-pence [y], while in ſome meaner play-

NOTES.

"Doth either to the ſtage himſelf transfer,
"*Or through a grate doth ſhew his double face,*
"For that the clamourous fry of innes of court,
"Fills up the private roomes of greater price;
"And ſuch a place where all may have reſort,
"He in his ſingularity doth deſpiſe."

[x] The pit, Dr. Percy ſuppoſes to have received its name from one of the play-houſes having been formerly a *cock-pit*. This account of the term, however, ſeems to be ſomewhat queſtionable. The place where the ſeats are ranged in St. Mary's at Cambridge, is ſtill called the *pit*; and no one can ſuſpect that venerable fabric of having ever been a *cock-pit*, or that the phraſe was borrowed from a play-houſe to be applied to a church. A *pit* is a place low in its relative ſituation, and ſuch is the middle part of a theatre.

Shakſpeare himſelf uſes *cock-pit* to expreſs a ſmall confined ſituation, without any particular reference:

"Can this *cock-pit* hold
"The vaſty fields of France—or may we cram,
"Within this wooden O, the very caſques
"That did affright the air at Agincourt."

[y] See an old collection of tales, entitled *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "When the great man had read the actor's letter, he preſently in anſwere to it, took a ſheet of paper, and folding *ſixpence* up in it, ſealed it, ſubſcribed it, and ſent it to his brother; intimating thereby, that though his brother had vowed not in ſeven years to ſee him, yet he for his *ſixpence* could come and ſee him upon the ſtage at his pleaſure."

So, in the induction to *The Magnetic Lady*, by Ben Jonſon: "Not the fæces or grounds of your people that ſit in the oblique caves and wedges of your houſe, your ſinful *ſixpenny mechanicks*."

See poſt. Verſes addreſſed to Fletcher on his *Faithful Shepherdeſs*.

That there were *ſixpenny* places at the *Black-friars* play-houſe, appears from the epilogue to Mayne's *City Match*, 1639, which was acted at that theatre:

"Not that he fears his name can ſuffer wrack
"From them who *ſixpence* pay, and ſixpence crack;
"To ſuch he wrote not, though ſome parts have been
"So like here, that they to themſelves came in."

houſes

houses it was only a penny [z], in others two-pence [a]. The price of admission into the best *rooms* or boxes [b], was, I be-

NOTES.

[z] So, in *Wit without Money*, by B. and Fletcher: "Break in at plays like prentices for three a groat, and crack nuts with the scholars in *penny* rooms again."

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "Your *groundling* and *gallery commoner* buys his sport by the *penny*."

Again, in *Humour's Ordinarie, where a Man may be very merrie and exceeding well used for his Sixpence*, no date:

"Will you stand spending your invention's treasure,
"To teach stage-parrots speak for *penny* pleasure."

[a] "Pay thy *two-pence* to a player, in this gallery you may sit by a harlot." *Bell-man's Night-walk*, by Decker, 1616.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy by Sharpham, 1615: "And they, like your common players, let men come in for *two-pence* a-piece."

Again, in the prologue to the *Woman-hater*, by B. and Fletcher, 1607: "——to the utter discomfiture of all *two-penny gallery* men."

It appears from a passage in *The Roaring Girl*, a comedy by Middleton, 1611, that there was a *two-penny* gallery in the *Fortune* play-house, which belonged to William Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich college: "One of them is Nip; I took him once at the *two-penny gallery* at *the Fortune*."

[b] The boxes in the theatre at *Black-friars* were probably small, and appear to have been *inclosed* in the same manner as at present. See a letter from Mr. Garrard, dated January 25, 1635. *Straff. Letters*, vol. I. p. 511: "A little pique happened betwixt the duke of Lenox and the lord chamberlain, about a *box* at a new play in the *Black-friars*, of which the duke had got the key; which if it had come to be debated betwixt them as it was once intended, some heat or perhaps other inconvenience might have happened."

In *the Globe* and the other *public* theatres, they were of considerable size. See the prologue to *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, by Decker, acted at the *Red Bull*:

"——Give me that man,
"Who, when the plague of an imposthum'd brains,
"Breaking out, infects a theatre, and hotly reigns,
"Killing the hearers' hearts, that the *vast rooms*
"Stand empty, like so many dead mens' tombs,
"Can call the banish'd auditor home, &c."

He seems to be here describing his antagonist B. Jonson, whose plays were generally performed to a thin audience. See *Verses* on our author, by Leonard Digges, post.

lieve,

lieve, in our author's time, a ſhilling [c]; though afterwards it appears to have riſen to two ſhillings [d] and half a crown [e].

NOTES.

c See Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1614: "If he have but *twelvepence* in his purſe, he will give it for the *beſt room* in a play-houſe."

So, in the prologue to our author's *King Henry VIII:*

"Thoſe that come to ſee
"Only a ſhew or two, and ſo agree
"The play may paſs, if they be ſtill and willing,
"I'll undertake may ſee away their *ſhilling*
"In two ſhort hours."

Again, in a copy of verſes prefixed to Maſſinger's *Bondman*, 1624:

"Reader, if you have diſburs'd *a ſhilling*
"To ſee this worthy ſtory——"

Again, in the *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609: "At a new play you take up the *twelvepenny room* next the ſtage, becauſe the lords and you may ſeem to be hail-fellow well met."

So late as in the year 1658, we find the following advertiſement at the end of a piece called *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, by Sir William D'Avenant: "Notwithſtanding the great expence neceſſary to *ſcenes* and other ornaments, in this entertainment, there is good proviſion made of places for *a ſhilling*, and it ſhall certainly begin at three in the afternoon."

d See the prologue to *The Queen of Arragon*, a tragedy by Habington, 1640:

"Ere we begin, that no man may repent
"*Two ſhillings* and his time, the author ſent
"The prologue with the errors of his play,
"That who will may take his money and away."

Again, in the epilogue to Mayne's *City Match*, 1639, acted at *Black-friars:*

"To them who call reproof, to make a face,
"Who think they judge, when they frown i' the wrong place,
"Who if they ſpeak not ill o' the poet, doubt
"They looſe by the play, nor have their *two ſhillings out*,
"He ſays, &c."

e See *Wit without Money*, a comedy, 1639:

"And who extoll'd you into the *half crown* boxes,
"Where you might ſit and muſter all the beauties."

In the play-houſe called *the Hope* on the Bankſide, there were five different-priced ſeats, from ſixpence to half a crown. See the induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonſon, 1614.

From

From ſeveral paſſages in our old plays we learn, that ſpectators were admitted on the ſtage[f], and that the critics and wits of the time uſually ſat there[g]. Some were placed on the ground[h]; others ſat on ſtools, of which the price was either ſixpence[i] or a ſhilling[k], according, I ſuppoſe, to the commodiouſneſs of the ſituation. And they were attended by pages, who furniſhed them with pipes and tobacco, which

NOTES.

f "——a freſh habit
"Of a faſhion never ſeen before, to draw
"The gallants' eyes that ſit upon the ſtage."
Prologue to Maſſinger's *City Madam.*

So, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1608: "The actors have been found in a morning in leſs compaſs than their *ſtage*, though it were ne'er *ſo full of gentlemen.*"

g "——to fair attire the ſtage
"Helps much; for if our *other audience* ſee
"*You on the ſtage depart*, before we end,
"*Our wits go with you all*, and we are fools."

Prologue to *All Fools*, a comedy, acted at *Black-friars*, 1605.

See alſo the preface to the firſt folio edition of our author's works:—"And though you be a *magiſtrate of wit*, and *ſit on the ſtage* at Black-friars, to arraigne plays dailie——"

h "Being on your feet, ſneake not away like a coward, but ſalute all your gentle acquaintance *that are ſpred either on the ruſhes*, or on ſtooles about you; and draw what troops you can from the ſtage after you——" Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609. This accounts for Hamlet's ſitting on the ground at Ophelia's feet, during the repreſention of the play before the king and court of Denmark. Our author has only placed the young prince in the ſame ſituation in which he perhaps often ſaw Eſſex or Southampton at the feet of ſome celebrated beauty. What ſome choſe from œconomy, gallantry might have recommended to others.

i "By *ſitting on the ſtage*, you may with ſmall coſt, purchaſe the deere acquaintance of the boyes; have a good *ſtoole* for *ſixpence*—" *Gul's Horn-book.*

k "Theſe are moſt worne and moſt in faſhion
"Amongſt the bever gallants, the ſtone riders,
"The *private ſtage's audience*, the *twelvepenny ſtoole* gentlemen."

The Roaring Girl, a comedy by Middleton, 1611.

So, in the induction to Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604: "By God's ſlid if you had, I would have given you *but ſixpence* for your ſtool."—This therefore was the loweſt rate; and the price of the moſt commodious ſtools on the ſtage was *a ſhilling.*

was

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was smoked here as well as in other parts of the house[l]. Yet it should seem that persons were suffered to sit on the stage only in the private play-houses, (such as *Black-friars*, &c.) where the audience was more select, and of a higher class; and that in *the Globe* and the other public theatres, no such licence was permitted[m].

The stage was strewed with rushes[n], which we learn from Hentzner and Caius de Ephemera, was in the time of Shakspeare, the usual covering of floors in England[o]. The curtain which hangs in the front of the present stage, drawn up by lines and pullies, though not a modern invention, (for it was used by Inigo Jones in the masques at court) was yet an apparatus to which the simple mechanism of our ancient theatres had not arrived; for in them the curtains opened in the middle, and were drawn backwards and forwards on an iron rod[p]. In some play-houses they were woollen,

NOTES.

l "When young *Rogero* goes to see a play,
"His pleasure is you *place him on the stage*,
"The better to demonstrate his array,
"And how he sits *attended by his page*,
"That only serves to fill those *pipes with smoke*,
"For which he pawned hath his riding cloak."

Springes for Woodcocks, by H. P. 1613.

m See the induction to Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604, which was acted by his majesty's servants at *Black-friars*:

Tyreman. "Sir, the gentlemen will be angry if you sit here.

Sly. "Why, we may sit upon the stage at the *private* house. Thou dost not take me for a country-gentleman, dost? Doest thou think I fear hissing? Let them that have stale suits, sit in the galleries, hiss at me—"

See also, *The Roaring Girl*, by Middleton: "—*the private stage's* audience.—" Ante p. 13. (Note k).

n "On the very *rushes* where the comedy is to daunce, yea, and under the state of Cambyses himselfe, must our feather'd estridge, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality." Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*.

o See also Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, 1600: "Fore G——, sweet lady, believe it, I do honour the meanest *rush* in this chamber for your love."

p The epilogue to *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592, concludes thus:

"Now draw the curtaines for our scene is done."

So,

woollen, in others, made of silk[q]. Towards the rear of the stage there appears to have been a balcony[r], the plat-

NOTES.

So, in the induction to Marston's *What You Will*, a comedy, 1607: "Let's place ourselves within the *curtaines*; for good faith the stage is so very little, we shall wrong the general eye very much."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1657: "Be your stage *curtains* artificially drawn, and so covertly shrowded, that the squint-eyed groundling may not peep in."

See also a stage direction in *The First Day's Entertainment at Rutland House, by Declamation and Music after the manner of the Ancients*, by Sir William D'Avenant, 1658:

"The song ended, *the curtains are drawn open* again, and the epilogue enters."

q See *A Prologue upon removing of the late* Fortune *Players to the* Bull, by J Tateham; *Fancie's Theatre*, 1640:

"Here gentlemen our anchor's fixt; and we
"Disdaining *Fortune's* mutability,
"Expect your kind acceptance; then we'll sing,
"(Protected by your smiles our ever-spring)
"As pleasant as if we had still possest
"Our lawful portion out of *Fortune's* breast.
"Only we would request you to forbear
"Your wonted custom, banding tyle and peare
"Against our *curtains*, to allure us forth;—
"Pray take notice—these are of more worth;
"Pure *Naples silk*, not *worsted*.—We have ne'er
"An actor who has mouth enough to tear
"Language by the ears. This forlorn hope shall be
"By us refin'd from such gross injury:
"And then let your judicious loves advance
"Us to our merits, them to their ignorance."

r See Nabbes's *Covent-Garden*, a comedy, 1639:

"Enter Dorothy and Susan in the *balcone*."

So, in *The Virgin Martyr*, a tragedy by Massinger, 1622: "They whisper *below*. Enter *above* Sapritius—with him Artemisia the princess, Theophilus, Spungius, and Hercius." And these five personages speak from this elevated situation during the whole scene."

See also the early quarto editions of our author's *Romeo and Juliet*, where we meet—"Enter *Romeo* and *Juliet aloft*." So, in *The Taming of a Shrew*: "Enter *aloft* the drunkard."—Almost the whole of the dialogue in that play between the tinker and his attendants, appears to have been spoken in this balcony.

form

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form of which was probably eight or ten feet from the ground. I ſuppoſe it to have been ſupported by pillars. From hence in many of our old plays, part of the dialogue was ſpoken; and in the front of this balcony, curtains likewiſe were hung [s].

A doubt has been entertained, whether in our ancient theatres there were ſide and other ſcenes. The queſtion is involved in ſo much obſcurity, that it is very difficult to form any decided opinion upon it. It is certain, that in the year 1605, Inigo Jones exhibited an entertainment at Oxford, in which moveable ſcenes were uſed [t]; but he appears to have introduced ſeveral pieces of machinery in the maſques at court, with which undoubtedly the public theatres were unacquainted. A paſſage which has been produced from one of the old comedies [u], proves, it muſt be owned, that even theſe were furniſhed with ſome pieces of machinery, which were uſed when it was requiſite to exhibit the deſcent of ſome god or ſaint; but from all the contemporary accounts, I am inclined to believe, that the mechaniſm of our ancient ſtage

NOTES

[s] This appears from a ſtage-direction in Maſſinger's *Emperor of the Eaſt*, 1632: "The *curtaines* drawn *above*—Theodoſius and his eunuchs diſcovered."

[t] See Peck's *Memoirs of Milton*, p. 282: "The above mentioned art of varying the face of the whole ſtage was a new thing and never ſeen in England till Auguſt 1605, at what time king James I. being to be entertained at Oxford, the heads of that Univerſity hired the aforeſaid Inigo Jones (a great traveller) who undertook to further them much, and to furniſh them with rare devices for the king's entertainment. Accordingly he erected a ſtage cloſe to the upper end of the hall, (as it ſeemed at the firſt ſight) at Chriſt-church; but it was indeed but a falſe wall, fair painted and adorned with ſtately pillars, which pillars would turn about. By reaſon whereof, with other *painted clothes*, on Wedneſday Aug. 28. he varied their ſtage three times in the acting of one tragedy."

[u] "Of whyche the lyke thyng is uſed to be ſhewed now adays in *ſtage playes*, when ſome *god* or ſome *ſaynt* is made to appere forth of a cloude; and ſuccoureth the parties which ſeemed to be towardes ſome great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie—" The author adds in a marginal note: "—the lyke manner uſed nowe at *our* days in ſtage-playes." *Acolaſtus*, a comedy by T. Palſgrave, chaplain to king Henry VIII. 1540.

ſeldom

seldom went beyond a painted chair, or a trap-door, and that few, if any of them, had any moveable scenes [x]. When king

NOTES.

[x] All the ancient writers on the English stage, assert that until after the death of king Charles I it was unfurnished with scenes: "Now for the difference betwixt our theatres and those of former times, (says Fleckno, who lived near enough the time to be accurately informed) they were but plain and simple, *with no other scenes nor decorations of the stage, but only old tapestry*, and the stage strewed with rushes; with their habits accordingly."—*Short Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664. But though the *theatres* were not supplied with these costly ornaments, it appears from this writer, (as well as from the passage above quoted, p. 16, note [t]) that *scenes* themselves were not a novelty at the Restoration: "For scenes and machines, (he adds, in a subsequent page) they are no new invention; our masques, and *some of our plays* in former times, (though not so ordinary) having had as good, or rather better, than any we have now."—To reconcile this passage with the foregoing, the author must be supposed to speak here, not of the exhibitions at the publick theatres, but of *private* plays, performed either at court or at noblemens' houses. He does not say, "some of our *theatres*,"—but, "some of our *plays* having had, &c." In the reign of king Charles I. the performance of plays at court, and at private houses, seems to have been very common; and gentlemen went to great expence in these exhibitions. See a letter from Mr. Garrard to lord Strafford, dated Feb. 7. 1637. *Strafford's Letters*, Vol. II. p. 150. "Two of the king's servants, privy-chamber men both, have writ each of them a play, Sir John Sutlin [Suckling] and Will. Barclay, which have been acted in court, and at the Black-friars with much applause. Sutlin's play cost *three or four hundred pounds* setting out; eight or ten suits of new cloaths he gave the players; an unheard-of prodigality."—The play on which Sir John Suckling expended this large sum, was, I believe, *The Goblins*.

To the authority of Fleckno, may be added that of Edward Philips, who, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1674, [article D'Avenant] praises that poet for "the great fluency of his wit and fancy, especially for what he wrote for the English stage, of which, having laid the foundation before by his musical dramas, when the usual plays were not suffered to be acted, *he was the first reviver and improver, by painted scenes*." Wright also, who appears to have been well acquainted with the history of our ancient stage, says, in his *Historia Histrionica*, 1699, that "*scenes* were first introduced by Sir William D'Avenant, on the *publick* stage, at the Duke's old theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields." See also

 Roscius

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king Henry VIII. is to be diſcovered by the dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, reading in his ſtudy, the ſcenical direction in the firſt folio, 1623, (which was printed apparently from play houſe copies) is, "*The king draws the curtaine*, [i. e. draws it open] *and ſits reading penſively*;" for, beſides the principal curtaines that hung in the front of the ſtage, they uſed others as ſubſtitutes for ſcenes[y]. If a bed-chamber is to be exhibited, no change of ſcene is mentioned; but the property-man is ſimply ordered *to thruſt forth a bed*. When the fable requires the Roman capitol to be exhibited, we find two officers enter, "to lay cuſhions, *as it were* in the capitol." So, in *King Richard II.* act iv. ſc. i. "Bolingbroke, &c. enter *as* to the parliament[z]." Again, in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600: "Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, *as* in a chamber." In *Romeo and Juliet*, I doubt much whether any exhibition of Juliet's monument was given on the ſtage. I imagine Romeo only opened with his mattock one of the ſtage trap-doors, (which might have repreſented a tomb-ſtone) by which he deſcended to a vault

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Roſcius Anglicanus, p. 20, 1708: "In ſpring 1662, Sir William D'Avenant opened his houſe with the firſt and ſecond parts of *The Siege of Rhodes*; having new *ſcenes* and decorations, being the *firſt* that were introduced in England." Downes the prompter, who was the author of *Roſcius Anglicanus*, himſelf acted in *The Siege of Rhodes*, on the opening of Sir William D'Avenant's houſe.—Scenes, however, we have already obſerved, had been before uſed in private exhibitions; he ought therefore to have added—"on a publick theatre." They had been introduced by Sir William, probably in a leſs perfect ſtate, about four years before the period Downes ſpeaks of, not indeed in a play, but in an entertainment, entitled "*The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, expreſt by vocal and inſtrumental Muſick, and *by Art of perſpective in Scenes*. Repreſented daily at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, 1658;" a performance, which Cromwell, from his hatred to the Spaniards, permitted, though he had prohibited all other theatrical exhibitions.

[y] In *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607, the following ſtage-direction is found: "Alexander draweth [that is, draws open] *the curtaine of his ſtudie*, where he diſcovereth the devill ſitting in his pontificals." Again, in *Satiromaſtix*, by Decker, 1602: "Horace ſitting in his *ſtudy*, *behind a curtaine*, a candle by him burning, books lying confuſedly, &c."

[z] See theſe ſeveral ſtage-directions in the firſt folio, 1623.

beneath

beneath the ſtage, where Juliet was depoſited; and this idea is countenanced by a paſſage in the play, and by the poem on which the drama was founded [a].

How little the imaginations of the audience were aſſiſted by ſcenical deception, and how much neceſſity our author had to call on them to "piece out imperfections with their thoughts," may be alſo collected from Sir Philip Sidney, who, deſcribing the ſtate of the drama and the ſtage, in his time, ſays, "Now you ſhall ſee three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we muſt believe the ſtage to be a garden. By and by we heare news of a ſhipwracke in the ſame place; then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock. Upon the back of that, comes out a hideous monſter with fire and ſmoke; then the miſerable beholders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the mean time two armies fly in, repreſented with four ſwords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not receive it for a pitched field [b]."

All theſe circumſtances induce me to believe that our ancient theatres, in general, were only furniſhed with curtains, and a ſingle ſcene compoſed of tapeſtry [c], which appears to have

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[a] "Why I *deſcend* into this bed of death." *Romeo and Juliet*, act v. So, in *The Tragical Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
"And then our Romeus, the *vault-ſtone ſet up-right*,
Deſcended downe, and in his hand he bore the candle light."

Juliet, however, after her recovery, ſpeaks and dies upon the ſtage.—If therefore, the exhibition was ſuch as has been now ſuppoſed, Romeo muſt have brought her up in his arms from the vault beneath the ſtage, after he had killed Paris, and then addreſſed her—"O my love, my wife, &c."

[b] *Defence of Poeſie*, 1595. Sign H. 4.

[c] After all, however, it is difficult to conceive how ſome of our author's plays could have been exhibited without ſome ſpecies of ſcenery. The ſentiments of Mr. Steevens, who is of opinion that our ancient theatres were not unfurniſhed with ſcenes, appear ſo weighty, that I ſhall add them in his own words:

"It muſt be acknowledged that little more is advanced on this occaſion, than is fairly ſupported by the teſtimony of contemporary writers. Were we, however, to reaſon on ſuch a part of the ſubject as is now before us, ſome ſuſpicions might ariſe, that where machinery was diſcovered, the leſs complicated adjunct of ſcenes was ſcarcely wanting. When the column is found ſtanding, no one will ſuppoſe but that it was once accompanied by its uſual

have been ſometimes ornamented with pictures [d]: and ſome paſſages in our old dramas incline one to think, that when

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uſual entablature. If this inference be natural, little impropriety can be complained of in one of the ſtage-directions above mentioned. Where the bed is introduced, the ſcene of a bedchamber (a thing too common to deſerve deſcription) would of courſe be at hand. Neither ſhould any great ſtreſs be laid on the words of Sir Philip Sidney. Are we not ſtill obliged to receive the ſtage alternately as a garden, as an ocean, as a range of rocks, or as a cavern? With all our modern advantages, ſo much of *vraiſemblance* is wanting in a theatre, that the apologies which Shakſpeare offers for ſcenical deficiency, are ſtill in ſome degree needful; and be it always remembered that Sir Philip Sidney has not poſitively declared that *no* painted ſcenes were in uſe. Who that mentions the preſent ſtage, would think it neceſſary to dwell on the article of ſcenery, unleſs it were peculiarly ſtriking and magnificent? Sir Philip has not ſpoken of ſtage-habits, and are we therefore to ſuppoſe that none were worn? Beſides, between the time when Sir Philip wrote his *Defence of Poeſy*, and the period at which the plays of Shakſpeare were repreſented, the ſtage in all probability had received much additional embelliſhment. Let me repeat, that if in 1529 (the date of *Acolaſtus*) * machinery is known to have exiſted, in 1592 (when Shakſpeare commenced a play-wright) a greater number of ornaments might naturally be expected, as it is uſual for one improvement to be ſoon followed by another. That the plays of Shakſpeare were exhibited with the aid of *machinery*, the following ſtage-directions, copied from the folio 1623, will abundantly prove.— In *The Tempeſt*, Ariel is ſaid to enter "like a harpey, claps his wings on the table, and with a quaint device the banquet vaniſhes." In a ſubſequent ſcene of the ſame play, Juno "deſcends;" and in *Cymbeline*, Jupiter "deſcends likewiſe, in thunder and lightening, ſitting upon an eagle." In *Macbeth*, "the cauldron *ſinks*, and the apparitions *riſe*." It may be added, that the dialogue of Shakſpeare has ſuch perpetual reference to objects ſuppoſed viſible to the audience, that the want of ſcenery

* What happy deceptions could be produced by the aid of framework and painted canvas, we may learn from Holinſhed, and yet more ancient hiſtorians. The pageants and tournaments at the beginning of Henry VIIIth's reign very frequently required that the caſtles of imaginary beings ſhould be exhibited. Of ſuch contrivances ſome deſcriptions remain. These extempore buildings afforded a natural introduction to ſcenery on the ſtage.

could

when tragedies were performed, the ſtage was hung with black[e].

In

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could not have failed to render many of the deſcriptions uttered by his ſpeakers abſurd and laughable.—Macduff examines the outſide of Inverneſs caſtle with ſuch minuteneſs, that he diſtinguiſhes even the neſts which the martins had built under the projecting parts of its roof.—Romeo, ſtanding in a garden, points to the tops of fruit trees gilded by the moon.—The prologue-ſpeaker to *the ſecond part of K. Henry IV.* expreſsly ſhews the ſpectators "*this* worm-eaten hold of ragged ſtone," in which Northumberland was lodged. Jachimo takes the moſt exact inventory of every article in Imogen's bed-chamber, from the ſilk and ſilver of which her tapeſtry was wrought, down to the Cupids that ſupport her andirons. Had not the inſide of this apartment, with its proper furniture, been repreſented, how ridiculous muſt the action of Jachimo have appeared! He muſt have ſtood looking out of the room for the particulars ſuppoſed to be viſible within it. In one of the parts of *K. Hen. VI.* a cannon is diſcharged againſt a tower; and converſations are held in almoſt every ſcene from different walls, turrets, and battlements. Nor is my belief in ancient ſcenery entirely founded on conjecture. In the folio edition of Shakſpeare's plays, 1623, the following traces of it are preſerved. In *King John*: "Enter, *before Angiers*, Philip king of France, &c."—"Enter a citizen *upon the walls*"—"Enter the herald of France with trumpets *to the gates*."—"Enter Arthur *on the walls*." In *K. Hen. V.* "Enter the king, &c. *with ſcaling ladders at Harfleur*"—"Enter the king with all his train *before the gates*." In *K. Hen. VI.* "Enter to the protector *at the Tower gates*, &c."—"Enter Saliſbury and Talbot *on the walls*."—The French leap over *the wall* in their ſhirts."—"Enter Pucelle *on the top of the tower*, thruſting out a torch burning."—"Enter lord Scales *upon the tower* walking. Then enter two or three citizens below."—"Enter king and queen and Somerſet *on the terrace*."—"Enter three watchmen to guard *the king's tent*." In *Coriolanus*: "Marcius follows them *to the gates, and is ſhut in*." In *Timon*: "Enter Timon *in the woods* *."—"Enter Timon *from his cave*."

* Apemantus muſt have pointed to the ſcenes as he ſpoke the following lines:

> "——ſhame not *theſe* woods,
> "By putting on the cunning of a carper."

Again:

> "——will *theſe* moiſt trees
> "That have outliv'd the eagle, &c."

A piece of old tapeſtry muſt have been regarded as a poor ſubſtitute for theſe towering ſhades.

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In the early part, at least, of our author's acquaintance with the theatre, the want of scenery seems to have been supplied

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In *Julius Cæsar*: "Enter Brutus *in his orchard*," &c. &c.—In short, without characteristick discriminations of place, the historical dramas of Shakspeare in particular, would have been wrapped in tenfold confusion and obscurity; nor could the spectator have felt the poet's power, or accompanied his rapid transitions from one situation to another, without such guides as painted canvas only could supply. The audience would with difficulty have received the catastrophe of Romeo and Juliet as natural and affecting, unless the deception was confirmed to them by the appearance of a tomb. The managers who could raise ghosts, bid the cauldron sink into the earth, and then exhibit a train of royal phantoms in *Macbeth*, could with less difficulty supply the flat paintings of a cavern or a grove. The artists who can put the dragons of Medea in motion, can more easily represent the clouds through which they are to pass. But for these, or such assistances, the spectator, like Hamlet's mother, must have bent his gaze on mortifying vacancy; and with the guest invited by the Barmecide, in the Arabian tale, must have furnished from his own imagination the entertainment of which his eyes were solicited to partake.

"It should likewise be remembered, that the intervention of civil war would easily occasion many customs of our early theatres to be silently forgotten. The times when Wright and Downes produced their respective narratives, were by no means times of exactness or curiosity. What they heard, might have been heard imperfectly; it might have been unskilfully related; or their own memories might have deceived them:"

"Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura."

"One assertion made by the latter of these writers, is chronologically disproved. We may remark likewise, that in *private* theatres, a part of the audience was admitted on the stage, but that this licence was refused in the *public* play-houses. To what circumstance shall we impute this difference between the customs of the one and the other? Perhaps the *private* theatres had no scenes, the *public* had; and a crowded stage would prevent them from being commodiously beheld, or conveniently shifted *. The *fresh pictures* mentioned

* To *shift a scene* is at least a phrase employed by Shakspeare himself in *K. Hen. V.*

"——and not till then
"Unto Southampton do we *shift our scene*."

and by Ben Jonson, yet more appositely, in *The Staple of News*:

"Lic.

plied by the simple expedient of writing the names of the different places where the scene was laid in the progress of the

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mentioned by Ben Jonson in the induction to his *Cynthia's Revels*, might be properly introduced to cover old tapestry; for to hang pictures over faded arras, was then and is still sufficiently common in antiquated mansions, such as those in which the scenes of dramatic writers are often laid. That Shakspeare himself was no stranger to the magic of theatrical ornaments, may be inferred from a passage in which he alludes to the scenery of *pageants*, the fashionable shews of his time:

"Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish,
"A vapour sometimes like a lion, a bear,
"A towred citadel, a pendent rock,
"A forked mountain, or blue promontory
", With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
"And mock our eyes with air:—these thou hast seen;
"They are black Vesper's *pageants* *."

Antony and Cleopatra.

"To conclude, the richest and most expensive scenes had been introduced to dress up those spurious children of the muse called Masques; nor have we sufficient reason for believing that Tragedy, her legitimate offspring, continued to be exposed in rags, while appendages more suitable to her dignity were known to be within the reach of our ancient managers. Shakspeare, Burbage, and Condell, must have had frequent opportunities of being acquainted with the mode in which both masques, tragedies, and comedies, were represented in the inns of court, the halls of noblemen, and in the palace itself. STEEVENS."

d "Sir Crack, I am none of your fresh *pictures* that use to beautify the decayed old *arras*, in a *publick theatre*." Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson, 1601.

e In the induction to an old tragedy called *A Warning for fair Women*, 1599, three personages are introduced under the names

"*Lic.* Have you no news o' the stage?
"*Tho.* O yes;
"There is a legacy left to the king's players,
"Both for their *various shifting of their scenes*,
"And dextrous change of their persons to all shapes
"And all disguises, &c."

After a pageant had passed through the streets, the characters that composed it were assembled in some hall or other spacious apartment, where they delivered their respective speeches, and were finally set out to view with the advantages of proper scenery and decoration.

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the play, which were disposed in such a manner as to be visible to the audience [f].

Though the apparatus for theatrick exhibitions was thus scanty, and the machinery of the simplest kind, the invention of trap-doors appears not to be modern; for in an old morality, entitled, *All for Money*, we find a marginal direction, which implies that they were very early in use [g].

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors* [h], that the covering, or internal roof of the stage, was anciently termed *the heavens*. It was probably painted of a sky-blue colour; or perhaps pieces of drapery tinged with blue were suspended across the stage, to represent the heavens.

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of *Tragedy*, *Comedy*, and *History*. After some contest for superiority, *Tragedy* prevails; and *History* and *Comedy* retire with these words:

Hist. "Look, *Comedie*, I mark'd it not till now,
"*The stage is hung with blacke*, and I perceive
"The auditors prepar'd for *tragedie*.
Com. "Nay then, I see she shall be entertain'd.
"These ornaments beseem not thee and me;
"Then, *Tragedie*, kill them to-day with sorrow,
"We'll make them laugh with mirthful jests to-morrow."

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:
"The *stage* of heaven is *hung* with solemn *black*,
"A time best fitting to act *tragedies*."

Again, in our author's *K. Henry VI.* P. I.
"*Hung* be the heavens with *black*, &c."

Again, more appositely, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:
"*Black stage* for *tragedies*, and murthers fell."

[f] "What child is there that coming to a play and seeing *Thebes written upon an old door*, doth believe that it is Thebes?" *Defence of Poesie*, by Sir Philip Sidney. Sig. G. 1595.

[g] "Here — with some fine conveyance, *Pleasure* shall appeare from *beneathe*." *All for Money*, 1578.

So, in Marston's *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:
"Enter Balurdo *from under the stage*."

In the fourth act of *Macbeth*, several apparitions arise from beneath the stage and again descend.—The cauldron likewise sinks:—"Why *sinks* that cauldron, and what noise is this?"

In the *Roaring Girl*, a comedy by Middleton, 1611, there is a character called *Trap-door*.

[h] *Apol. for Actors*, 1612. Sig. D 3.

From

From a plate prefixed to Kirkman's *Drolls*, printed in 1672, in which there is a view of a theatrical booth, it should seem that the stage was formerly lighted by two large branches, of a form similar to those now hung in churches. They being I suppose, found incommodious, as they obstructed the sight of the spectators [i], gave place in a subsequent period to small circular wooden frames, furnished with candles, eight of which were hung on the stage, four at either side: and these within a few years were wholly removed by Mr. Garrick, who, on his return from France, first introduced the present commodious method of illuminating the stage by lights not visible to the audience.

If all the players whose names are enumerated in the first folio edition of our author's works, belonged to the same theatre, they composed a numerous company; but it is doubtful whether they all performed at the same period, or in the same house [k]. Many of the companies, certainly, were so thin, that one person played two or three parts [l]; and

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[i] Fleckno, in 1664, complains of the bad lighting of the stage, even at that time: "Of this curious art [scenery] the Italians (this latter age) are the greatest masters; the French good proficients; and we in England only scholars and learners yet, having proceeded no farther than to bare painting, and not arrived to the stupendous wonders of your great ingeniers; especially *not knowing yet how to place our lights, for the more advantage and illuminating of the scenes.*" *Short Discourse of the English stage.*

[k] An actor, who wrote a pamphlet against Mr. Pope, soon after the publication of his edition of Shakspeare, says, he could prove that they belonged to several different companies. It appears from the MS. Register of lord Stanhope, treasurer of the chambers to king James I. that *Joseph Taylor*, in 1613, was at the head of a distinct company from that of *Hemminge*, called the lady Elizabeth's servants, who acted at *the Hope* on the Bankside. Some of the players too, whose names are prefixed to the first folio edition of our author, were dead in the year 1600, or soon after; and others there enumerated, might have appeared in a subsequent period, to supply their loss. See *the Catalogue of Actors*, post.

[l] In the induction to Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602, *Piero* asks *Alberto*, what part he acts. He replies, "the necessity

and a battle on which the fate of an empire was supposed to depend, was decided by half a dozen combatants [m]. It appears to have been a common practice in their mock engagements, to discharge small pieces of ordnance on the stage [n].

Before the exhibition began, three flourishes or pieces of musick were played, or, in the ancient language, there were three soundings [o]. Musick was likewise played between the acts [p]. The instruments chiefly used were trumpets, cornets, and hautboys. The band, which did not consist of more than five or six performers, sat (as I have been told by a very ancient stage veteran, who had his information

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sity of the play forceth me to act *two parts*." See also the *Dramatis Personæ* of many of our ancient plays; and post. p. 28. (Note [t]).

[m] "And so our scene must to the battle fly,
"Where, O for pity! we shall much disgrace
"*With four or five most vile and ragged foils*,
"Right ill dispos'd in brawl ridiculous,
"The name of Agincourt." *K. Henry V.* act IV.

[n] "Much like to some of the players that come to the scaffold with drumme and trumpet, to proffer skirmishe, and when they have sounded alarme, off go the pieces, to encounter a shadow or conquer a paper-monster." *Schoole of Abuse*, by Stephen Gosson, 1579.

So, in *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt*, 1600: "Alarmes to the battaile.—York flies—then *the chambers be discharged*—then enter the king, &c."

[o] "Come let's but think ourselves what may be found
"To deceive time with till the *second sound*."
Notes from Black-fryars, by H. Fitz-Jeffery, 1617.

See also Decker's *Gul's Horn-booke*, 1609: "Throw the cardes about the stage just upon the *third sound*, as though you had lost."

[p] It has been thought by some that our author's dramas were exhibited without any pauses, in an unbroken continuity of scenes. But this appears to be a mistake. In a copy of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599, now before me, which clearly belonged to the play-house, the endings of the acts are marked in the margin; and directions are given for musick to be played between each act. The marginal directions in this copy appear to be of a very old date, one of them being in the ancient style and hand—"*Play musicke*."

from

from Bowman, the contemporary of Betterton) in an upper balcony, over what is now called the ſtage-box.

The perſon who ſpoke the prologue, was uſhered in by trumpets [q], and uſually wore a long black velvet cloak [r], which, I ſuppoſe, was conſidered as beſt ſuited to a ſupplicatory addreſs. Of this cuſtom, whatever might have been its origin, ſome traces remained till very lately; a black coat having been, if I miſtake not, within these few years, the conſtant ſtage-habiliment of our modern prologue-ſpeakers The dreſs of the ancient prologue-ſpeaker is ſtill retained in the play that is exhibited in *Hamlet*, before the king and court of Denmark.

An epilogue does not appear to have been a regular appendage to a play in Shakſpeare's time; for many of his dramas had none; at leaſt, they have not been preſerved. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, *As you like It*, *Troilus and Creſſida*, and *The Tempeſt*, the epilogue is ſpoken by one of the perſons of the drama, and adapted to the character of the ſpeaker; a circumſtance that I have not obſerved in the epilogues of any other author of

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[q] See Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609. "Preſent not yourſelfe on the ſtage (eſpecially at a new play) untill the quaking *prologue* hath by rubbing got cullor into his cheeks, and is ready to give the *trumpets* their cue, that he's upon the point to enter."

[r] See the Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601:

1 *Child.* "Pray you, away; why children what do you mean?

2 *Child.* "Marry, that you ſhould not ſpeak the prologue.

1 *Child.* "Sir, I plead poſſeſſion of the *cloak*. Gentlemen, your ſuffrages, for God's ſake."

So, in the prologue to *The Coronation*, by Shirley, 1640:

"Since 'tis become the title of our play,
"A woman once in a coronation may
"With pardon ſpeak the prologue, give as free
"A welcome to the theatre, as he
"That with a little beard, a *long black cloak*,
"With a ſtarch'd face and ſupple leg, hath ſpoke
"Before the plays this twelvemonth, let me then
"Preſent a welcome to theſe gentlemen."

Again, in the prologue to *The Woman-Hater*, by B. and Fletcher: "Gentlemen, inductions are out of date, and a prologue in verſe is as ſtale as a *black velvet cloak*, and a bay garland."

that

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that age. The epilogue was not always spoken by one of the performers in the piece, for that subjoined to *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* appears to have been delivered by a dancer.

The performers of male characters generally wore periwigs [s], which in the age of Shakspeare were not in common use. It appears from a passage in Puttenham's *Art of English Poesy*, 1589, that vizards were on some occasions used by the actors of those days [t]; and it may be inferred from a scene in one of our author's comedies, that they were sometimes worn in his time, by those who performed female characters [u]. But this, I imagine, was very rare. Some of the female part of the audience likewise appeared in masks [w].

The

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[s] See *Hamlet*, act III. sc. ii. "O it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious *periwig*-pated fellow, tear a passion to tatters."

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: "As none wear hoods but monks and ladies,—and feathers but fore-horses, &c. *none periwigs* but *players* and pictures."

[t] "—partly (says he) to supply the want of players, when there were more parts than there were persons."

[u] In *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Flute objects to his playing a woman's part, because he has "a beard a coming." But his friend Quince tells him, "that's all one; you shall play it in a *mask*, and you may speak as small as you will."

[w] "In our assemblies at playes in London (says Gosson, in his *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579, Sig C.) you shall see such heaving and shoving, such ytching and shouldring to sitte by women, such care for their garments that they be not trode on; such eyes to their lappes that no chippes light in them; such pillows to their backes that they take no hurte; such *masking* in their ears, I know not what; such giving them pippins to pass the time; such playing at foot-saunte without cardes; such licking, such toying, such smiling, such winking, such manning them home when the sports are ended, that it is a right comedie to mark their behaviour."

So also the prologue to Marston's *Fawne*, 1606:

"——nor doth he hope to win
"Your laud or hand with that most common sin
"Of vulgar pens, rank bawdry, that smells
"Even through your *masks*, usque ad nauseam."

So, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet:*

"*These* happy *masks* that hide fair ladies' brows."

Again, in *Measure for Measure:*

"——as

The stage-dresses, it is reasonable to suppose, were much more costly at some theatres than others. Yet the wardrobe of even the king's servants at *the Globe* and *Black-friars*, was, we find, but scantily furnished; and our author's dramas derived very little aid from the splendor of exhibition[x].

It is well known, that in the time of Shakspeare, and for many years afterwards, female characters were represented by boys or young men. Sir William D'Avenant, in imitation of the foreign theatres, first introduced females in the scene, and Mrs. Betterton is said to have been the first woman that appeared on the English stage. Andrew Pennycuicke played the part of *Matilda*, in a tragedy of Davenport's, in 1655; and Mr. Kynaston acted several female

NOTES.

"——— as *these* black *masks*
"Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
"Than beauty could display'd."

Again, in B. Jonson's verses, addressed to Fletcher on his *Faithful Shepherdess*:

"The wise and many-headed bench that sits
"Upon the life and death of plays and wits,
"Compos'd of gamester, captain, knight, knight's man,
"*Lady* or pusil, that wears *maske* or fan,
"Velvet or taffata cap, rank'd in the dark
"With the shop's foreman, or some such brave sparke,
"(That may judge for his *sixpence*) had, before
"They saw it half, damn'd thy whole play."

After the Restoration, masks, I believe, were chiefly worn in the theatre, by women of the town. Wright complains of the great number of masks in his time: "Of late the play-houses are so extremely pestered with vizard *masks* and their trade, (occasioning continual quarrels and abuses) that many of the more civilized part of the town are uneasy in the company, and shun the theatre as they would a house of scandal." *Hist. Histrion.* 1699.

Ladies of unblemished character, however, wore masks in the boxes, in the time of Congreve.

x See the induction to Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*, acted by the king's servants, in 1625:

"O *Curiosity*, you come to see who wears the new suit today; whose cloaths are best pen'd, whatever the part be; which actor has the best leg and foot; *what king plays without cuffs, and his queen without gloves: who rides post in stockings, and dances in boots.*"

parts

parts after the Restoration. Downes, a contemporary of his, assures us, "that being then very young, he made a complete stage beauty, performing his parts so well, (particularly *Arthiope* and *Aglaura)* that it has since been disputable among the judicious, whether any woman that succeeded him, touched the audience so sensibly as he [y]."

Both the prompter, or book-holder, as he was sometimes called, and the property-man, appear to have been regular appendages of our ancient theatres [z].

No writer that I have met with, intimates that, in the time of Shakspeare, it was *customary* to exhibit more than a single dramatick piece on one day.

The Yorkshire Tragedy, or All's one, indeed, appears to have been one of four pieces that were represented on the same day; and Fletcher has also a piece called *Four Plays in One*; but probably, these were either exhibited on some particular occasion, or were ineffectual efforts to introduce a new species of amusement; for we do not find any other instances of the same kind. Had any shorter pieces been exhibited after the principal performance, some of them probably would have been printed: but there are none extant of an earlier date than the time of the Restoration. The practice therefore of exhibiting two dramas successively in the same evening, we may be assured, was not established before that period [a]. But though the audiences in the time of our author, were not gratified by the representation of more than one drama in the same

NOTES.

[y] *Rosc. Anglican.* p. 19.

[z] "I assure you Sir, we are not so officiously befriended by him [the author] as to have his presence in the tiring-house, to prompt us aloud, stamp at the *book-holder*, swear for our properties, curse the poor *tireman*, rayle the musicke out of tune, &c." Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601.

[a] Soon after the Restoration, Sir William D'Avenant exhibited, I believe, the first farce that appeared on the English stage, translated from Moliere's *Sganarelle ou le Cocu Imaginaire*; which, Langbaine says, used to be acted after the tragedy of *Pompey*, written by Mrs. Katherine Philips. It was afterwards incorporated by D'Avenant in a piece of five acts, called *The Play-house to be let*, where only it is now to be found. In 1677, *The Cheats of Scapin* was performed, as a second piece, after *Titus and Berenice*, a play of three acts, in order to furnish out an exhibition of the usual length: and about the same time farces were produced by Duffet, Tate, and others.

day

day, the entertainment was diversified, and the populace diverted, by vaulting [b], tumbling, slight of hand, and morris-dancing; a mixture not much more heterogeneous than that with which we are daily presented, a tragedy and a farce.

The amusements of our ancestors, before the commencement of the play, were of various kinds. While some part of the audience entertained themselves with reading [c], or playing at cards [d], others were employed in less refined occupations; in drinking ale [e], or smoaking to-

NOTES.

[b] "For the eye, beside the beautie of the houses and the stages, he [the devil] sendeth garish apparel, masques, *vaulting*, *tumbling*, *dancing of gigges*, *galiardes*, *moriscoes*, *hobby-horses*, *shewing of juggling castes*—nothing forgot, that might serve to set out the matter with pompe, or ravish the beholders with variety of pleasure." Gosson's *School of Abuse*. Sig. G.

[c] So, in Fitz-Jeoffery's *Satires*, 1617:

"Ye worthy worthies! none else, might I chuse,
"Doe I desire my *poesie per use*,
"For to save charges *ere the play begin*,
"Or when the lord of liberty comes in."

Again, in a satire at the conclusion of *The Mastive, or young Whelpe of the old Dogge.—Epigrams and Satires*; printed by Thomas Creede:

[The author is speaking of those who will probably purchase his book.]

"Last comes my scoffing friend, of scowring wit,
"Who thinks his judgment 'bove all arts doth sit.
"He buys the booke, and hastes him to the *play*,
"Where when he comes and *reads*, "here's stuff," doth say;
"Because the lookers on may hold him wise,
"He laughs at what he likes, and then will rise,
"And takes tobacco; then about will looke,
"And more dislike the play than of the booke;
"At length is vext he should with charge be drawne
"For such slight sights to lay a suite to pawne."

[d] "Before the play begins, fall to *cardes*." *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609.

[e] See *The Woman-Hater*, a comedy, by B. and Fletcher, 1607: "There is no poet acquainted with more shakings and quakings towards the latter end of his new play, when he's in that case that he stands peeping between the curtains, so fearfully, that a *bottle of ale* cannot be opened but he thinks some body hisses."

bacco:

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bacco [f]: with these they were furnished by male attendants, of whose clamour, a satirical writer of the time of James I. loudly complains [g].

It was a common practice to carry table-books [h] to the theatre, and either from curiosity, or enmity to the author, or some other motive, to write down passages of the play that was represented: and there is reason to believe that the imperfect and mutilated copies of some of Shakspeare's dramas, which are yet extant, were taken down in short-hand during the exhibition [i].

NOTES.

[f] "Now, Sir, I am one of your gentle auditors that am come in.—I have my three sorts of *tobacco* in my pocket; *my light by me*—and thus I begin." Induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601.

So, in *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson: "He looks like a fellow that I have seen accomodate gentlemen with *tobacco* at our theatres."

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Horn-booke*: "By sitting on the stage, you may with small cost purchase the deare acquaintance of the boyes; have a good stool for sixpence; —*get your match lighted*, &c."

[g] "——Pr'ythee what's the play?
"I'll see it and sit it out whate'er.——
"Had Fate fore-read me in a crowd to die,
"Or be made adder-deaf with *pippin-cry*."
Notes from Black-fryars by H. Fitz-Jeoffery, 1617.

[h] See the induction to Marston's *Malecontent*, a comedy, 1604: "I am one that hath seen this play often, and can give them [Heminge, Burbage, &c.] intelligence for their action; I have most of the jests here in my *table-book*."

So, in the prologue to *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637:
"——Nor shall he in plush,
"That from the poet's labours, in the pit
"Informs himself, for the exercise of his wit
"At taverns, *gather notes*."——

Again, in the prologue to *The Woman Hater*, a comedy, 1607: "If there be any lurking among you in corners, with *table-books*, who have some hopes to find fit matter *to feed his malice on*, let them clasp them up, and slink away, or stay and be converted."

Again, in *Every man in his Humour*:

"But to such wherever they sit concealed, let them know, the author defies them and their *writing-tables*."

[i] See vol. VI. p. 647.

At

At the end of the piece, the actors, in noblemens' houses and in taverns, where plays were frequently performed [k], prayed for the health and prosperity of their patrons; and in the publick theatres, for the king and queen [l]. This prayer sometimes made part of the epilogue [m]. Hence, probably, as Mr. Steevens has observed, the addition of *Vivant rex et regina*, to the modern play-bills.

Plays in the time of our author, began at one o'clock in the afternoon [n]; and the exhibition was usually finished in

NOTES.

k See *A mad World my Masters*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1608: "Some sherry for my lord's players there, sirrah; why this will be a true feast—a right *Mitre* supper *a play and all.*"

The night before the insurrection of the gallant and unfortunate earl of Essex, the play of *K. Richard II.* was acted at his house.

l See the notes on the epilogue to *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* vol. V p. 615.

m See *Cambyses*, a tragedy, by Thomas Preston; *Locrine*, 1595; and *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

n "Fuscus doth rise at ten, and at eleven
"He goes to Gyls, where he doth eat till *one*,
"Then sees *a play*."———

Epigrams by Sir John Davies, no date, but printed about 1598.

Others, however, were actuated by a stronger curiosity, and, in order to secure good places, went to the theatre without their dinner. See the prologue to *The Unfortunate Lovers*, by Sir William D'Avenant, 1643:

"———You are grown excessive proud,
"Since ten times more of wit than was allow'd
"Your silly ancestors in twenty year,
"You think in *two short hours* to swallow here.
"For they to theatres were pleas'd to come
"*Ere they had din'd*, to take up the best room;
"There sat on benches not adorn'd with mats,
"And graciously did vail their high-crown'd hats
"To every half-dress'd player, as he still
"Through hangings peep'd, to see the galleries fill.
"Good easy-judging souls with what delight
"They would expect a jigg or target-fight!
"A furious tale of Troy,—which they ne'er thought
"Was weakly writ, if it were strongly fought;
"Laugh'd at a clinch, the shadow of a jest,
"And cry'd—*a passing good one, I protest.*"

From the foregoing lines it appears that, anciently, places were not taken in the best *rooms* or boxes, before the representation.

in two hours [o]. Even in 1667, they commenced at three o'clock [p].

When Gosson wrote his *School of Abuse* in 1579, it seems that dramatick entertainments were usually exhibited on Sundays [q]. Afterwards they were performed on that and other days indiscriminately. From the silence of Prynne on this subject, it has been supposed that the practice of exhibiting plays on the Lord's day was discontinued when he published his *Histriomastix*, in 1633; but I doubt whether this conjecture be well founded, for it appears from a contemporary writer, that it had not been abolished in the third year of king Charles I [r].

NOTES.

Soon after the Restoration, this practice was established. See a prologue to a revived play, in *Covent Garden Drollery*, 1672:

" Hence 'tis that at *new* plays you come so soon,
" Like bridegrooms hot to go to bed ere noon;
" Or if you are detain'd some little space,
" *The stinking footman's sent to keep your place.*
" But if a play's *reviv'd*, you stay and dine,
" And drink till *three*, and then come dropping in."

[o] See note ([n]). See also the prologue to *K. Henry VIII.* and that to *Romeo and Juliet.*

[p] See *The Demoiselles a la Mode*, by Flecknoe, 1667:

1 *Actor.* " Hark you, hark you, whither away so fast?

2 *Actor.* " Why, to the theatre, 'tis past *three o'clock*, and the play is ready to begin." See also note [n] above.

After the Restoration, (we are told by old Mr. Cibber) it was a frequent practice of the ladies of quality, to carry Mr. Kynaston the actor, in his female dress, *after the play*, in their coaches to Hyde Park.

[q] " These [the players] because they are allowed to play every *Sunday*, make four or five *Sundays*, at least, every week." *School of Abuse*, 1579.

In former times, (says Stowe in his *Survey of London*), ingenious tradesmen and gentlemens' servants would sometimes gather a company of themselves, and learn interludes, to expose vice, or to represent the noble actions of our ancestors. These they played at festivals, in private houses, at weddings, or other entertainments. But in process of time it became an occupation, and these plays being *commonly* acted on *Sundays* and other festivals, the churches were forsaken, and the playhouses thronged."

[r] " And seldom have they leisure for a play
" Or masque, except upon *God's holyday.*"

Withers's *Britaine's Remembrancer*, Canto vi. p. 197. b. 1628

It

It has been a question whether it was formerly a common practice to ride on horseback to the play-house; a circumstance that would scarcely deserve consideration, if it were not in some sort connected with our author's history [*], a plausible story having been built on this founda[illegible]on, relative to his first introduction to the stage.

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The modes of conveyance to the theatre, a[illegible]y, as at present, seem to have been various; some go[illegible]n coaches [t], others on horseback [u], and many by water [illegible]. To *the Globe* play-

NOTES.

[*] See vol. I. p. 201 of the prefatory matters; last edit.

[t] " A pipe there, sirrah; no sophisticate—
" Villaine, the best—whate'er you prize it at—
" Tell yonder lady with the yellow fan,
" I shall be proud to usher her anon;
" My *coach* stands ready." — —

Notes from Black-fryars, 1617.

The author is describing the behaviour of a *gallant* at the *Black-friars theatre*.

[u] See the induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601: " Besides, they could wish, your poets would leave to be promoters of other mens' jests, and to way-lay all the stale apothegms or old books they can hear of, in print or otherwise, to farce their scenes withal: —again, that feeding their friends with nothing of their own but what they have twice or thrice cooked, they should not wantonly give out, how soon they had dressed it, nor how many *coaches* came to carry away the broken meat, beside *hobby-horses*, and *foot-cloth nags*."

[w] In the year 1613, the Company of Watermen petitioned his majesty, " that the players might not be permitted to have a play-house in London or in Middlesex, within four miles of the city on that side of the Thames." From Taylor's *True Cause of the Watermens' Suit concerning Players, and the Reasons that their playing in London is their* [i. e. the Watermen's] *extreme Hindrance*, we learn, that the theatres on the Bankside in Southwark were once so numerous, and the custom of going thither by water so general, that many thousand watermen were supported by it.—As the book is not common, and the passage contains some anecdotes relative to the stage at that time, I shall transcribe it:

" Afterwards," [i. e. as I conjecture, about the year 1596] says Taylor, who was employed as an advocate in behalf of the watermen, " the players began to play on *the Bankside*, and to leave playing in London and Middlesex *for the most part*. Then there went such great concourse of people by water, that the small number of watermen remaining at home [the majority being employed

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playhouse the company probably were conveyed by water [x]; to that in *Black-fryars*, the gentry went either in coaches [y], or on horse-

NOTES.

employed in the Spanish war] were not able to carry them, by reason of the court, the tearms; the players, and other employments. So [illegible] were inforced and encouraged, hoping that this golden [illegible] world would have lasted ever, to take and entertaine m[illegible] boyes, which boyes are grown men and keepers of houses. – So [illegible]t the number of watermen, and those that live and are maintained [illegible] them, and by the only labour of the oare and the skull, betw[illegible] the bridge of Windsor and Gravesend, cannot be fewer tha[illegible] [illegible]rty thousand; the cause of the greater halfe of which multitude hath bene the players playing on *the Bankside*; for I have known three companies, besides the bear-baiting, at once there; to wit, *the Globe*, *the Rose*, and *the Swan*.

"And now it hath pleased God in this peaceable time [from 1604 to 1613] that there is no employment at the sea, as it hath bene accustomed; so that as all those great numbers of men remain at home; and the players have all (except the king's men) left their usual residency on *the Bankside*, and do play in Middlesex, far remote from the Thames; so *that every day in the weeke they do draw unto them three or four thousand people*, that were used to spend their moneys by water.————

"—His majestie's players did exhibit a petition against us, in which they said, that our suit was unreasonable, and that we might as justly remove the Exchange, the walkes in Paul's, or Moorfields, to the Bankside, for our profits, as to confine them."

The affair appears never to have been decided. "Some (says Taylor) have reported that I took bribes of the players, to let the suit fall, and to that purpose I had a supper of them, at *the Cardinal's hat*, on the Bankside." *Works* of Taylor the water-poet, p. 172, edit. 1633.

x See an epilogue to a vacation-play at *the Globe*, by Sir William D'Avenant. *Works*, p. 245:

"For your own sakes, poor souls, you had not best
"Believe my fury was so much supprest
"I' the heat of the last scene, as now you may
"Boldly and safely too cry down our play;
"For if you dare but murmur one false note,
"Here in the house, or going to *take boat*;
"By heav'n I'll mow you off with my long sword,
"*Yeoman* and *squire*, *knight*, *lady* and her *lord*."

y See a letter from Mr. Garrard to Lord Strafford, dated Jan. 9, 1633-4; Strafford's *Letters*, vol. I. p. 175: "Here hath been an order of the lords of the council hung up in a table near *Paul's* and *the Black-fryars*, to command all that resort to the play-

horseback; and the common people on foot. In an epigram by Sir John Davis, the practice of riding to the theatre is ridiculed as a piece of affectation or vanity; and therefore we may presume it was not very general[z].

Though from the want of news-papers and other periodical publications, intelligence was not so speedily circulated

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play-house there, to send away their *coaches*, and to disperse abroad in *Paul's Church-yard*, *Carter Lane*, *the Conduit* in *Fleet Street*, and other places, and not to return to fetch their company, but they must trot a-foot to find their *coaches*:—'twas kept very strictly for two or three weeks, but now I think it is disordered again."—It should however be remembered that this was written above forty years after Shakspeare's first acquaintance with the theatre. Coaches, in the time of queen Elizabeth were possessed but by very few. They were not in ordinary use till after the year 1605. See Stowe's *Annals*, p. 867. Even when the above mentioned order was made, there were no *hackney* coaches. These, as appears from another letter in the same collection, were established a few months afterwards.—"I cannot (says Mr. Garrard) omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though never so trivial. Here is one captain Baily, he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected according to his ability, some *four hackney coaches*, put his men in livery, and appointed them to stand at the *May-pole* in the *Strand*, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had every where, as water-men are to be had by the water-side. Every body is much pleased with it. For whereas, before, coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper." This letter is dated April 1, 1634.—Strafford's *Letters*, vol. I. p. 227.

A few months afterwards, hackney chairs were introduced: "Here is also another project for carrying people up and down in *close chairs*, for the sole doing whereof, Sir Sander Duncombe, a traveller, now a pensioner, hath obtained a patent from the king, and hath forty or fifty making ready for use." Ibid. p. 336.

z "Faustus, nor lord, nor knight, nor wise, nor old,
"To ev'ry place about the town doth *ride*;
"He *rides* into the fields, *plays to behold*;
"He rides to take boat at the water-side."

Epigrams, printed at Middleburg, about 1598.

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in former times as at present, our ancient theatres do not appear to have laboured under any disadvantage in this respect; for the players printed and exposed accounts of the pieces that they intended to exhibit [a], which, however, did not contain a complete list of the characters, or the names of the actors by whom they were represented [b].

The lo[illegible]d whimsical titles that are prefixed to the quarto c[illegible] our author's plays, I suppose to have been transcribed [illegible] the play-bills of the time. They were equally calculated to attract the notice of the idle gazer in

NOTES.

a "They use to set up their billes upon posts some certaine dayes before, to admonish the people to make resorte to their theatres, that they may thereby be the better furnished, and the people prepared to fill their purses with their treasures." *Treatise against Idlenesse, vaine Playes and Interludes*, bl. let. (no date).

The antiquity of this custom likewise appears from a story recorded by Taylor the water-poet, under the head of *Wit and Mirth*. 30. "Master Field, the player, riding up Fleet-Street a great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked him what play was played that day. He being angry to be staied on so frivolous a demand, answered that he might see what play was to be plaied upon every *poste*. I cry you mercy, said the gentleman, I took you for a *poste*, you rode so fast." Taylor's *Works*, p. 183.

Ames, in his *History of Printing*, p. 342, says, that James Roberts [who published some of our author's dramas] printed *bills for the players*.

It appears from the following entry on the Stationers' books, that even the right of printing play-bills was at one time made a subject of monopoly:

"Oct. 1587. John Charlewoode.] Lycensed to him by the whole consent of the assistants, the *onlye* ymprinting of all manner of *billes for players*. Provided that if any trouble arise herebye, then *Charlewoode* to beare the charges."

b This practice did not commence till the beginning of the present century. I have seen a play-bill printed in the year 1697, which expressed only the titles of the two pieces that were to be exhibited, and the time when they were to be represented. Notices of plays to be performed on a future day, similar to those now daily published, are found in the original edition of the *Spectators* in 1711. In these early theatrical advertisements, our author is always styled the *immortal* Shakspeare. Hence Pope:

"Shakespeare, whom you and every *play-house bill*
"Style the *divine*, the matchless, what you will——"

the

the walks at St. Paul's, or to draw a crowd about some vociferous Autolycus, who perhaps was hired by the players thus to raise the expectations of the multitude. It is indeed highly improbable that the modest Shakspeare, who has more than once apologized for his *untutored lines*, should in his manuscripts have entitled any of his dramas *most excellent and pleasant* performances [c]. A contemporary [illegible] has preserved

NOTES.

[c] The titles of the following plays may serve to justify what is here advanced:

The most *excellent*
Historie of the *Merchant*
of *Venice*.
With the extreame crueltie of *Shylocke* the Jewe
towards the sayd Merchant, in cutting a just pound
of his flesh: and the obtayning of Portia
by the choyse of three
caskets.
As it hath been diverse Times acted by the Lord
Chamberlaine his Servants.
Written by William Shakespeare.
1600.

M. William Shak-speare:
HIS
True Chronicle Historie of the Life and
Death of King Lear and his three
Daughters.
With the unfortunate life of Edgar, Sonne
and Heire to the Earle of Glostter, and his
sullen and assumed humor of
Tom of Bedlam:
As it was played before the King's Majestie at Whitehall upon
S. Stephen's Night in Christmass Hollidayes.
By his Majestie's Servants playing usually at the Globe
on the Bank-side.
1608.

A most
Pleasant and *Excellent Conceited*
Comedie
of
Syr John Falstaffe,
and the
Merry Wives of Windsor.

 Enter-

served something like a play-bill of those days, which seems to corroborate this observation; for if it were divested

NOTES,

Entermixed
Wi[illegible] sundrie variable and pleasing Humors of Sir
[illegible]h the Welch Knight, Justice Shallow,
[illegible]nd his wise Cousin Mr. Slender.
[illegible]. With the
Sw[illegible]ggering Vaine of ancient Pistoll,
[illegible] and Corporal Nym.
[illegible] William Shakespeare.
As it [illegible]th been divers Times acted
By the Right Honourable my Lord Chamberlaine's Servants;
Both before her Majestie and else where,
1602.

The
History of
Henrie the
Fourth;
With the Battell at Shrewsburie,
betweene the King and Lord Henrie
Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North.
With the humorous conceits of Sir
John Falstaffe.
Newly corrected by W. Shakespeare,
1598.

The
TRAGEDIE
of
King Richard
The Third
Containing his treacherous Plots, against
[illegible]other Clarence: The pittifull Murther of his innocent Nephews: his tiranous usurpation: with the whole
course of his detested Life, and most
deserved Death.
As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majesties
Servants.
Newly augmented
By William Shakespeare.
1598.

THE

vested of rime, it would bear no very distant resemblance to the title pages that stand before some of our author's dramas:

"————Prithee, what's the play?
"(The first I visited this twelvemonth day)
"They say——"A new invented boy of *Purle*,
"That jeoparded his necke to steale a girl
"Of twelve; and lying fast impounded for't,
"Has hither sent his bearde to act his part;
"Against all those in open malice bent,
"That would not freely to the theft consent:
"Faines all to's wish, and in the epilogue
"Goes out applauded for a famous——rogue."
"——Now hang me if I did not look at first
"For some such stuff, by the fond people's thrust[d]."

It is uncertain at what time the usage of giving authors a benefit on the third day of the exhibition of their piece, commenced. Mr. Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, intimates that dramatick poets had anciently their benefit on the first day that a new play was represented; a regulation which would have been very favourable to some of the ephemeral productions of modern times. But for this there is not, I believe, any sufficient authority. From D'Avenant, indeed, we learn, that in the latter part of the reign of queen Elizabeth, the poet

NOTES.

THE LATE
And *much-admired* Play,
called
Pericles Prince
of Tyre.
With the true Relation of the whole Historie,
adventures and fortunes of the said Prince:
As also,
The no less strange and worthy accidents,
in the Birth and Life of his Daughter
MARIANA.
As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by
His Majestie's Servants at the Globe on
the Banck-side.
By William Shake-speare.
1609.

[d] *Notes from Black-fryars*, 1617.

had

had his benefit on the second day[e]. As it was a general practice, in the time of Shakspeare, to sell the copy of the play to the theatre, I imagine, in such cases, an author derived no other advantage from his piece, than what arose from the sale of it. Sometimes, however, he found it more beneficial to retain the copy-right in his own hands; and when he did so, I suppose he had a benefit. It is certain that the giving authors the profits of the third exhibition of their play, which seems to have been the usual mode during almost the whole of the last century, was an established custom in the year 1612; for Decker, in the prologue to one of his comedies, printed in that year, speaks of the poet's *third day*[f]. The unfortunate Otway had no more than one

NOTES.

e See *The Play-House to be Let*:

"*Player*. ——There is an old tradition,
"That in the time of mighty *Tamburlane*,
"Of conjuring *Faustus* and the *Beauchamps bold*,
"You poets us'd to have the *second* day;
"This shall be ours, Sir, and to-morrow yours.
"*Poet*. I'll take my venture; 'tis agreed."

f "It is not praise is sought for now, but pence,
"Though dropp'd from greasy-apron'd audience.
"Clap'd may he be with thunder that plucks bays
"With such foul hands, and with squint eyes doth gaze
"On Pallas' shield, not caring, so he gains
"A cram'd *third day*, what filth drops from his brains!"

Prologue to *If this be not a good Play the Devil's in't*, 1612.

Yet the following passages intimate that the poet at a subsequent period had some interest in the *second* day's exhibition:

"Whether their sold scenes be dislik'd or hit,
"Are cares for them who eat by the stage and wit;
"He's one whose unbought muse did never fear
"An empty *second* day, or a thin share."

Prologue to *The City Match*, a comedy, by J. Mayne, 1639.

So, in the prologue to *The Sophy*, by Sir John Denham, acted at Blackfryars in 1642:

"——Gentlemen, if you dislike the play,
"Pray make no words on't till the *second day*,
"Or *third* be past; for we would have you know it,
"The loss will fall on us, not on the poet,
"For he writes not for money."———

In *other* cases, then, it may be presumed, the loss, either o the *second* or *third* day, *did* affect the author.

benefit

benefit on the production of a new play; and this too, it seems, he was sometimes forced to mortgage, before the piece was acted [g].

Southerne was the first dramatick writer who obtained the emoluments arising from two representations [h]; and to Farquhar, in the year 1700, the benefit of a third was granted [i]. To the honour of Mr. Addison, it should be remembered, that he first discontinued the ancient, but humiliating, practice of distributing tickets, and soliciting company to attend at the theatre, on the poet's nights [k].

When an author sold his piece to the sharers or proprietors of a theatre, it remained for several years unpublished; but, when that was not the case, he printed it for sale, to which many seem to have been induced, from an apprehension that an imperfect copy might be issued from the press without their consent [l]. The customary price of the copy of a play, in the time of Shakspeare, appears to have been twenty nobles,

NOTES.

g "But which amongst you is there to be found,
"Will take his *third day's pawn* for fifty pound?"
Epilogue to *Caius Marius*, 1680.

h "I must make my boast, though with the most acknowledging respect, of the favours of the fair sex—in so visibly promoting my interest on those days chiefly, (the *third* and the *sixth*) when I had the tenderest relation to the welfare of my play."
Southerne's *Dedication* of *Sir Antony Love*, a comedy, 1691.

Hence Pope:
"May Tom, whom heaven sent down to raise
"The price of prologues and of plays, &c."

i On the representation of *The Constant Couple*, which was performed fifty-three times in the year 1700. Farquhar, on account of the extraordinary success of that play, is said by one of his biographers, to have been allowed by the managers, the profits of *four* representations.

k Southerne, by this practice, is said to have gained seven hundred pounds by one play.

l "One only thing affects me; to think, that scenes invented merely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read, and that the least hurt I can receive, is, to do myself the wrong. But since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted. I have therefore myself set forth this comedie." Marston's pref. to the *Malecontent*, 1604.

or six pounds thirteen shillings and four-pence [m]. The play when printed was sold for sixpence [n]; and the usual present

NOTES.

[m] See *The Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592: "Master R. G. [Robert Greene] would it not make you blush——if you sold not *Orlando Furioso* to the queen's players for *twenty nobles*, and when they were in the country, sold the same play to lord Admiral's men, for as much more? Was not this plain coneycatching, M. G.?"

Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, says, that Shakspeare received but *five pounds* for his *Hamlet*; whether from the players who first acted it, or the printer or bookseller who first published it, is not distinguished. It has been observed, that *Hamlet* is more accurately printed than any other of the quarto editions of our author's plays.

In the time of Dryden, it should seem, an author did not usually receive more from his bookseller for a dramatick performance than 20£. or 25£. for, in a letter to his son, he mentions, that the whole emoluments which he expected from a new play that he was about to produce, would not exceed one hundred pounds. The profits of the third night were probably seventy pounds; the dedication produced either five or ten guineas, according to the munificence of the patron; and the rest arose from the sale of the copy. In 1715, Sir Richard Steele sold Mr. Addison's comedy, called *The Drummer*, to J. Tonson for fifty pounds: and in 1721, Dr. Young received the same price for his tragedy of *The Revenge*. In the next year, Southerne, who seems to have understood author-craft better than any of his contemporaries, sold his *Spartan Dame* for the extraordinary sum of 120£. and in 1726, Lintot the bookseller paid the celebrated plagiary, James Moore Smyth, one hundred guineas for a comedy, entitled *The Rival Modes*. From that time, this appears to have been the customary price for several years; but of late, one hundred and fifty pounds have been given for a new play.

[n] See the preface to the quarto edition of *Troilus and Cressida*, 1609: "Had I time I would comment upon it, though it needs not, for so much as will make you think your *testerne* well-bestowed, but for so much worth as even poor I know to be stuft in it."

See also the preface to Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, a comedy, 1632: "Courteous reader, I beg thy pardon, if I put thee to the expence of a *sixpence*, and the loss of half an hour."

from

from a patron, in return for a dedication, was forty shillings [o].

On the first day of exhibiting a new play, the prices of admission appear to have been raised [p]; and this seems to have been occasionally practised on the benefit-nights of authors, to the end of the last century [q].

Dramatick poets in those times, as at present, were admitted gratis into the theatre [r].

NOTES.

[o] "I did determine not to have *dedicated* my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for; and above, few or none will bestow on these matters." Dedication to *A Woman's a Weather-cock*, a comedy, by N. Field, 1612.

See also *the Author's Epistle popular*, prefixed to *Cynthia's Revenge*, 1613: "Thus do our pie-bald naturalists depend upon poor wages, gape after the drunken harvest of *forty shillings*, and shame the worthy *benefactors of Helicon*."

After the Revolution, five, and sometimes ten, guineas, seem to have been the customary present on these occasions.

[p] This may be collected from the following verses by J. Mayne, to the memory of Ben Jonson:

"He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule's true,
"Nothing is slowly done, that's always new;
"So when thy *Fox* had ten times acted been,
"Each *day* was *first*, but that 'twas *cheaper seen*."

[q] Downes the prompter, either speaks of, or alludes to, the custom of raising the price of admission on an author's benefit-night.

[r] See verses by J. Stephens, to his worthy friend H. Fitz-Jeoffery, on his *Notes from Black-fryars*, 1617:

"——I must
"Though it be a player's vice to be unjust
"To verse not yielding coyne, let players know,
"They cannot recompence your labour, though
"They grace you with a chayre upon the stage,
"*And take no money of you, nor your page*."

So, in *The Play-house to be let*, by Sir W. Davenant:

"*Poet*. Do you set up for yourselves and profess wit,
"Without help of your authors? Take heed, Sirs,
"You'll get few customers.
"*Housekeeper*. Yes, we shall have the *poets*.
"*Poet*. *'Tis because they pay nothing for their entrance*."

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The custom of passing a final censure on plays at their first exhibition [s], is as ancient as the time of our author; for no less than three plays [t] of his rival, Ben Jonson, appear to have been damned [u]; and Fletcher's *Faithful Shep-*

NOTES.

[s] The custom of expressing disapprobation of a play, and interrupting the drama, by the noise of *catcals*, or at least by imitating the tones of a cat, is probably as ancient as Shakspeare's time; for Decker in his *Gul's Horn-book*, counsels the gallant, if he wishes to disgrace the poet, "to *whew* at the childrens' action, to whistle at the songs, and *mew* at the passionate speeches."—See also the induction to *The Isle of Gulls*, a comedy, 1608: "Either see it all or none; for 'tis grown into a custom at plays, if any one rise, (especially of any fashionable sort) about what serious business soever, the rest thinking it in dislike of the play (though he never thinks it) cry—'*mew*—by Jesus vile'—and leave the poor heartless children to speak their epilogue to the empty seats."

[t] *Sejanus*, *Catiline*, and *The New Inn*. Of the two former Jonson's *Ghost* is thus made to speak in an epilogue to *Every Man in his Humour*, written by Lord Buckhurst, about the middle of the last century:

"Hold and give way, for I myself will speak:
"Can you encourage so much insolence,
"And add new faults still to the great offence
"Your ancestors so rashly did commit
"Against the mighty powers of art and wit,
"When they condemn'd those noble works of mine,
"*Sejanus*, and my best-lov'd *Catiline*?"

The title-page of *The New Inn*, is a sufficient proof of its condemnation. Another piece of this writer does not seem to have met a very favourable reception; for, Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden (Jonson's friend) informs us, that "when the play of *The Silent Woman* was first acted, there were found verses, after, on the stage, against him, [the author] concluding, that the play was well named, The *Silent* Woman, because there was never one man to say *plaudite* to it." Drummond's *Works*, fol. p. 226.

[u] The term, as well as the practice, is ancient.—See the epilogue to *The Unfortunate Lover*, by Sir W. Davenant, 1643:

"——Our poet——
"——will never wish to see us thrive,
"If by an humble epilogue we strive
"To court from you that privilege to-day,
"Which you so long have had, to *damn a play*."

herdess,

herdess [x], and *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, written by him and Beaumont [y], underwent the same fate.

It is not easy to ascertain what were the emoluments of a successful actor in the time of Shakspeare. They had not then annual benefits, as at present [z]. The performers at each theatre seem to have shared the profits arising either from each day's exhibition, or from the whole season, among them [a]. I think it is not unlikely, that the clear emoluments of the theatre, after deducting whatever was appropriated to the proprietors of the house, were divided into one hundred parts, of which the actors had various shares, according to their rank and merit [b]. From Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, we

NOTES.

[x] See ante p. 29 (Note [w]) Verses addressed to Fletcher on his *Faithful Shepherdess*.

[y] See the epistle prefixed to the first edition of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, in 1613.

[z] "Mrs. Barry was the first person whose merit was distinguished by the indulgence of having an annual benefit-play, which was granted to her alone, if I mistake not, first in king James's time; and which became not common to others, till the division of this company, after the death of king William's queen Mary." *Apol. for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber*, p. 96.

[a] See *The Picture*, a tragicomedy, by Massinger, 1630:

Coris. "How do you like the quality?
"You had a foolish itch to be an *actor*,
"And may now strole where you please.
Hil. "Will you buy *my share*?

[b] From the following stanza in a poem entitled, *I would and I would not*, by B. N. 1614, *five shares* seem to have been thought a considerable emolument for an actor to gain by his performance:

"I would I were a player, and could act
"As many parts as come upon the stage,
"And in my braine could make a full compact
"Of all that passeth betwixt youth and age;
"That I might have *five shares* in every play,
"And let them laugh that bear the bell away."

The actors were treated with less respect than at present, being sometimes interrupted during their performance, on account of supposed personalities; for the same author adds—

"And yet I would not; for then do I feare
"If I should gall some *goose-cap* with my speech,
"That

we learn, that one of either the performers or proprietors had seven shares and a half[c]; but of what integral sum is not mentioned.

From the prices of admission into our ancient theatres, which have been already mentioned, I imagine, the utmost that the sharers of *the Globe* play-house could have received on any one day, was about thirty-five pounds[d]. So lately

NOTES.

"That he would freat, and fume, and chafe, and swear,
"As if some flea had bit him by the breech;
"And in some passion or strange agonie
"Disturb both me and all the companie."

[c] *Tucca.* "Fare thee well, my honest penny-biter: commend me to *seven shares and a half,* [I suppose he means either one of the proprietors, or one of the principal actors] and remember to-morrow.—If you lack a *service,* you shall play in my name, rascals; [alluding to the custom of actors calling themselves the *servants* of certain noblemen] but you shall buy your own cloth, and I'll have *two shares* for my countenance." *Poetaster*, 1602.

Though I have supposed *the Globe* theatre capable of containing so many persons as to produce somewhat more than thirty-five pounds, twenty pounds was probably esteemed a considerable receipt. I know not indeed whether even this is not rather too highly rated; for we find the whole company received but half that sum from his majesty, for the exhibition of a play at court.—If, however, we suppose twenty pounds to have been an ordinary receipt; that one half of this sum belonged to the proprietors, and that the other half was divided into one hundred shares; the player who had five shares in each play, received ten shillings. Mr. Hart and Mr. Kynaston, both very celebrated actors, had but ten shillings a day, each, at the king's theatre in 1681. See Gildon's *Life of Betterton*, p. 8. In 1684, when the the duke's and the king's company joined, the profits of acting (we are told by C. Cibber) were divided into twenty shares, ten of which went to the proprietors or patentees, and the other moiety to the principal actors, in different divisions, proportioned to their merit. For several years after the Restoration, (another writer informs us) every *whole sharer* in Mr. Hart's company got 1000 £. per annum. *Hist. Histrion.* 1699. But of these *whole sharers*, there were probably not more than two or three, and they must have been *proprietors* as well as *actors*.

[d] Taylor, the water-poet, says, that two play-houses on the Bankside, *the Rose* and *the Swan*, were frequented daily by three or four thousand people. [See ante p. 36, Note [w]]. Taking then the lowest number, each of them contained one thousand five hundred persons. *The Globe* was at least as large as either of

lately as the year 1685, Shadwell received, by his third day, on the representation of *The 'Squire of Alsatia*, 130£. which Downes the prompter says was the greatest receipt that had been ever taken at Drury-Lane play-house, at single prices [e].

It appears from the MSS. of lord Stanhope, treasurer of the chambers to king James I. that the customary sum paid to John Heminge and his company, for the performance of a play at court, was twenty nobles, or six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence [f]. And Edward Alleyn mentions in his *Diary*, that he once had so slender an audience in his theatre called *the Fortune*, that the whole receipts of the house amounted to no more than three pounds and some odd shillings [g].

Thus scanty and meagre were the apparatus and accommodations of our ancient theatres, on which those dram

NOTES.

of these; in the *South View of London, as it appeared in* 1599, it is larger than *the Swan*: (*the Rose* is not there delineated). Supposing, however, this account of Taylor's to have been exaggerated, and that *the Globe* theatre held but one thousand two hundred persons, if nine hundred paid sixpence a-piece, and three hundred one shilling each, the produce would be 37£. 10s. The theatre in Black-fryars probably did not produce, on any one day, above half that sum. Each of the modern theatres, in Drury Lane and Covent Garden, holds two thousand three hundred persons.

[e] *Rosc. Anglican.* p. 41.

[f] His majesty occasionally added three pounds six shillings and eight pence, by way of bounty.

[g] For this information we are indebted to Mr. Oldys.—See *Biog. Brit.* article *Alleyn*. vol. I. p. 153. edit. 1778. From the *Diary* of Edward Alleyn, I expected to have learned several particulars relative to the ancient stage. But on enquiring for it at Dulwich College, I was informed by the gentleman who has at present the care of the library there, that this curious history of the private life of the founder, which had been preserved in the College for more than a century, had by the unaccountable negligence of some former librarian, been lost within these few years. In Dulwich College there was likewise, formerly, a very valuable collection of old plays, that had been made by Mr. Cartwright, the comedian, (a friend of Edward Alleyn) and bequeathed by him to the Society. It was, I believe, the first collection made in England, and contained above five hundred plays. Mr. Garrick some years ago obtained a few of them, in exchange for some other books; being added to his large collection, which he has ordered, by his Will, to be deposited in the British Museum, they are again appropriated to the use of the publick.

were first exhibited, that have since engaged the attention of so many learned men, and delighted so many thousand spectators. Yet even then, we are told by a writer of that age [h], "that dramatick poesy was so lively expressed and represented on the publick stages and theatres of this city, as Rome in the *auge* of her pomp and glory, never saw it better performed; in respect of the action and art, not of the cost and sumptuousness."

Of the actors on whom this high encomium is pronounced, the original performers in our author's plays were probably the most eminent. The following are the only notices that I have met with, relative to them.

Names of the Original ACTORS *in the Plays of* SHAKSPEARE:
From the Folio 1623.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

There is reason to believe that he performed the part of old *Knowell* in *Every Man in his Humour*—Adam in *As you like It*—and the Ghost in *Hamlet*. See Vol. I. p. 302 note (e). The following lines in *The Scourge of Folly*, by John Davies of Hereford, [no date, but printed about 1611] which the writer is pleased to call an Epigram, lead me to believe that our author likewise played Duncan in *Macbeth*, king Henry IV, and king Henry VI; parts which do not call for the exertion of any extraordinary theatrical powers:

"To our English Terence, Mr. William Shakespeare."

"Some say, good Will, which I in sport do sing,
"Hadst thou not play'd some *kingly parts* in sport,
"Thou hadst been a companion for a king,
"And been a king among the meaner sort.
"Some others raile, but raile as they think fit,
"Thou hast no railing but a raigning wit,
"And honesty thou sow'st, which they do reape,
"So to encrease their stock which they do keepe."

NOTE.

[h] Sir George Buck. This writer appears to have composed a treatise concerning the English stage; but I know not whether it was ever printed. See *The Third Universitie of England*, at the end of *Stowe's Annals*, p. 1082. edit. 1631. "Of this art [the dramatick] have written largely *Petrus Victorius*, &c.—as it were in vaine for me to say any thing of the art; besides, that *I have written thereof a particular treatise*." If this treatise be yet extant, it would probably throw much light on the present enquiry.

The

The author of *Historia Histrionica*, 1699, concurs with Rowe, in saying, there was a stage tradition, that Shakspeare was much more celebrated as a poet than as an actor.

RICHARD BURBAGE

appears to have been a tragedian. He is introduced in person, in an old play called *The Returne from Parnassus*, and instructs a Cambridge scholar how to play the part of King Richard III. See also bishop Corbet's *Poems*, 1648:

"For when he would have said, *king Richard* dy'd,
"And call'd *a horse, a horse*, he *Burbage* cry'd."

He was one of the principal sharers or proprietors of the *Globe* and *Black-fryars* play-houses. In a letter preserved in the British Museum, (MS. *Harl.* 7002,) written in the year 1613, the actors at *the Globe* are called *Burbage's Company* *. He died, as we learn from Camden, (who styles him "alter Roscius,") in 1619.

The following character of Burbage is given by Flecknoe, in his *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664:

"He was a delightful Proteus, so wholly transforming himself into his part, and putting off himself with his cloaths, as he never (not so much as in the tyring-house) assumed himself again until the play was done.—He had all the parts of an excellent orator, animating his words with speaking, and speech with action; his auditors being never more delighted than when he spake, nor more sorry than when he held his peace: yet even then, he was an excellent actor still, never falling in his part, when he had done speaking, but with his looks and gesture maintaining it still unto the height."

JOHN HEMINGE

is said by Roberts the player [1] to have been a tragedian. He does not produce any authority, but probably his assertion was grounded on some theatrical tradition. From an entry in the Council-books at Whitehall, I find that he was manager or principal proprietor of the *Globe* play-house before the death of queen Elizabeth. He is joined with Shakspeare, Burbage, &c. in the licence granted by king James

NOTES.

* In Jonson's *Masque of Christmass*, 1616, Burbage and Heminge are both mentioned as managers: "I could ha' had money enough for him an I would ha' been tempted, and ha' let him out by the week to the king's players: Master Burbage has been about and about with me; and so has old Mr. Heminge too; they ha' need of him."

1 *Answer to Pope*, 1729. This writer says, that Heminge and Condell were printers as well as actors.

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in 1603; and all the payments made in 1613 by lord Stanhope, treasurer of the chambers to king James I. on account of plays performed at court in that year, are to "*John Heminge* and the rest of his fellows." In 1623, in conjunction with Condell and Ford the poets, he published the first complete edition of our author's plays; soon after which time it has been supposed that he withdrew from the theatre; but this is a mistake. He continued chief director of the king's company of comedians till 1630 *, in which year he either died or retired from the stage.

AUGUSTINE PHILIPS.

This actor is likewise named in the licence granted by king James in 1603. It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, printed in 1610, that he was then dead. In an extraordinary exhibition, entitled *The Seven Deadly Sins*, (of which an account will be given hereafter) he represented *Sardanapalus*. I have not been able to learn what parts he performed in our author's plays; but believe that he was in the same class as Kempe, and Armine; for he appears, like the former of these players, to have published a ludicrous metrical piece, which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1595. Philips's production was entitled *The Jigg of the Slippers*.

WILLIAM KEMPE

was the successor of Tarleton. "Here I must needs remember Tarleton, (says Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*,) in his time gracious with the queen his soveraigne, and in the people's general applause; whom succeeded *Will. Kempe*, as well in the favour of her majestie, as in the opinion and good thoughts of the general audience." From the quarto editions of some of our author's plays, we learn that he was the original performer of Dogberry in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and of Peter in *Romeo and Juliet*. From an old comedy called *The Return from Parnassus*, we may collect, that he was the original Justice Shallow; and the contemporary writers inform us that he usually acted the part of a Clown, in which character he was celebrated for his *extemporal wit* [1]. Launcelot in the *Merchant of Venice*,

NOTES.

* Extracts from the Warrant-book of the earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, lord chamberlain of the household to king Charles I. post, p. 289.

[1] See *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

"——you, Sir, are incorrigible and
"Take licence to yourself to add unto
"Your parts your own free fancy, &c."

"——That

and Touchstone in *As you like It*, were probably performed by this comedian.

He was an author as well as an actor [l].

THOMAS POPE.

This actor likewise performed the part of a Clown [m]. He died before 1610 [n].

GEORGE BRYAN.

I have not been able to gain any intelligence concerning this performer, except, that in the exhibition of *The Seven Deadly Sins*, he represented the Earl of Warwick.

HENRY CONDELL

is said by Roberts the player to have been a comedian; but he does not mention any other authority but stage-tradition. From his having, in conjunction with Heminge, published Shakspeare's plays, and from the notice taken of him in our author's Will, it is reasonable to suppose that he was one of the proprietors of *the Globe* and *Black-fryars* theatres.

In Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, he acted the part of the Cardinal.

WILLIAM SLY

was joined with Shakspeare, &c. in the licence granted in 1603.—He is introduced, personally, in the induction to Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604, and from his there using an affected phrase of Osrick's in *Hamlet*, we may collect that he performed that part. He died before the year 1610 [o].

NOTES.

"——That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd
"On elder stages, to move mirth and laughter."
"——Yes in the days of *Tarlton* and of *Kempe*,
"Before the stage was purg'd from barbarism."

The character of the Clown as performed by *Kempe*, seems to have resembled the Harlequin of the present Italian comedy.

[l] See *The Returne from Parnassus*, a comedy, 1606: "Indeed, *M. Kempe*, you are very famous, but that is as well for *workes in print* as your part in cue." Kempe's *New Jigge of the Kitchen-stuff Woman* was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, in 1595.

[m] "——[illegible]—what meanest Singer then,
"[illegible] the *clowne*, to speak so boorish, when
"They counterfaite the clownes upon the stage?"

Humour's Ordinarie, [illegible] *man may be verie merie and exceeding well used for his sixpence.* (No date.)

[n] Heywood's *Apol. for Actors.*

[o] *Apol. for Actors.*

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RICHARD COWLEY

appears to have been an actor of a low class, having performed the part of Verges in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

JOHN LOWIN

was a principal performer in these plays If tradition may be credited, he was the original Falstaff [p]. He is said by Roberts the player to have also performed king Henry VIII. and Hamlet; but with respect to the latter, he seems to have mistaken; for it appears from more ancient writers, that Joseph Taylor was the original performer of that character [q].

Lowin is introduced, in person, in the induction to Marston's *Malecontent*, printed in 1604; and he and Taylor are mentioned in a copy of verses, written about the year 1629, soon after the appearance of Jonson's *Magnetick Lady*, as the two most celebrated actors of that time:

"Let *Lowin* cease, and *Taylor* scorn to touch
"The loathed stage, for thou hast made it such."

Besides the parts already mentioned, this actor represented the following characters—Morose, in *The Silent Woman*—Volpone in *The Fox*—Mammon in *The Alchymist*—Melantius in *The Maid's Tragedy*—Aubrey in *The Bloody Brother*—Bosola in *The Dutchess of Malfy*—Jacomo in *The Deserving Favourite*—Eubulus in Massinger's *Picture*—Domitian in *The Roman Actor*—and Belleur in *The Wild Goose Chace*.

After the suppression of the theatres, he became very poor. In 1653, in conjunction with Joseph Taylor, he published Fletcher's comedy called *The Wild Goose Chace*, for bread; and in his latter years, he kept an inn (*The Three Pidgeons*) at Brentford, where he died some time before the Restoration, very old [r]. There is a picture of him, either in the Ashmole Museum, or in the Picture-Gallery, at Oxford.

SAMUEL CROSS.

This actor was probably dead before the year 1600; for Heywood, who had himself written for the stage before that time, says he had never seen him.

ALEXANDER COOKE.

From *The Platt of the Seven Deadly Sinns*, it appears that this actor was the principal stage-heroine. He acted some woman's part in Jonson's *Sejanus*, and in *The Fox*; and, we

NOTES.

[p] See Wright's *Hist. Histrion.* 1699.
[q] *Hist. Histr.* and *Rosc. Anglican.*
[r] *Hist. Histrion.*

may

may presume, performed all the principal female characters in our author's plays.

SAMUEL GILBURNE. Unknown.

ROBERT ARMIN

was alive in 1611, some verses having been addressed to him in that year by John Davies of Hereford; from which he appears to have occasionally performed the part of the Fool or Clown in Shakspeare's plays *.

He was author of a comedy called *The Two Maides of More-clacke*, 1609.—A book likewise, called *A Nest of Ninnies simply of themselves, with compound*, by Robert Armin, was published in 1608. And at Stationers' Hall was entered in the same year, "a book called *Phantasm the Italian Taylor and his Boy*, made by Mr. Armin, servant to his majesty."

Mr. Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says, that "Armin was an apprentice at first to a goldsmith in Lombard-Street." He adds, that "the means of his becoming a player is recorded in Tarleton's jests printed in 1611, where it appears, this 'prentice going often to a tavern in Grace-church-Street, to dun the keeper thereof, who was a debtor to his master, *Tarleton*, who of the master of that tavern was now only a lodger in it, saw some verses written by Armin on the wainscot, upon his master's said debtor, whose name was *Charles Tarleton*, and liked them so well, that he wrote others under them, prophecying, that as he was, so *Armin* should be: therefore, calls him his adopted son, to wear the Clown's suit after him. And so it fell out, for the boy was so pleased with what Tarleton had written of him, so respected his person, so frequented his plays, and so learned his humour and manners, that from his private practice he came to publick playing his parts; that he was in great repute for the same at *the Globe* at the Bank-side, &c. all the former part of king James's reign."

NOTES.

* See *The Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611:

"To honest gamesome *Robert Armine*,
"Who tickles the spleene like a harmless vermin."

"Armine, what shall I say of thee, but this,
"Thou art a *fool* and knave—both?—fie, I miss,
"And wrong thee much; sith thou indeed art neither,
"Although in *shew* thou *play'st* both together."

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William Ostler.

had been one of the children of the Chapel; and is said to have performed womens' parts. In Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, there are some verses addressed to him with this title: "To the *Roscius* of these times, William Ostler." He acted Antonio in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*.

Nathan. Field. } John Underwood. }

Both these actors had been children of the chapel*, and probably performed female parts. Field, when he became too manly to represent the characters of women, played the part of *Bussy d'Ambois* in Chapman's play of that name. From the preface prefixed to it, it appears that he was dead in 1641 He was the author of two comedies, called *A Woman is a Weather-cock*, and *Amends for Ladies*; and he assisted Massinger in writing *The Fatal Dowry*.

Underwood acted Delio in *The Dutchess of Malfy*.

Nicholas Tooley

acted Forobosco in *The Dutchess of Malfy*. From the *Platt of the Seven Deadly Sinns*, it appears, that he sometimes represented female characters.

William Ecclestone.

No ancient piece (that I have seen) contains any memorial of this actor.

Joseph Taylor

appears from some verses already cited, to have been a celebrated actor. According to Downes the prompter, he was instructed by Shakspeare to play Hamlet; and Wright in his *Historia Histrionica*, says, "He performed that part incomparably well." From the remembrance of his performance of Hamlet, Sir William D'Avenant is said to have conveyed his instructions to Mr. Betterton. Taylor likewise played Iago. He also performed True-wit in *The Silent Woman*, and Face in *The Alchymist*[1]. He represented Ferdinand in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, after the death of Burbage. He acted Matthias in *The Picture*, by Massinger; Paris in *The Roman Actor*; the Duke in Carlell's *Deserving Favourite*; Rollo in *The Bloody Brother*; and, Mirabel in *The Wild Goose Chase*.

He died at Richmond in Surry, some time after the year 1653, and was buried there.

NOTES.

* See *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, in which they both acted.

[1] *Hist. Histrion.*

He

He is said by some to have painted the only original picture of Shakspeare now extant, in the possession of the duke of Chandos. By others, Burbage is reported to have been the painter. Vol. I. Prolegomena.

ROBERT BENFIELD

appears to have been a second-rate actor. He performed Antonio in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, after the death of Ostler. He also acted the part of the King in *The Deserving Favourite*; Ladislaus in *The Picture*; Junius Rusticus in *The Roman Actors*; and De-gard in *The Wild Goose Chase*.

He was alive in 1647, being one of the players who signed the dedication to the folio edition of Fletcher's plays, published in that year.

ROBERT GOUGHE.

This actor probably performed female characters. In *The Seven Deadly Sins*, he played Aspatia.

RICHARD ROBINSON

is said by Wright to have been a comedian. He acted in Jonson's *Catiline* in 1611; and, it should seem from a passage in *The Devil is an Ass*, [act II. sc. viii] 1616, that at that time he usually represented female characters. I have not learned what parts in our author's plays were performed by this actor. In *The Deserving Favourite*, he played Orsinio; and in *The Wild Goose Chase* La Castre. In Massinger's *Roman Actor*, he performed Æsopus; and in *The Dutchess of Malfy*, after the death of Condell, he played the Cardinal. Hart, the celebrated actor, was originally his boy or apprentice Robinson was alive in 1647, his name being signed, with several others, to the dedication prefixed to the first folio edition of Fletcher's plays. In the civil wars he served in the king's army, and was killed in an engagement, by Harrison, who was afterwards hanged at Charing-Cross. Harrison refused him quarter, after he had laid down his arms, and shot him in the head, saying at the same time, "Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently [u]."

JOHN SHANKE

was, according to Wright, a comedian. He was but in a low class, having performed the part of the Curate in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, and that of Hillario (a servant) in *The Wild Goose Chase*.

NOTE.

Hist. Histrion.

JOHN RICE.

The only information I have met with concerning this player, is, that he performed the Marquis of Pescara, an inconsiderable part in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*.

The foregoing list is said, in the first folio, to contain the names of the *principal* actors in these plays.

Besides these, we know that *John Wilson* played an insignificant part in *Much Ado about Nothing*, but it was not this performer who was celebrated by Meres *for learning and extemporal witte*, [as Mr. Steevens imagined—See vol I. p. 233, *Prolegomena*] but one *Thomas Wilson* [w].

Gabriel was likewise an inferior actor, as appears from the old editions of the third part of *K. Henry VI* See the first folio, p. 150, where we find "enter *Gabriel*." The quartos here read, "Enter a *messenger*."

Sinkler or Sinklo, was likewise a player of the same class [x].

With respect to Edward Alleyn, who, according to Langbaine, was an ornament to Black-friars, Wright, who seems to have been better acquainted with the ancient stage, says, "he had never heard that Alleyn acted there."

To this short account of the original actors in Shakspeare's plays, I shall subjoin a transcript of a very curious paper now in my possession, entitled, *The Platt of the Secound Parte of the Seven Deadlie Sinns*, as it serves in some measure to mark the various degrees of consequence of several of these performers.

The piece entitled *The Seven Deadly Sins*, in two parts, (of one of which the annexed paper contains the outlines) was written by Tarleton the comedian [y]. From the manner

NOTES.

[w] Stowe's *Annals*, p. 697, edit. 1615.—Among the twelve players who were sworn the queen's servants in 1583, "were two rare men, viz. *Thomas* Wilson for a quicke delicate, refined *extemporal* witte, and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentifull pleasant extemporall witt"

[x] In *The Third Part of K. Henry VI.* act III. sc. i (first folio) the following stage-direction is found. "Enter *Sinklo* and Humphrey :— In the quarto: "Enter *two keepers*."

[y] See *Four Letters and certain Sonnets*, [by Gabriel Harvey] 1592, p. 29

—"doubtless it will prove some dainty devise, queintly contrived

ner in which it is mentioned by Gabriel Harvey, his contemporary, it appears to have been a new and unexampled species of dramatick exhibition. He expressly calls it a play. I think it probable, that it was first produced soon after a violent attack had been made against the stage. Several invectives against plays were published in the latter part of the reign of queen Elizabeth. It seems to have been the purpose of the author of this exhibition, to concenter in one performance the principal subjects of the serious drama, and to exhibit at one view those uses to which it might be applied with advantage. That these *Seven Deadly Sins*, as they are here called, were esteemed the principal subjects of tragedy, may appear from the following words of Heywood, who, in his *Apology for Actors*, introduces *Melpomene* thus speaking:

"Have I not whipt vice with a scourge of steele,
"Unmaskt sterne *Murther*, sham'd lascivious *Lust*,
"Pluckt off the visar from grimme treason's face,
"And made the sunne point at their ugly sinnes?
"Hath not this powerful hand tam'd fiery *Rage*,
"Kill'd poysonous *Envy* with her own keene darts,

NOTES.

contrived by way of humble supplication to the high and mightie Prince of darknesse; not dunsically botched up, but *right formally conveyed*, according to the stile and tenour of Tarleton's *president*, his famous *play* of *the Seaven Deadly Sinnes*; which most dealy [f. deadly] but lively playe I might have seen in London, and was verie gently invited thereunto at Oxford by Tarleton himselfe; of whom I merrily demaunding, which of the seaven was his own deadlie sinne, he bluntly answered, after this manner; By G— the sinne of other gentlemen, lechery." Tarleton's *Repentance and his Farewell to his Frendes in his Sicknesse, a little before his death*," was entered on the Stationers' books in October 15‑9; so that the play of *The Seven Deadly Sins* must have been produced in or before that year.

The Seven Deadly Sins had been very early personified, and introduced by Dunbar, a Scottish writer, (who flourished about 1470) in a poem entitled *The Daunce*. In this piece they are described as presenting a mask or mummery, with the newest gambols just imported from France. In an anonymous poem called *The Kalendar of Shepherds*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1497, are also described the *Seven Visions*, or the punishments in hell of *The Seven Deadly Sins*. See Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, II. 197, 272.

"Choak'd

"Choak'd up the *coveteus mouth* with moulten gold,
"Burst the vast wombe of eating *Gluttony*,
"And drown'd the drunkard's gall in juice of grapes?
"I have shew'd *Pride* his picture on a stage,
"Layde ope the ugly shapes his steel-glasse hid,
"And made him passe thence meekely—"

As a very full and satisfactory account of the exhibition described in this ancient fragment, by Mr. Steevens, will be found in the following pages, it is unnecessary to add any thing upon the subject.—What dramas were represented in the *first* part of the *Seven Deadly Sins*, we can now only conjecture, as probably the *Plat* of that piece is long since destroyed. The ill consequences of *Rage*, I suppose, were inculcated by the exhibition of *Alexander* and the death of *Clitus*, on which subject, it appears there was an ancient play [z]. Some scenes from the drama of *Mydas* [a] were probably introduced to exhibit the odiousness and folly of *Avarice*. Lessons against *Pride* and ambition were perhaps furnished, either by the play of *Ninus* and *Semiramis* [b], or by a piece formed on the story of *Phaeton* [c]: And *Gluttony*, we may suppose, was rendered odious in the person of *Heliogabalus*.

MALONE.

NOTES.

[z] "If we present a foreign history, the subject is so intended, that in the lives of Romans, Grecians, or others, the vertues of our countrymen are extolled, or their vices reproved —We present *Alexander* killing his friend in his *rage*, to reprove *rashness*; *Mydas* choked with gold, to tax *covetousness*; *Nero* against *tyranny*, *Sardanapalus* against *luxury*, *Ninus* against *ambition*."—Heywood's *Apol. for Actors*, 1610.

[a] See the foregoing note.

[b] *The Tragedy of Ninus and Semiramis, the first Monarchs of the World*, was entered on the Stationers' books, May 10, 1595. See also note [z].

[c] There appears to have been an antient play on this subject. "Art thou *proud*? Our *scene* presents thee with the fall of *Phaeton*; Narcissus pining in the love of his shadow; *ambitious* Haman now calling himself a god, and by and by thrust headlong among the devils." *Pride* and *ambition* seem to have been used as synoymous terms. *Apol. for Actors*.

This



This singular curiosity was met with in the library of Dulwich college, where it had remained unnoticed from the time of Alleyn who founded that society, and was himself the chief or only proprietor of the *Fortune* play-house.

The *Platt* (for so it is called) is fairly written out on pasteboard in a large hand, and undoubtedly contained directions appointed to be stuck up near the prompter's station. It has an oblong hole in its centre, sufficient to admit a wooden peg; and has been converted into a cover for an anonymous manuscript play entitled *The Tell-tale*. From this cover [d] I made the preceding transcript; and the best conjectures I am able to form about its supposed purpose and operation, are as follows.

It is certainly (according to its title) the ground-work of a motley exhibition, in which the heinousness of the seven deadly sins [e] was exemplified by aid of scenes and circumstances adapted from different dramas, and connected by means of choruses or occasional speakers. As the first part of this extraordinary entertainment is wanting, I cannot promise myself the most complete success in my attempts to explain the nature of it.

The period is not exactly fixed at which moralities gave way to the introduction of regular tragedies and comedies. Perhaps indeed this change was not effected on a sudden, but the audiences were to be gradually weaned from their accustomed modes of amusement. The necessity of half indulging and half repressing a gross and vicious taste, might have given rise to such pieces of dramatick patch-work as this. Even the most rigid puritans might have been content to behold exhibitions in which Pagan histories were rendered subservient to Christian purposes. The dullness of the intervening homilist would have half absolved the *deadly sin* of the poet. A sainted audience would have been tempted to think the representation of *Othello* laudable, provided the piece

NOTES.

[d] On the outside of the cover is written, "The *Book* and Platt, &c."

[e] Our antient audiences were no strangers to the established catalogue of mortal offences. Claudio, in *Measure for Measure*, declares to Isabella that of *the deadly seven* his sin was *the least*. Spenser, F. Q. canto IV. has personified them all; and the Jesuits, in the time of Shakspeare, pretended to cast them out in the shape of those animals that most resembled them. See note on *K. Lear*, last edit. vol. ix. p. 467.

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were at once heightened and moralized by choruses spoken in the characters of Ireton and Cromwell.—Let it be remembered, however, that to perform several short and distinct plays in the course of the same evening, was a practice continued much below the imagined date of this theatrical directory. Shakspeare's *Yorkshire Tragedy* was one out of four pieces acted together; and Beaumont and Fletcher's works supply a further proof of the existence of the same custom.

This "Platt of the *second* part of the seven deadly sins" seems to be formed out of three plays only, viz. Lord Buckhurst's *Gorboduc*, and two others with which we are utterly unacquainted, *Sardanapalus* and *Tereus* [f]. It is easy to conceive how the different sins might be exposed in the conduct of the several heroes of these pieces. Thus *Porrex* through *Envy* destroys his brother—*Sardanapalus* was a martyr to his *sloth*:*

> * Et venere, et cœnis, et *pluma* Sardanapali.
> *Juv. Sat.* x.

Tereus gratified his *lechery* by committing a rape on his wife's sister. I mention these three only, because it is apparent that the danger of the *four* preceding vices had been illustrated in the former part of the same entertainment. "These *three* put back the other *four*," as already done with, at the opening of the present exhibition. Likewise *Envy* crosses the stage before the drama of *Gorboduc*, and *Sloth* and *Lechery* appear before those of *Sardanapalus* and *Tereus*.—It is probable also that these different personages might be meant to appear as

NOTE.

[f] *Tereus.*] Some tragedy on this subject most probably had existed in the time of Shakspeare, who seldom alludes to fables with which his audience were not as well acquainted as himself. In *Cymbeline* he observes that Imogen had been reading the tale of *Tereus, where Philomel* &c. An allusion to the same story occurs again in *Titus Andronicus*. A Latin tragedy entitled *Progne* was acted at Oxford when Queen Elizabeth was there in 1566. See Wood's *Hist. Ant. Un Oxon.* lib. I. p. 287. col. 2.

Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, 1610, has the following passage, from which we may suppose that some tragedy written on the story of *Sardanapalus* was once in possession of the stage. "Art thou inclined to lust? Behold the fall of the Tarquins in the *Rape of Lucrece*; the guerdon of luxury in the *death of Sardanapalus*; &c." See also note [z] ante p. 60.

in

in a viſion to *King Henry VI.* while he ſlept; and that as often as he awaked, he introduced ſome particular comment on each preceding occurrence. His piety would well enough entitle him to ſuch an office. In this taſk he was occaſionally ſeconded by Lidgate the monk of Bury, whoſe age, learning, and experience, might be ſuppoſed to give equal weight to his admonitions. The latter cetrainly, at his final exit, made a formal addreſs to the ſpectators. Vol. I. Prolegomena.

As I have obſerved that only particular ſcenes from theſe dramas appear to have been employed, ſo probably even theſe were altered as well as curtailed. We look in vain for the names of *Lucius* and *Damaſus* in the liſt of perſons prefixed to the tragedy of *Gorboduc*. Theſe new characters might have been added, to throw the materials that compoſed the laſt act into narrative, and thereby ſhorten the repreſentation; or perhaps all was tragick pantomime, or dumb ſhow [a], except the alternate monologues of *Henry* and *Lidgate*; for from the *Troie Boke* of the latter I learn that the reciters of dramatick pieces were once diſtinct from the acting performers or geſticulators. But at what period this practice (which was perhaps the parent of all the pageantry and dumb ſhows in theatrical pieces during the reign of Elizabeth) was begun or diſcontinued, I believe (like many cuſtoms of greater importance) is not to be determined.

" In the theatre there was a ſmall aulter
" Amyddes ſette that was halfe circuler
" Which into eaſte of cuſtome was directe
" Upon the which a pulpet was erecte
" And therein ſtode an auncient poete
" For to reherſe by rethorykes ſwete
" The noble dedes that were hyſtoryall
" Of kynges and prynces for memoryall,
" And of theſe olde worthy emperours
" The great empryſe eke of conquerours,
" And how they gat in Martes hye honour
" The lawrer grene for fyne of their labour,

NOTE.

[a] I am led to this ſuppoſition by obſerving that Lord Buckhurſt's Gorboduc could by no means furniſh ſuch dialogue as many of theſe ſituations would require; nor does the ſucceſſion of ſcenes, enumerated above, by any means correſpond with that of the ſame tragedy.

" The

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"The palme of knighthood diserved by old date,
"Or Parchas made them passen into fate.
"And after that with chere and face pale,
"With style enclyned gan to tourne his tale,
"And for to synge after all their loose,
"Full mortally the stroke of Attropose,
"And tell alsó for all their worthy head
"The sodeyne breaking of their lives threde,
"How piteously they made their mortall ende
"Thrugh false fortune that al the world wil shende,
"And how the fyne of all their worthynesse
"Ended in sorowe and in high tristesse
"By compassynge of fraud or false treason,
"By sodaine murder or vengeance of poyson,
"Or conspyryng of fretyng false envye
"How unwarily that they dyddén dye,
"And how their renowne and their mighty fame
"Was of hatred sodeynly made lame,
"And how their honour downward gan decline,
"And the mischiefe of their unhappy fyne,
"And how fortune was to them unswete,
"All this was told and rád by the poete.
"*And whyle that he in the pulpit stode*
"*With deadly face all devoyde of blode,*
"*Synging his ditees with muses all to rent,*
"*Amyd the theatre shrowded in a tent,*
"*There came out men gastfull in their cheres,*
"*Disfygured their faces with viseres,*
"*Playing by sygnes in the peoples syght*
"*That the poete songe hath on heyght,*
"*So that there was no manner discordaunce*
"*Atwene his ditees and their countenaunce;*
"*For lyke as he alofte dyd expresse*
"*Words of joye or of heavinesse,*
"*Meaning and chere beneth of them playing*
"*From poynt to poynt was alway answering;*
"*Now triste, now glad, now hevy, and now light,*
"*And face ychaungid with a sodeyne styght*
"*So craftely they coulde them transfygure,*
"*Conforming them unto the chante pure,*
"*Now to synge and sodaynely to wepe*
"*So well they could their observaunces kepe.*
"And this was done, &c."—*Troie Boke*, B. ii. c. 12.

It

I think *Gravina* has somewhere alluded to the same contrivance in the rude exhibitions of very early dramatick pieces.

It may be observed, that though Lidgate assures us both tragedies and comedies were thus represented in the city of Troy, yet Guido of Colonna (a civilian and poet of Messina in Sicily) whom he has sometimes very closely followed, makes mention of no such exhibitions. The custom however might have been prevalent here, and it is probable that Lidgate, like Shakspeare, made no scruple of attributing to a foreign country the pecularities of his own.

To conclude, the mysterious fragment of ancient stage-directions, which gave rise to the present remarks, must have been designed for the use of those who were familiarly acquainted with each other, as sometimes, instead of the surname of a performer, we only meet with *Ned* or *Nich* [h]. Let me add, that on the whole this paper describes a species of dramatick entertainment of which no memorial is preserved in any annals of the English stage.

STEEVENS.

P. 76.

NOTES.

[h] From this paper we may infer, with some degree of certainty, that the following characters were represented by the following actors:

K. Henry VI.

E. of Warwick,	Geo. Bryan *.
Lieutenant,	Rich. Cowley *.
Pursuivant,	John Duke ‡.
Warder,	R. Pallant.

Gorboduc.

Gorboduc,	R. Burbage *.
Porrex,	W. Sly *.
Ferrex,	Harry, (i. e. Condell) *.
Lucius,	G. Bryan.
Damasus,	T. Goodale.
Videna, (the Queen)	Saunder (i. e. *Alexander* Cooke) *

* The names marked with an asterisk occur on the list of the original performers in the plays of Shakspeare.

‡ This perfomer, and Kit. i. e. Christopher Beeston, who appears in this exhibition as an attendant Lord, belonged to the same company as Burbage, Condell, &c. See B. Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*.

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P. 76. *How little Shakespeare himself was once read, &c.*]

Though no author appears to have been more admired in his lifetime than Shakspeare, at no very distant period after his death, his compositions seem to have been neglected. Jonson had long endeavoured to depreciate him, but he and his partisans were unsuccessful in their efforts; yet about the year 1640, whether from some capricious vicissitude in the publick taste, or from a general inattention to the drama, we find Shirley complaining that no company came to our author's performances.

—————" You see
" What audience we have; *what company*
" *To Shakespeare comes?* whose mirth did once beguile
" Dull hours, and buskin'd made even sorrow smile;
" So lovely were the wounds, that men would say
" They could endure the bleeding a whole day;
" *He has but few friends lately.*"

Prologue to *The Sisters.*

After the Restoration, on the revival of the theatres, the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher were esteemed so much superior to those of our author, that we are told by Dryden, " two of their pieces were acted, through the year, for one of Shakspeare's." If his testimony needed any corroboration, the following lines in a *Satire* published in 1680, would afford it:

NOTES.

Tereus.

Tereus,	-	R. Burbage.
Philomela,	-	R. Paliant.
Panthea,	-	T. Belt.
Itys,	- -	Will. (perhaps William Shakspeare.)
Julio,	-	J. Sincler †.
Progne,	-	Saunder.

Sardanapalus.

Sardanapalus,	-	Aug. Phillips *.
Arbactus,	- -	Tho. Pope *.
Nicanor,	- -	R. Pallant.
Giraldus,	- -	R. Cowley.
Phronesius,	-	T. Goodale.
Will. Fool,	-	J. Duke.
Aspatia,	- -	R. Gough *.
Pompeia,	- -	Ned, (perhaps Edward Alleyn).
Rodope,	- -	Nich. (Nicholas Tooley) *.

† This name will serve to confirm Mr. Tyrwhitt's supposition in the note to *The Taming of a Shrew.* Vol. III. p. 404.

" At

"At every shop while *Shakspeare's* lofty stile
"Neglected lies, to mice and worms a spoil,
"Gilt on the back, just smoking from the press,
"The Apprentice shews you D'Ursey's *Hudibras*,
"Crown's *Mask*, bound up with Settle's choicest labours,
"And promises some new essay of Babor's."

See also the prologue to Shirley's *Love Tricks*, 1667.

"In our old plays the humour, love and passion,
"Like doublet, hose, and cloak, are out of fashion;
"That which the world call'd wit in Shakspeare's age,
"Is laugh'd at, as improper for our stage."

From the instances mentioned by Mr. Steevens, he appears to have been equally neglected in the time of Queen Anne. During these last fifty years ample compensation has been made to him for the bad taste and inattention of the periods above mentioned. MALONE.

94. At the end of the translations of Ovid, add:
Ovidius Naso, his *Remedie of Love*, translated and entituled to the youth of England, 4to. Lond. 1600.

167.——*and their caution against prophaneness, is in my opinion, the only thing for which we are indebted to the editors of the folio.*]

I doubt whether we are so much indebted to the *judgment* of the editors of the folio edition, for their caution against prophaneness, as to the statute 3 Jac. I. c. 21. which prohibits under severe penalties the use of the sacred name in any plays or interludes. This occasioned the playhouse copies to be altered, and they printed from the playhouse copies. ———E.

177. *He was received into the company then in being, at first in a very mean rank.*]

There is a stage tradition that his first office in the theatre was that of prompter's attendant; whose employment it is to give the performers notice to be ready to enter, as often as the business of the play requires their appearance on the stage. MALONE.

180. *Ten in the hundred lies here engrav'd*——]

In *The more the Merrier, containing Threescore and odde headlesse Epigrams, shot (like the Fooles bolts) amongst you, light where they will.* By H. P. Gent. &c. 1608, I find the following couplet,

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couplet, which is almost the same as the two beginning lines of Shakspeare's *Epitaph on John a Combe*.

Fæneratoris Epitaphium.

EPIGRAM 24.

"Ten in the hundred lies under this stone,
"And a hundred to ten to the Devil he's gone."

STEEVENS.

So in Camden's *Remains*, 1614:

"Here lies ten in the hundred
"In the ground fast ramm'd,
"'Tis a hundred to ten
"But his soul is damn'd."

MALONE.

181. *And curst be he that moves my bones.*]

It is uncertain whether this epitaph was written by Shakspeare himself, or by one of his friends after his death. The imprecation contained in this last line, might have been suggested by an apprehension that our author's remains might share the same fate with those of the rest of his countrymen, and be added to the immense pile of human bones deposited in the charnel-house at Stratford. This, however, is mere conjecture; for similar execrations are found in many ancient Latin epitaphs.

MALONE.

204.——*and this was the reason he omitted it.*]

Mr. Oldys might have added, that *he* was the person who suggested to Mr. Pope the singular course which he pursued in his edition of Shakspeare. "Remember (says Oldys in a Ms. note to his copy of Langbaine, Article *Shakspeare*) what I observed to my Lord Oxford for Mr. Pope's use, out of Cowley's preface." The observation here alluded to, I believe, is one made by Cowley in his preface, p. 52. edit. 1710. "This has been the case with Shakespeare, Fletcher, Johnson, and many others, part of whose poems I should take the boldness to *prune and lop away*, if the care of replanting them in print did belong to me; neither would I make any scruple to cut off from some the unnecessary young suckers, and from others the old withered branches."—Pope adopted this very unwarrantable idea; striking out from the text of his author whatever he did not like: and Cowley himself has suffered a sort of poetical punishment for having suggested it, the learned bishop of Litchfield having *pruned* and *lopped away* his beautiful luxuriances, as Pope, on Cowley's suggestion, did those of Shakspeare.

MALONE.

Ibid.

Ibid. line 7.]

I have been favoured with the following obſervations on the tradition here mentioned, by the learned author of *The Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry.* MALONE.

Antony Wood is the firſt and original author of the anecdote that Shakſpeare, in his journies from Warwickſhire to London, uſed to bait at the Crown-inn on the weſt ſide of the corn-market in Oxford. He ſays, that Davenant the poet was born in that houſe in 1606. "His father (he adds) John Davenant, was a ſufficient vintner, "kept the tavern now known by the ſign of the Crown, and "was mayor of the ſaid city in 1621. His mother was a "very beautiful woman, of a good wit and converſation, in "which ſhe was imitated by none of her children but by "this *William* [the poet]. His father, who was a very "grave and diſcreet citizen, (yet an admirer and lover of "plays and play-makers, eſpecially *Shakeſpeare*, who fre-"quented his houſe in his journies between Warwickſhire "and London) was of a melancholick diſpoſition, and was "ſeldom or never ſeen to laugh, in which he was imitated "by none of his children but by Robert his eldeſt ſon, af-"terwards fellow of St. John's college, and a venerable "Doctor of Divinity." *Wood Ath. Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 292. edit. 1692. I will not ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare could have been the father of a Doctor of Divinity who never laughed: but it was always a conſtant tradition in Oxford that Shakſpeare was the father of Davenant the poet. And I have ſeen this circumſtance expreſsly mentioned in ſome of Wood's papers. Wood was well qualified to know theſe particulars; for he was a townſman of Oxford, where he was born in 1632. Wood ſays, that Davenant went to ſchool in Oxford. *Ubi ſupr.*

As to the *Crown-Inn*, it ſtill remains as an inn, and is an old decayed houſe, but probably was once a principal inn in Oxford. It is directly in the road from Stratford to London. In a large upper room, which ſeems to have been a ſort of *Hall* for entertaining a large company, or for accommodating (as was the cuſtom) different parties at once, there was a bow window, with three pieces of excellent painted glaſs. About eight years ago, I remember viſiting this room, and propoſing to purchaſe of the landlord the painted glaſs, which would have been a curioſity as coming from Shakſpeare's inn. But going thither ſoon after, I found it was removed; the inn keeper having communicated my intended bargain to the owner of the houſe, who began to

VOL. I. PROLEGOMENA. suspect that he was possessed of a curiosity too valuable to be parted with, or to remain in such a place: and I never could hear of it afterwards. If I remember right, the painted glass consisted of three armorial shields beautifully stained. I have said so much on this subject, because I think that Shakspeare's old hostelry at Oxford deserves no less respect than Chaucer's Tabarde in Southwark.

T. WARTON.

216. To the *Ancient and Modern Commendatory Verses on Shakspeare*, add the following:

Upon Master WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
the deceased authour, and his poems.

Poets are born, not made. When I would prove
This truth, the glad remembrance I must love
Of never-dying Shakspeare, who alone
Is argument enough to make that one.
First, that he was a poet, none would doubt
That heard the applause of what he sees set out
Imprinted; where thou hast (I will not say,
Reader, his *works*, for, to contrive a play,
To him 'twas none) the pattern of all wit,
Art without art, unparallel'd as yet.
Next Nature only help'd him, for look thorough
This whole book *, thou shalt find he doth not borrow
One phrase from Greeks, nor Latins imitate,
Nor once from vulgar languages translate;
Nor plagiary-like from others gleane,
Nor begs he from each witty friend a scene
To piece his acts with: all that he doth write
Is pure his own; plot, language, exquisite.
But O what praise more powerful can we give
The dead, than that, by him, the *king's men* live,
His players, which should they but have shar'd his fate,
(All else expir'd within the short term's date)
How could *The Globe* have prosper'd, since through want
Of change, the plays and poems had grown scant.
But, happy verse, thou shalt be sung and hear'd,
When hungry quills shall be such honour barr'd.

* From this and the following lines it appears that these verses were intended to be prefixed to the folio edition of our author's plays.

MALONE.

Then

'Then vaniſh upſtart writers to each ſtage,
You needy poetaſters of this age!
Where Shakeſpeare liv'd or ſpake, Vermin forbeare,
Leſt with your froth ye ſpot them, come not near.
But if you needs muſt write, if poverty
So pinch, that otherwiſe you ſtarve and die;
On God's name may the *Bull* or *Cockpit* have
Your lame blank verſe, to keep you from the grave:
Or let new *Fortune's* * younger brethren ſee,
What they can pick from your lean induſtry.
I do not wonder when you offer at
Black-fryars, that you ſuffer: 'tis the fate
Of richer veins; prime judgments, that have far'd
The worſe, with this deceaſed man compar'd.
So have I ſeen, when *Cæſar* would appear,
And on the ſtage at half-ſword parley were
Brutus and *Caſſius*, O how the audience
Were raviſh'd! with what wonder they went thence!
When, ſome new day, they would not brook a line
Of tedious, though well-labour'd, *Catiline*;
Sejanus too was irkſome; they priz'd more
"Honeſt" *Jago*, or the jealous *Moor*.
And though the *Fox* and ſubtil *Alchymiſt*,
Long intermitted, could not quite be miſt,
Though theſe have ſham'd all th' ancients, and might raiſe
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet theſe ſometimes, even at a friend's deſire
Acted, have ſcarce defray'd the ſea-coal fire,
And door-keepers: when, let but *Falſtaff* come,
Hal, *Poins*, the reſt,—you ſcarce ſhall have a room,
All is ſo peſter'd: Let but *Beatrice*
And *Benedick* be ſeen, lo! in a trice
The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
To hear *Malvolio* that croſs-garter'd gull.
Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,
Whoſe ſound we would not hear, on whoſe worth look:
Like old-coin'd gold, whoſe lines, in ev'ry page,
Shall paſs true current to ſucceeding age.

* This, I believe, alludes to ſome of the company of *The Fortune* playhouſe, who removed to the *Red Bull*. See a Prologue on the removing of the late *Fortune* players to *The Bull*. Tateham's *Fancies Theatre*, 1640. MALONE.

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Prolegomena.

But why do I dead *Shakspeare's* praise recite?
Some second *Shakspeare* must of *Shakspeare* write;
For me, 'tis needless; since an host of men
Will pay, to clap his praise, to save my pen *.

Leon. Digges.

An *Elegy* on the death of that famous writer and actor,
M. William Shakspeare.

I dare not do thy memory that wrong,
Unto our larger griefs to give a tongue.
I'l' only sigh in earnest, and let fall
My solemn tears at thy great funeral.
For ev'ry eye that rains a show'r for thee,
Laments thy loss in a sad elegy.
Nor is it fit each humble muse should have
Thy worth his subject, now thou'rt laid in grave.
No, it's a flight beyond the pitch of those,
Whose worth-less pamphlets are not sense in prose.
Let learned *Jonson* sing a dirge for thee,
And fill our orb with mournful harmony:
But we need no remembrancer; thy fame
Shall still accompany thy honour'd name
To all posterity; and make us be
Sensible of what we lost, in losing thee:
Being the age's wonder; whose smooth rimes
Did more reform than lash the looser times.
Nature herself did her own self admire,
As oft as thou wert pleased to attire
Her in her native lustre; and confess,
Thy dressing was her chiefest comliness.
How can we then forget thee, when the age
Her chiefest tutor, and the widow'd stage
Her only favourite, in thee, hath lost,
And Nature's self, what she did brag of most?
Sleep then rich soul of numbers! whilst poor we
Enjoy the profits of thy legacy;
And think it happiness enough, we have
So much of thee redeemed from the grave,
As may suffice t'enlighten future times
With the bright lustre of thy matchless rimes †.

* These verses are prefixed to an edition of Shakspeare's poems, 12mo. 1640. Malone.

† These anonymous verses are likewise prefixed to Shakspeare's Poems, 1640. Malone.

In Memory of our famous Shakspeare.

Sacred Spirit, whiles thy lyre
Echoed o'er the Arcadian plains,
Even Apollo did admire,
Orpheus wondered at thy ſtrains:

Plautus ſigh'd, Sophocles wept
Tears of anger, for to hear,
After they ſo long had ſlept,
So bright a genius ſhould appear;

Who wrote his lines with a ſun-beam,
More durable than time or fate:—
Others boldly do blaſpheme,
Like thoſe that ſeem to preach, but prate.

Thou wert truly prieſt elect,
Choſen darling of the Nine,
Such a trophy to erect
By thy wit and ſkill divine,

That were all their other glories
(Thine excepted) torn away,
By thy admirable ſtories
Their garments ever ſhall be gay.

Where thy honour'd bones do lie,
(As Statius once to Maro's urn)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and ſadly mourn.

S. Sheppard *.

In remembrance of Maſter William Shakespeare.

Ode.

I.

Beware, delighted poets when you ſing
To welcome nature in the early ſpring,
Your num'rous feet not tread
The banks of Avon; for each flow'r,
As it ne'er knew a ſun or ſhow'r,
Hangs there the penſive head.

* This author publiſhed a ſmall volume of *Epigrams* in 1651, among which this poem in memory of Shakſpeare is found.

Malone.

II. Each

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II.

Each tree whose thick and spreading growth hath made
Rather a night beneath the boughs than shade,
Unwilling now to grow,
Looks like the plume a captain wears
Whose rifled *falls* are steep'd i'the tears
Which from his last rage flow.

III.

The piteous river wept itself away
Long since alas! to such a swift decay,
That reach the map, and look
If you a river there can spy,
And, for a river, your mock'd eye
Will find a shallow brook.

William Davenant.

In such an age immortal Shakespeare wrote,
By no quaint rules nor hamp'ring criticks taught;
With rough majestick force he mov'd the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for art.

Rowe's prologue to *Jane Shore.*

Upon Shakspeare's Monument at Stratford upon Avon.

Great Homer's birth sev'n rival cities claim,
Too mighty such monopoly of fame;
Yet not to birth alone did Homer owe
His wond'rous worth; what Egypt could bestow,
With all the schools of Greece and Asia join'd,
Enlarg'd the immense expansion of his mind:
Nor yet unrival'd the Mæonian strain;
The British Eagle * and the Mantuan Swan
Tow'r equal heights. But, happier Stratford, thou
With incontested laurels deck thy brow;
Thy bard was thine *unschool'd*, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught;
Not Homer's self such matchless laurels won,
The Greek has rivals, but thy Shakspeare none.

T. Seward.

* Milton.

217. The

217. The Epitaph on Shakspeare beginning
"Renowned Spencer lie a thought more nigh"—— is subscribed, in an edition of his poems printed in 1640, with the letters W. B. which I learn from the MS. notes of Mr. Oldys, were placed for William Basse. I have not found these verses in any edition of Dr. Donne's works.

MALONE.

241. line 1.] After 1605. *add* T. C. for Nathaniel Butter.

Ibid. line 12. from the bottom. *The story of this play, &c.*]
This observation is misplaced. It belongs to the article *Pericles*, and should follow the last line but one—"*As the shrieve's crusts, &c.*" STEEVENS.

242. Add to the LIST of PLAYS altered from SHAKSPEARE:
The Tempest, made into an opera by Shadwell, in 1673. See Downes, p. 34.

249. Add to the *List of detached pieces of criticism on Shakspeare, his Editors, &c.*]
A Word or two of Advice to William Warburton, a Dealer in many words. By a Friend, [Dr. Grey.] With an Appendix containing a taste of William's spirit of railing. 8vo. 1746.

A free and familiar Letter to that great refiner of Pope and Shakspear, the Rev. Mr. William Warburton, preacher of Lincoln's Inn. With Remarks upon the Epistle of Friend A. E. In which his unhandsome treatment of this celebrated writer is exposed in the manner it deserves. By a Country Curate [Dr. Grey]. 8vo. 1750.

284. Add to note [w]:
Since I wrote the above, I have learned that there was an antient play with the title of *Jane Shore*. "The history of the life and death of Mr. Shore and Jane Shore his wife, as it was lately acted by the Earl of Derbie his servants," was entered in the Stationer's books by John Oxenbridge and John Busby, Aug. 28, 1599.

This play is likewise mentioned (together with another very ancient piece not now extant) in *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, 1613. "I was ne'er at one of these plays before; but I should have seen *Jane Shore* once; and my husband hath promised me any time this twelvemonth to carry me to the *Bold Beauchamps*." MALONE.

286. Note

VOL. I. PROLEGOMENA. 286. Note [a].] For p. 282, read p 280.

Ibid. Note [b], line 11.] For 1599. read 1598.

288. Note [c].] Add:

It should likewise be remembered that Verses by Spenser are prefixed to Lewknor's *Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, printed in 1599. MALONE.

292. Add to the observations on the *Comedy of Errors*:

The *alternate* rhimes that are found in this play, as well as in *Love's Labour Lost*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, are a farther proof that these pieces were among our author's earliest dramatick productions. We are told by himself that *Venus and Adonis* was his first composition. *The Rape of Lucrece* was probably the next. When he turned his thoughts to the stage, the measure that he had used in these poems, naturally presented itself to him in his first dramatick essays. MALONE.

294. line 17. ——*with a few of our trivial translators.*]

Add, as a note:

The person whom Nashe had in contemplation in this passage, was, I believe, *Thomas Kyd*. The only play to which his name is affixed (*Cornelia*), is a professed *translation* from the French of Garnier, who imitated *Seneca*, as did also Kyd. MALONE.

303. Note [g]. Add, after the words, *attempted to be ridiculed:*

In *The Devil's an Ass*, acted in 1616, all his historical plays are obliquely censured.

Meer-er. "By my faith you are cunning in the chronicles.

Fitz-dot. "No, I confess, I ha't from the play-books, and think they are more authentick."

They are again attacked in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*:

"An some writer that I know, had but the penning o' this matter, he would ha' made you such a *jig-a-jog i' the booths*, you should ha' thought an *earthquake* had been in the fair. But these *master-poets*, they will ha' their own absurd courses, they will be informed of nothing."

The following passage in *Cynthia's Revels*, 1601, was, I think, likewise pointed against Shakspeare:

"Besides they would wish your poets would leave to be promoters of other mens' jests, and to way-lay all the stale apothegms

apothegms or *old books* they can hear of, in print or otherwise, to farce their scenes withal:—Again that feeding their friends with nothing of their own, but what they have *twice* or *thrice cooked*, they should not wantonly give out how soon they had *dress'd it*, nor how many coaches came to carry away the broken meat, besides hobby-horses and foot-cloth nags."

Jonson's plots were all his own invention; our author's chiefly taken from preceding plays or novels. The former employed a year or two in composing a play; the later probably produced two every year, while he remained in the theatre. MALONE.

304. In note [8], towards the end, dele the paragraph; "In short he was in his personal character, &c."

This paragraph, I find, is no part of Drummond's character of Ben Jonson. Not having the works of the former when the last impression of Shakspeare went to the press, I relied on the fidelity of the author of Jonson's Life in the *Biographia Britannica*, who has ascribed to Mr. Drummond what he did not write.

The reader is likewise desired to correct the following expressions in Jonson's character, which the above-mentioned writer of his life had also represented unfaithfully:

For rather chusing, *read* given rather.

For nothing right but what either himself or some of his friends had done. *read*, nothing well done but what he himself or some of his friends had said or done.

After the best sayings, *add*, and deeds.

For being versed in all, *read*, as being versed in both; *and add*, oppressed with fancy which overmastered his reason, a general disease in many poets. His inventions, &c. MALONE.

313. Line 13.] For *lord Harrington*, read *lord Stanhope*.

Ibid. line 32. Add

King Henry VIII. not being then published, the fallacy of calling it a new play on its revival, was not easily detected. MALONE.

314. Note [9]. line 6 from the bottom.] For *lord Harrington*, read *lord Stanhope*.

320. line 14. ——and highly praises his *Venus and Adonis*.] Add as a note on these words:

See the verses alluded to, ante p. 254. note *.

This writer does not seem to have been very scrupulous about

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about adopting either the thoughts or expressions of his contemporaries; for in this poem are found two lines taken verbatim from Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, printed four years before *Myrrha the Mother of Adonis*, &c.

"Night like a masque was enter'd heaven's great hall,
"With thousand torches ushering the way."

It appears from B. Jonson's *Silent Woman*, that W. Barksted was an actor, and was employed in the theatre where our author's plays were represented. He might therefore have performed a part in *Measure for Measure*, or have seen the copy before it was printed. MALONE.

331. Article, *Macbeth.*]

To the list of unpublished plays, add the following:

Catiline's Conspiracy, a tragedy—and *Captain Mario*, a comedy; both by Stephen Gosson.—*The True Historie of George Granderburye*, as played by the right hon. the Earl of Oxenforde's servants—*The Tragedie of Richard Grinvyle, Knight*—*Jane Shore*—*The Bold Beauchamps*—*The Second Part of Sir John Oldcastle*—*The General*—*The Toy*—*The Tell-tale* *, a comedy—*The Woman's Plot*—*The Woman's too hard for Him* [both acted at court in 1621.]—*Fulgius and Lucrelle*—*The Fool Transformed*, a comedy—*The History of Lewis the Eleventh, King of France*, a tragi-comedy—*The Chaste woman against her Will*, a comedy—*The Tooth Drawer*, a comedy—*Honour in the End*, a comedy—*The History of Don Quixote, or the Knight of the Ill-favoured Countenance*, a comedy—*The Fair Spanish Captive*, a tragi-comedy.

MALONE.

332. Line 16. Dele the words—"*though not printed till* 1617."

* The persons represented in this play (which is in my possession) are—Duke; Fidelio; Aspero; Hortensio; Borgias; Picentio; Count Gismond; Fernese; Bentivoglio; Cosino; Julio; Captain; Lieutenant; Ancient; two Doctors; an Ambassador; Victoria; Elinor; Isabel; Lesbia.—Scene, Florence.

MALONE.

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THE TEMPEST.

Page 4.] This play muſt have been written after 1609, when Bermudas was diſcovered, and before 1614, when Jonſon ſneers at it in his *Bartholomew Fair*. In the latter plays of Shakſpeare, he has leſs of pun and quibble than in his early ones. In *The Merchant of Venice*, he expreſsly declares againſt them. This perhaps might be one criterion to diſcover the dates of his plays. ———E.

5. *Play the men.*]
So, in *K. Henry VIII:*

"But thou haſt forc'd me
"Out of thy honeſt truth to *play the woman*."

Again, in *Macbeth:*
"O I could *play the woman* with mine eyes."

Again, in Scripture, 2 Sam. x. 12: "Be of good courage and let us *play the men* for our people." MALONE.

7. To follow Mr. Steevens's note [1].]
Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:
"Up with a *courſe or two*, and tack about boys."
MALONE.

18. *Pro. Now I ariſe.*]
Why does Proſpero *ariſe?* Or, if he does it to eaſe himſelf by change of poſture, why need he interrupt his narrative to tell his daughter of it? Perhaps theſe words belong to Miranda, and we ſhould read:

Mir. Would I might
But ever ſee that man!—Now I ariſe.
Pro. Sit ſtill, and hear the laſt of our ſea ſorrow.

Proſpero in page 11. had directed his daughter to *ſit down*, and learn the whole of this hiſtory; having previouſly by ſome magical charm diſpoſed her to fall aſleep. He is watching

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ing the progress of this charm; and in the mean time tells her a long story, often asking her whether her attention be still awake. The story being ended (as Miranda supposes) with their coming on shore, and partaking of the conveniences provided for them by the loyal humanity of Gonzalo, she therefore first expresses a wish to see the good old man, and then observes that she may *now arise*, as the story is done. Prospero, surprised that his charm does not yet work, bids her *sit still*; and then enters on fresh matter to amuse the time, telling her (what she knew before) that he had been her tutor, &c. But soon perceiving her drowziness coming on, he breaks off abruptly, and leaves her *still sitting* to her slumbers. ——E.

Ibid. *And now I pray you, Sir,*
For still 'tis beating in *my mind*——]

I believe our author wrote:

For still 'tis beating *on* my mind——

So, in the *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"This her mind beats *on*."

The allusion seems to be to the waves of the sea beating on the shore." MALONE.

22. *Past the mid season.*]

Mr. Upton proposes to regulate this passage differently:

Ariel. Past the mid season, at least two glasses.
Prosp. The time, &c.

24. *To do me business.*]

I suspect that Shakspeare wrote——

To do *my* business.

There is good ground for supposing that the person who transcribed these plays for the press, trusted to his ear and not to his eye; another dictating what he wrote.—*My*, as it is frequently pronounced, is undistinguishable from *me*.

MALONE.

29.——*I have us'd thee,*
Filth as thou art, with human care.]

The first folio reads, perhaps rightly:

——with *humane* care.

It must however be acknowledged that this was the old way of spelling *human*. MALONE.

31. note

31. note *.] *Race* and *racinefs* in wine, fignifies a kind of tartnefs. ——E.

34. *Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.*
Hark! now I hear them,——Ding, dong *bell.*
Burden, ding dong.]

So, in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight*, &c. 13th edition, 1690:

"Corydon's doleful knell to the tune of *Ding, dong*."
"I muft go feek a new love,
"Yet will I *ring her knell*,
Ding, dong."

The fame burthen to a fong occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*, p. 192. STEEVENS.

43. *Widow Dido.*] Perhaps there is here an allufion to fome old ballad. In the *Pepyfian* Collection at Magdalen College in Cambridge, there is a ballad to the tune of *Queen Dido*. MALONE.

Ibid. Note +. *Which was acted before queen Elizabeth in 1594.*] Queen Elizabeth was not at Cambridge in 1594;—fhe was there in 1564. But the play of *Dido*, then performed before her majefty, was not that written by Marlowe and Nafhe. See a note on the words—*The rugged Pyrrhus*, &c. in *Hamlet*, poft. MALONE.

45. *But rather* lofe *her to an African.*] The old copy reads: ——*loofe* her——which may be right. So, in *Hamlet*:

"At fuch a time I'll *loofe* my daughter to him."

Ibid. ——*to* wet *the grief on't.*] I fufpect the author wrote:

Who hath caufe to *whet* the grief on't.

Whet and *wet* are often confounded in pronunciation. MALONE.

47. *You are gentlemen of brave metal.*] This is the reading of the old copy; but *mettle* and *metal* are frequently confounded in the firft folio.

The epithet *brave*, fhews, I think, clearly, that we ought to read:

You are gentlemen of brave *mettle*. MALONE.

49. *I am more ferious than my cuftom: you*
Muft be fo too, if heed me; which to do
Trebles thee o'er.]

This paffage is reprefented to me as an obfcure one. The meaning of it feems to be——You muft put on more than your ufual ferioufnefs, if you are difpofed to pay a proper at-

Vol. I. Tempest ——— tention to my proposal; which attention if you bestow, it will in the end make you *thrice what you are.* Sebastian is already brother to the throne; but being made a king by Antonio's contrivance, would be (according to our author's idea of greatness) *thrice* the man he was before. In this sense he would be *trebled* o'er. So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"——— the master calls
"And *trebles* the confusion."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"——— *thirds* his own worth." STEEVENS.

64. *Nor scrape* trencher, *nor wash dish.*] It should be remembered, that trenchers, which, in the time of our author, were generally used, were cleansed by *scraping* only, and were never washed. They were scraped daily, till they were entirely worn away. This practice is again alluded to in *Romeo and Juliet*: "Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he *scrape* a *trencher!*"

WHITE.

67 *Beyond all limit of* what else *i' the world.*] I once thought that we should read:

——of *aught* else i' the world.

but *what else* is right. So in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"With promise of his sister and *what else*,
"To strengthen and support king Edward's place."

MALONE.

Ibid. *I am your wife* &c.]

"Si tibi non cordi fuerant connubia nostra,
"Attamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes,
"Quæ tibi jucundo famularer serva labore,
"Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,
"Purpureave tuum consternens veste cubile."

Catul. 62. MALONE.

73. *This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of* nobody.] A ridiculous figure, sometimes represented on signs. *Westward for Smelts*, a book which our author appears to have read, was printed for John Trundle in Barbican, at the *signe* of the *No-body.* MALONE.

77. *Each putter out* on *five for one.*] The old copy has:

——*of* five for one.

I believe the words are only transposed, and that the author wrote:

Each putter out of *one for five.*

So, in *The Scourge of Folly*, by J. Davies of Hereford, printed about the year 1611:

"Sir

"Sir Solus ſtraight will travel, as they ſay,
"And *gives out one for three*, when home comes he."
MALONE.

79. *To follow Mr. Steevens's note.*] The word is alſo uſed by John Davies of Hereford, in his *Scourge of Folly*, printed about the year 1611:

"Then here's a *dowle*, and there's a dab of fat,
"Which as unhandſome hangs about his ears."
MALONE.

Ibid. ——*whoſe wraths to guard you from,*] The meaning, which is ſomewhat obſcured by the expreſſion, is,——*a miſerable fate, which nothing but contrition and amendment of life can avert.* MALONE.

82. ——*a third of mine own life.*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note, p. 83.—I meet the ſame thought in *Tancred and Giſmund*, a tragedy, 1592. Tancred, ſpeaking of his intention to kill his daughter, ſays:

"Againſt all law of kinde, to ſhred in twaine
"The golden *threede that doth us both maintaine.*"

Again, ibid:

"But Nature that hath *lock'd within thy breaſt*
"*Two lives*, the ſame inclineth me to ſpare
"Thy blood, and ſo to keep mine own unſpilt."
MALONE.

83. *Do not ſmile at me, that I boaſt her off.*] The old copy reads:

——that I boaſt her *of*.

I ſuſpect that the words were accidentally tranſpoſed at the preſs, and would read:

——that I boaſt *of her*.

So, in the laſt act of this play, *hang on them this line*, is printed inſtead of *hang them on this line*.

I know no ſuch phraſe as *to boaſt off*. MALONE.

88. *High* queen of ſtate.] The firſt folio (the only authentick copy of this play) reads:

High*eſt* queen of ſtate. MALONE.

89. *Harmonious charmingly.*] A ſimilar inverſion occurs in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"But *miſerable moſt* to live unlov'd." MALONE.

91. *And like an unſubſtantial* pageant *faded,*
Leave not a rack behind.]

To feel the juſtice of this compariſon, and the propriety of the epithet, the nature of theſe exhibitions ſhould be remembered. The ancient Engliſh *pageants* were ſhows exhi-

Vol. I. TEMPEST bited on the reception of a prince, or any other solemnity of a similar kind. They were presented on occasional stages erected in the streets. Originally they appear to have been nothing more than dumb shows; but before the time of our author, they had been enlivened by the introduction of speaking personages, who were characteristically habited. The speeches were in verse; and as the procession moved forward, the speakers, who constantly bore some allusion to the ceremony, either conversed together in the form of a dialogue, or addressed the noble person whose presence occasioned the celebrity. On these allegorical spectacles, very costly ornaments were bestowed.* So early as in the reign of king Henry VI. in a pageant presented on that monarch's triumphal entry into London, after his coronation at Paris, the Seven Liberal Sciences, personified, were introduced in *a tabernacle of curious worke*, from whence their queen, *Dame Sapience*, spoke verses. At entering the city, he was met and saluted in metre by three ladies (the dames NATURE, GRACE and FORTUNE) richly *cladde* in golde *and silkes*, with coronets, who suddenly issued from a stately tower, hung with the most splendid arras. See *Fabian. Chron.* tom. II. fol. 382. Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poet.* vol. II. p. 190. 202. MALONE.

Ibid. *Leave not a* rack *behind*; *we are such stuff*
As dreams *are made of*.] After note [6].

Track, I am persuaded, was the author's word.

Rack is generally used for *a body of clouds*, or rather for *the course of clouds in motion*; so, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"That which is now a horse, even with a thought,
"The *rack* dislimns."

But no instance has yet been produced where it is used to signify *a single small fleeting cloud*, in which sense only it is at all applicable here.

The stanza which immediately precedes the lines quoted by Mr. Steevens from lord Sterline's *Darius*, may serve still farther to confirm the conjecture that one of these poets imitated the other:

"And when the eclipse comes of our glory's light,
"Then what avails the adoring of our name?
"A mere *illusion made to mock the sight*,
"Whose best was but the shadow of *a dream*."

MALONE.

95. *And as with age his body uglier grows,*
So his mind cankers:——]

Shakspeare,

Shakspeare, when he wrote this description, perhaps recollected what the great lord Essex, in an hour of discontent, said of queen Elizabeth: "*that she grew old and canker'd, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcase*"—a speech, which, according to Sir Walter Raleigh, cost him his head, and which, we may therefore suppose, was at that time much talked of. This play being manifestly written in the time of king James, these obnoxious words might be safely repeated. Malone.

101. *Ye elves of hills* &c.] To follow Dr. Farmer's note. Whoever will take the trouble of comparing this whole passage with Medea's speech as translated by Golding, will see evidently that Shakspeare copied the translation, and not the original The particular expressions that seem to have made an impression on his mind, are printed in Italicks:

"Ye ayres and windes, ye *elves of hills*, of *brookes*, of woodes alone,
"Of *standing lakes* and of the night, approche ye everych one.
"*Through help of whom* (the crooked bankes much wondering at the thing)
"I have compelled streames to run clean backward to their spring.
"By charms I make the calm sea rough, and make the rough seas playne,
"And cover all the skie with clouds, and *chase* them thence again.
"*By charmes I raise and lay the windes*, and burst the viper's jaw,
"And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
"Whole woods and forrests I remove, *I make the mountains shake*,
"And even the earth itself to groan and fearfully to quake.
"*I call up dead men from their graves*, and thee, O lightsome moone,
"I darken oft, though beaten brass abate thy peril soone.
"Our sorcerie *dimmes* the morning faire, and darks *the sun at noone*.
"The flaming breath of fierie bulles ye quenched for my sake,
"And caused their unwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
"Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal warre did set*,
"And brought asleep the dragon fell, whose eyes were never shet." Malone.

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Ibid. ————by whose aid,
(Weak masters though ye be)

That is; ye are powerful auxiliaries, but weak if left to yourselves;—your employment is then to make green ringlets, and midnight mushrooms, and to play the idle pranks mentioned by Ariel in his next song;—yet by your aid I have been enabled to invert the course of nature. We say proverbially, "Fire is a good *servant*, but a bad *master*."

——E.

102. ——boil'd *within thy skull.*] The old copy reads ——*boil.* Perhaps the passage ought to be regulated thus:

"A solemn air, and the best comforter,
"To an unsettled fancy's cure!—Thy brains,
"Now useless, *boil* within thy skull; there stand,
"For you are spell-stop'd." MALONE.

111. ————*with* beating on
The strangeness——]

The same phrase is found in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"This her *mind beats on.*"

The Jailor's daughter, whose mind was disordered, is the person spoken of.

A kindred expression occurs in *Hamlet*:

"*Cudgel* thy brains no more about it." MALONE.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

GENT. OF VERONA.

121. To follow Dr. Farmer's note.] Only the *first* part of the *Diana of Montemayor* was translated by Thomas Wilson, as I learn from a Ms. of Mr. Oldys. The story which is supposed to have been imitated by Shakspeare in this play, is in the *second* part. MALONE.

128. *I a lost mutton* &c.] Add to my note.—This appellation seems to have been as old as the time of king Henry III. "Item sequitur gravis pœna corporalis, sed sine amissione vitæ vel membrorum, si raptus fit de concubina legitima, vel aliâ quæstum faciente, sine delectu personarum: has quidem *oves* debet rex tueri pro pace suâ."

Bracton *de Legibus*, lib. ii.

MALONE.

135. *You*

135. *You have a month's mind.*] In my note, for *remonstrance*, read *remembrance*. JOHNSON. VOL. I. GENT. OF VERONA.

Ibid. To follow Johnson's note :] In Hampshire, and other western countries, for "I can't *remember* it," they say, "I can't *mind* it." ——— E.

141. Val. *Not mine, my gloves are on.*

Speed. *Why then, this may be yours; for this is but one.*]

It appears from this passage, that the word *one* was anciently pronounced as if it were written *on*. Hence, probably, the mistake in a passage in *K. John*, where we meet in the old copy, "——found *on* unto the drowsy" &c. instead of, "——found *one*" &c.

The quibble here is lost by the change of pronunciation; a loss, however, which may be very patiently endured.

MALONE.

149. Line ult.] Print thus :

Now come I to my mother (oh, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman :

Perhaps the humour would be heightened by reading : (oh, that *the shoe* could *speak* now!) ——— E.

154. *For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.*] It should be printed :——'cite—— i. e. incite. MALONE.

182. *Trenched in ice.*] Add to note [8].—Again, in *Macbeth* :

"With twenty *trenched* gashes on his head."

MALONE.

183. *Therefore as you unwind her love from him.*] The same phrase occurs in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623 :

"You shall see me *wind* my tongue about his heart,
Like a skeine of silk." MALONE.

184. *That may discover* such *integrity*.] Perhaps the author wrote :——*much* integrity. MALONE.

185. *Visit by night your lady's chamber-window*
With some sweet concert : to their instruments,
Tune a deploring dump;]

The old copy reads :

With some sweet *consort*——

I believe, rightly. The words immediately following, "——to *their* instruments," shew, I think, that by *consort* was meant, a band or company of musicians. So, in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, 1632 :

"*Rom.* By your leave, sirs!
"*Aym.* Are you a *consort*?
"*Rom.* Do you take me for a *fidler*?"

Again, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet*:
"*Tyb. Mercutio*, thou *consort'st* with Romeo,
"*Mer. Consort!* what, dost thou make us *minstrels*?"
Thurio's next speech confirms this interpretation:
"Let us into the city presently,
"To *sort* some gentlemen well skill'd in *musick*."
MALONE.

188. ——awful *men*.] Surely, *awful*, in the passage produced by Mr. Tyrwhitt, is an error of the press. I cannot help thinking the same also of the word introduced into the text here.

The old reading, however, may perhaps receive some support from a passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:
"It is a wonder to your noble friends
"That you————————
"————————should in your prime age
"Neglect your *awful* throne." MALONE.

Ibid. *An heir and* niece *ally'd unto the duke*.] Mr. Theobald is often unfaithful in his account of the old copies. The first folio does not read *An* heir &c. but exhibits the line thus:
And heir and *neece* alide unto the duke.
I believe Shakspeare wrote:
An heir, and *near* ally'd unto the duke.
Near was anciently spelt *neere*; so that there is only the variation of one letter. MALONE.

194. *But, since your falsehood, shall become you well*—] I incline strongly to Dr. Johnson's emendation. *Falshood* and *false it*, when indistinctly pronounced, are so like, that the transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him.
MALONE.

199. *It seems you lov'd not her to leave her token*:] *To leave*, seems to be here used for, *to part with*. It is used with equal licence, in a former place in this play, for *to cease*:
" ——*I leave* to be,
"If I be not by her fair influence
"Foster'd."——
The reading in the text is that of the second folio.
MALONE.

210. *O 'tis the curse of love and still* approv'd.] *Approv'd* is *felt, experienced*. MALONE.

211. *Thou common friend* that's *without faith or love*;] *That's*, is here used for *id est, that is to say*. MALONE.

212. ——and

212. ——*and that my love* &c.] Transfer these two lines to the end of Thurio's second speech in page 214, and all is right. Why then should Julia faint? It is only an artifice, seeing Silvia given up to Valentine, to discover herself to Protheus, by a pretended mistake of the rings. One great fault of this play is the hastening too abruptly, and without due preparation, to the denoüement, which shews that, if it be Shakspeare's, (which I cannot doubt) it was one of his very early performances. ———E. Vol. I. Gent. of Verona.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

219. To follow Dr. Johnson's note.] A passage in the first sketch of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, shews, I think, that it ought rather to be read between *the First* and *the Second Part of King Henry IV.* in the latter of which young Henry becomes king. In the last act, Falstaff says: Vol. I. M. W. of Windsor

" Herne the hunter, quoth you? am I a ghost?
" 'Sblood the fairies hath made a ghost of me.
" What hunting at this time of night!
" I'le lay my life the mad *prince of Wales*
" Is stealing his father's deare."

The Fishwife's Tale of Brainford in *Westward for Smelts*, a book which Shakspeare appears to have read, (having borrowed from it part of the fable of *Cymbeline*) probably led him to lay the scene of Falstaff's love-adventures at *Windsor*. It begins thus: " In *Windsor* not long agoe dwelt a sumpterman, who had to wife a verie faire but wanton creature, over whom, not without cause, he was something *jealous*; yet had he never any proof of her inconstancy."

MALONE.

224. To follow Dr. Grey's note.] By *the council* is only meant the court of star-chamber, composed chiefly of the king's council sitting in *Camera stellata*, which took cognizance of atrocious riots. In the old 4to, " the council shall know it," follows immediately after " I'll make a star-chamber matter of it." ———E.

225. *Mistress Ann Page, she has brown hair, and speaks small like a woman.*] Dr. Warburton has found more pleasantry here than I believe was intended. *Small* was, I think, not

used

VOL. I. M. W. OF WINDSOR used in an ambiguous sense, but simply for *weak*, *slender*, *feminine*; and the only pleasantry of the passage seems to be, that poor Slender should characterize his mistress by a general quality belonging to her whole sex. In *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Quince tells Flute, who objects to playing a woman's part, "You shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as *small* as you will." MALONE.

227. After Warton's note.] The Cotswold hills in Gloucestershire are a large tract of downs, famous for their fine turf, and therefore excellent for coursing. I believe there is no village of that name. ——— E.

237. *I have seen* Sackerson *loose.*] *Sacarson* was the name of a bear that was exhibited in our author's time at Paris Garden. See an old collection of *Epigrams* [by Sir John Davis] printed at Middlebourg (without date, but in or before 1598):

"Publius a student of the common law,
"To *Paris garden* doth himself withdraw——
"——Leaving old Ployden, Dyer and Broke alone,
"To see old *Harry Hunkes* and *Sacarson.*"

MALONE.

240. Add to my note [3].] Again, in *News from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "——the leane-jaw'd *Hungarian* would not lay out a penny pot of sack for himself." STEEVENS.

242. *He hath study'd her* will.] Shakspeare, I believe, wrote:

He hath studied her *well.*

So I find the quarto reads. MALONE.

244. *Bear you these letters* tightly] *Rightly*, the reading of the quarto, appears to me much better. MALONE.

253. You shall have *ann*-fool's head] Mrs. Quickly, I believe, intends a quibble between *ann*, sounded broad, and *one*, which was formerly pronounced *on*. In the Scottish dialect *one* is written, and I suppose, pronounced, *ane*.

In 1603, was published *Ane* verie excellent and delectable Treatise intitulit *Philotus* &c.

In act II. sc. i. of this play, *an* seems to have been misprinted for *one*: "What *an* unweigh'd behaviour &c." The mistake there probably arose from the similarity of the sounds.

MALONE.

Ibid. *But I detest, an honest maid, as ever broke bread.*] Dame Quickly means to say——*I* protest.

MALONE.

 259. After

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259. After Steevens's firſt note.] Theſe knights will *back* (that is, become cheap and vulgar) and therefore ſhe adviſes her friend not to ſully her gentry by becoming one. The whole of this diſcourſe about knighthood is added ſince the firſt edition of this play; and therefore I ſuſpect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James I. in beſtowing theſe honours, and erecting in 1611, a new order of knighthood, called Baronets; which few of the ancient gentry would condeſcend to accept. See Sir Hugh Spelman's epigram on them, *Gloſſ.* p. 76, which reads thus:

> "——dum cauponare recuſant
> "Ex vera geniti nobilitate viri;
> Interea e caulis hic prorepit, ille tabernis,
> Et modo fit dominus, qui modo ſervus erat."

See another ſtroke at them in *Othello*, vol. X. p. 553.

To *hick* and to *hack*, in Mrs. Quickly's language, ſignifies to *ſtammer* or *heſitate*, as boys do in ſaying their leſſons.

——E.

262. *He loves thy gallymaufry*] The folio reads:

He loves the *gallymaufry*——

which may be right.—He loves a medley; all ſorts of women, high and low, &c.

Ford's reply—*love my wife*—may refer to what Piſtol had ſaid before: "*Sir John affects thy wife.*" Malone.

267. *I would have nothing lie on my head.*] Here ſeems to be an alluſion to Shakſpeare's favourite topick, the cuckold's horns. Malone.

269. *Have with you mine hoſt.*] This ſpeech is given in all the editions to *Shallow*; but it belongs, I think, to *Ford*, to whom the hoſt addreſſes himſelf when he ſays: "*Will you go and hear us?*" It is not likely he ſhould addreſs himſelf to *Shallow*, becauſe Shallow and he had already concerted the ſcheme, and agreed to go together; and accordingly, Shallow ſays, a little before, to Page, "Will you go with *us* to behold it?"

The former ſpeech of Ford—*None I proteſt* &c. is given in like manner, in the firſt folio, to *Shallow*, inſtead of *Ford*. The editors corrected the one, but over-looked the other. Malone.

271. ——*his wife's* frailty——] *His wife's frailty* is the ſame as *his frail wife*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet *death and honour*, for *an honourable death*. Malone.

285. ——to

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285. ——*to lay an amiable siege.*] i. e. a siege of love. MALONE.

Ibid. *She's too bright to be look'd against.*]
"Nimium lubricus aspici." *Hor.* MALONE.

306. To follow Mr. Steevens's note.] The story of Ben Jonson and young Raleigh could not have been here alluded to by Shakspeare; for Sir Walter Raleigh's eldest son was born in 1595, and consequently was not a[bove seven] years old when this play was written. This incident [i]s [not in] the first sketch of this comedy, printed in 1602. [M]ALONE.

310. *Thou art a* traitor *to say so.*] The folio re[ads]:
Thou art a *tyrant* to say so. MALONE.

Ibid *I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy f[oe] tim[e were n]ot; Nature is thy friend.*] The first and second foli[os read] thus—I see what thou wert if Fortune thy foe were n[ot] nature thy friend.——I understand neither. MALONE.

Ibid. ——*like Buckler's bury in simple time.*] (After Mr. Steevens's note.) So, in Decker's *Westward Hoe*, a comedy, 1607: "Go into *Buckler's bury*, and fetch me two ounces of *preserved melounes*, look there be no tobacco taken in the shop when he weighs it." Again, in the same play: "Run into *Buckler's bury* for two ounces of *dragon water*, some *spermaceti*, and *treacle*." MALONE.

313. *And of the season too it shall* appear.] I would point differently:

And of the season too;—it shall appear.

Ford seems to allude to the cuckold's horns. So afterwards: "And so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *peer* out, *peer* out." MALONE.

318. Add to my note [4].] Again, in *The First Part of the Eighth liberal Science, entituled, Ars Adulandi &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel*, 1676: "——yea, even their very *dogs*, Rug, Rig, and Risbie, yea, *cut and long-taile* they shall be welcome." STEEVENS.

330. ——*he so takes on*——] After Dr. Johnson's note.—It is likewise used for *to rage*, by Nash, in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication*, &c. 1592: "Some will *take on* like a madman, if they see a pig come to table." MALONE.

331. *But what make you here?*] An obsolete expression for *what do you here*. So, in *Othello*:

"Ancient, *what makes he here?*"

Again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:
"*What make you here*, my lord, this dead of night?"
MALONE.

Ibid.

Ibid. ——*an abstract.*] i. e. a short note or description. So, in *Hamlet:*

"The *abstract*, and brief chronicle of the times."

MALONE.

333. ——*youth in a basket.*] Ford imagined that Falstaff was in the basket, who was no youth, but on the contrary, as Mrs. P[illegible]ibes him, *falling to pieces with age.*

I woul[illegible] taken. *You i' the* basket! (*come forth!* being understood). [illegible]LONE.

[illegible] *With some diffused song.*] (After Mr. Steevens's note.) [illegible]not *Edgar*, but *Kent*, that in *King Lear* talks of *borrow*[illegible]*ts that may* defuse *his speech.* MALONE.

352. [illegible] *to* devote *her to the doctor.*] (After Mr. Steevens's [illegible]) Surely we not only may, but ought, to read—*denote.* [illegible]n the folio 1623, the word is exhibited thus:—deuote. [illegible] is highly probable that the *n* was reversed at the press. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*, we meet: "He is *turu'd* orthographer"——instead of *turn'd.* Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"*Louely* apart——" for "*Lonely* apart."

Again, in *Hamlet*, quarto, 1605, we meet this very word put by an error of the press for *denote:*

"Together with all forms, modes, shapes of grief,
"That can *deuote* me truly."

Again, in *Othello:* "——to the contemplation, mark and *deuotement* of her parts"——instead of *denotement.* Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act I. "——the mystery of your *louelinesse*," instead of *loneliness.* Again, in *K. John:* "This *expeditious* charge," instead of—"This *expedition's* charge." Again, ib. "*involuerable*," for—"involnerable." Again, in *K. Henry V.* act III. sc. vi. "*Leuity* and cruelty," for "*Lenity* and cruelty." MALONE.

363 *Vile worm*——] Add to my note.—Again, in *Pasquil's Night-cap*, a poem, 1623:

"——[illegible]ut this is too, too *vild*
"She [illegible] who is father to her child."

MALONE.

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Page 6. ——the *terms*] *Terms* mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Termes de la Ley*, (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakspeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law. ——E.

16. *What has he done.*] (Add to my note)

"The strumpet with the stranger will not *do*,
"Before the room be clear and door put to."

Ovid's Elegies, translated by Marlowe; printed at Middlebourg [no date.]

Again, ibid.

"But when I die, would I might droop with *doing*."

Again, ibid.

"A white wench thralls me, so doth golden yellow,
"And nut-browne girles in *doing* have no fellow."

Again, in our author's *Winter's Tale*:

"——They would do that,
"Which should undo more *doing*."

Again, in Fletcher's *Spanish Curate*:

"*Leand.* *Do*, lady,
"*Do*, happy lady.
"*Amand.* All your mind's of *doing*;
"You must be modester." Collins.

17. *In a* peculiar *river.*] i. e. a river belonging to an individual; not publick property. Malone.

19. *The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will—
On whom it will not, so;—yet still 'tis just.*]

After Mr. Steevens's note.—The very ingenious emendation proposed by Dr. Roberts, is yet more strongly supported by another passage in the play before us, where this phrase occurs, [act III. sc. last]:

"He who *the sword of heaven* will bear,
"Should be as holy, as severe." Malone.

20. Whether

20. *Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness*;] To follow Dr. Johnson's note.—*Fault*, I apprehend, does not refer to any enormous act done by the deputy, but to *newness*. The *fault and glimpse* is the same as *the faulty glimpse*. And the meaning seems to be—*whether it be* the fault of newness, *a fault arising from the mind being dazled by a novel authority, of which the new governour has yet had only* a glimpse; *has yet only taken a hasty survey*. Shakspeare has many similar expressions. MALONE.

21. —*But this new governour*
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall,
So long ———
Now puts the drowsy and neglected *act*
Freshly on me.]

Lord Strafford, in the conclusion of his Defence in the House of Lords, had, perhaps, these lines in his thoughts:

"It is now full two hundred and forty years since any man was touched for this alledged crime, to this height, before myself.——Let us rest contented with that which our fathers have left us; and not *awake* those *sleeping* lions, to our own destruction, by raking up *a few musty records, that have lain so many ages by the walls*, quite *forgotten* and *neglected*." MALONE.

Ibid. ——*her* approbation.] i. e. enter on her *probation*, or *noviciate*. So again, in this play:

"I, in *probation* of a sisterhood."——

Again, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

"Madam, for a twelvemonth's *approbation*,
"We mean to make the trial of our child."

MALONE.

22. *A* prone *and speechless dialect*.] *Prone* is used here for *prompt*. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"O that *prone* lust should stain so pure a bed!"

MALONE.

Ibid. ——*lost at a game of tick-tack*.] *Tick-tack* is a game at tables. Jouer au *tric-trac* is used in French, in a wanton sense. MALONE.

24. *Which for these* nineteen *years we have let* sleep.] Add to my note.—The two readings which Mr. Theobald has introduced into the text, he might have found in an alteration of this play, published in 1700, by Charles Gildon, under the title of *Measure for Measure, or Beauty the best Advocate*:

"We

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" We have strict statutes and sharp penal laws,
" Which I have suffer'd *nineteen* years to *sleep*."

And he might have supported the latter by the following passage in *Hamlet*:

" ———How stand I then,
" That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
" Excitements of my reason and my blood,
" And *let* all *sleep*?" MALONE.

27. *For that, which, if myself might be his judge,*——] These words seem to have been transposed by accident at the press. I would read:—That for which——. MALONE.

31. *Has censur'd him already.*] I would wish to read:

He has censur'd him already.

Which according to the old fashion was written:

H' as censur'd &c. MALONE.

49. *But* here *they live to end*] So the old copy. Is it not probable that the authot wrote:

But *where* they live to end.

The prophecy is not, that future evils should end *ere* or before they are born; or in other words, that there should be no more evil in the world; (as Sir T. Hanmer by his alteration seems to have understood it) but, that they should *end where* they *began*; i. e. with the criminal, who being punished for his first offence, could not proceed by *successive degrees* in wickedness, nor excite others, by his impunity, to vice.

So, in the next speech:

" And do him right, that answ'ring *this* foul wrong,
" Lives not to act *another*."

It is more likely that a letter should have been omitted at the press, than that one should have been added. MALONE.

Ibid. After Mr. Steevens's note [3].—Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

" Thou bring'st such *pelting* scurvy news continually,
" Thou art not worthy life." MALONE.

50. *We cannot weigh our brother with ourself*:] After Dr. Johnson's note.—The reading of the old copy is confirmed by a passage in Act V.

" ——If he had so offended,
" He would have *weigh'd* thy *brother* by *himself*,
" And not have cut him off." MALONE.

58. *Heaven*

58. *Whilst my* intention——] *Invention* is the reading of both the first and second folio. MALONE.

Ibid. *Heaven* is *in my mouth*,] The old copy reads:

Heaven in my mouth,

i. e. heaven *being* in my mouth,

I do not see any need of change. MALONE.

59. ——*Blood thou art* but *blood.*] *But* has been introduced by some of the modern editors. It is not in either the first or second folio. MALONE.

62. Note [6]] Add, after the passage quoted from *Timon*—

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"As rank as any flax-wench that *puts to*,
"Before her troth-plight."

Add, at the end of the note:

Means, I suppose, is here used for *medium* or *object*.

Moulds, however, if the passage be corrupt, (which I do not believe to be the case) is a very likely word to have stood here. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"——the honour'd *mould*
"Wherein this trunk was fram'd."

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

"——that bed, that womb
"That *mettle*, that self-same *mould* that fashioned thee,
"Made him a man."

Again, in *K. Lear:*

"Crack Nature's *moulds*, all germins spill at once,
"That make ingrateful man!" MALONE.

66. *But in the loss of question.*] Add to my note.—So, in *Melvil's Memoirs*, 1683: "Having *toss'd* some words upon this matter, she being desirous of an honest colour or pretext, appeared the more readily satisfied in that point."

Question is here used, as in many other places, for *conversation*. MALONE.

71. *That none but fools would* keep:] Mr. Steevens's explanation is confirmed by a passage in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"Of what is't fools make such vain *keeping*?
"——Their life a general mist of error,
"Their death a hideous storm of terror."

Keeping is there apparently used for *account*, *estimation*.

Again, in the translation of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, by Sir A. Gorges, 1614:

"She takes no *keepe* of Augurs' skill."——

Again, in Gower *de Confessione Amantis*, edit. 1554, fol 188.

"The king, whiche thereof toke good *kepe*"——

See the Glossary to the late edit. of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, v *kepe*. MALONE.

72. ————*a breath thou art,*
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict——]

The editors have changed [dost] to [do] without necessity or authority. The construction is not, "the skiey influences, that do," but, "a breath thou art, that dost &c." If the second line be inclosed in a parenthesis, all the difficulty will vanish. PORSON.

77. After Steevens's second note.] I would point the lines thus:

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, most good. Indeed lord Angelo &c.

Indeed is the same as *in truth*, or *truly*, the common beginning of speeches in Shakspeare's age. See Charles the First's Trial. The king and Bradshaw seldom say any thing without this preface: "Truly, Sir——." ———E.

78. Though *all the world's vastidity*——] The old copy reads: *Through* all &c. MALONE.

81. ——*Has he affections in him*
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?
When he would force it, sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.]

I was led into a mistake concerning this passage, and into a hasty censure of Dr. Warburton, by the false pointing of the modern editions, according to which, the word *force* could not admit of his interpretation. But I am now convinced that he was right, and that these lines should be pointed thus:

——Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it?—Sure it is no sin,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Is he actuated by passions that impel him to transgress the law, at the very moment that he is enforcing it against others? [I find, he is.] *Surely then* [since this is so general a propensity] *it is no sin, or at least a venial one.* So, in the next act:

"——A deflower'd maid

"And

"And by an eminent body that *enforc'd*
"*The law* against it."

Force is again used for *enforce* in *K. Henry VIII.*
"If you will now unite in your complaints,
"And *force* them with a constancy."——

Again, in *Coriolanus:*
"Why *force* you this?" MALONE.

87. ——*bestow'd* her on *her own lamentation*——] I believe the words are transposed, and that the author wrote:
——bestow'd *on her* her own lamentation. MALONE.

91. *Free from* all *faults* &c] The first and second folio have:
Free from *our* faults—— MALONE.

92. *Pygmalion's* images &c.] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.—By *Pygmalion's images newly made women*, I do not understand, with Mr. Steevens, *virgins as fresh as if they came recently from the hands of Pygmalion.* I rather think the meaning is: Is there no courtezan, who being *newly made woman*, [i. e. *lately debauched*,] still retains the appearance of chastity, and looks as cold as a statue, to be had &c

The following passage in *Blurt Master Constable*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1602, seems to authorize this interpretation:
"*Laz.* Are all these *women?*
"*Imp.* No, no, they are half men, and half women.
"*Laz.* You apprehend too fast. I mean by women, wives; for wives are no maids, *nor are maids women.*"

Mulier in Latin had precisely the same meaning.
MALONE.

94. *You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.*] Alluding to the etymology of the word *husband*.
MALONE.

95. *Then Pompey? nor now.*] I think there should not be a note of interrogation here. The meaning is: *I will neither bail thee* then, nor now. So again, in this play:
"*More, nor less* to others paying."—— MALONE.

103. *To weed my vice and let his grow!*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.—*My vice*, for the *vices of my dukedom*, appears to me very harsh.

My, does not, I apprehend, relate to the duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to any indefinite person.—The meaning seems to be—*to destroy by extirpation*, (as it is expressed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to suffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height.

The speaker,* for the sake of argument, puts himself in the case of an offending person. MALONE.

Ibid. *Though angel on the outward side!*] Here we see what induced the author to give the outward-sainted deputy the name of Angelo. MALONE.

Ibid. *How may likeness made in crimes,*
Making practice on the times.
To draw &c.]

Thus this passage stands both in the first and second folio. The only corruption, I suspect, is in the word *made*, instead of which, I believe, Shakspeare wrote *wade*.

There are frequent instances in these plays of the letters *m* and *w* being confounded by the printer. In this very play there is great reason to believe that *flawes* is printed instead of *flames*.—So, in *Macbeth*, we meet:

"——Thou sure and firm-set earth,"
"Hear not my steps which they *may* walk."

instead of—which *way* they walk.

Again, in *K. John*: "——and his siege is
"Against the *wind*;"

instead of *mind*.

Again, in *K. Henry V*.
"Come go *me* in procession to the village."

The sense then of the passage will be—*How may persons assuming the semblance of virtue, indulge in the grossest crimes! practising on mankind, in order to draw to themselves, by the flimsiest pretensions, the most solid advantages.*

Likeness is here used for *specious* or *seeming* virtue—So, before: "O seeming, seeming!"

With respect to the word now proposed, it is used by Shakspeare nearly in the sense required here, in *Macbeth*:

"——I am in blood,
"Stept in so far, that should I *wade* no more,
"Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:
"Forbear and *wade* no farther in this speech."

Again, ibid.
"Nor farther *wade* in such a case as this."

The word is here clearly used for *proceed*. MALONE.

104. *Take, oh take*——] To follow Mr. Steevens's note *.
Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:
"Pure *lips*, sweet *seals* on my soft lips imprinted,
"What bargains may I make still to be sealing."

MALONE.

115. To

115. To follow Mr. Steevens's second note.] *Mealed* is mingled, compounded; from the French *mesler*. ———E. Vol. II. Measure for Measure

Ibid. *But this being so*——] The tenor of the argument seems to require:—But this not being so——

Perhaps, however, the author meant only to say—

But, his life being paralleled, &c. he's just. Malone.

Ibid. *That wounds the unresisting postern*——] To follow Dr. Johnson's note.—*Unsisting* may signify "never at rest," always opening. ———E.

118. *One that is a prisoner nine years old.*] i. e. That has been confined these nine years. So, in *Hamlet*: "Ere we were two days *old* at sea, a pirate of very warlike preparation &c." Malone.

121. *First, here's young Master* Rash——] All the names here mentioned are characteristical. *Rash* was a stuff formerly used. So, in *A Reply as true as Steele, to a rusty, rayling, ridiculous, lying Libell, which was lately written by an impudent unsoder'd* Ironmonger, *and called by the name of* an Answer to a foolish pamphlet entitled *A Swarme of Sectaries and Schismatiques*. By John Taylour, 1641:

"And with *mockado* suit, and judgment *rash*,
"And tongue of *saye*, thou'lt say all is but trash."

Malone.

120. *Now the unfolding star.*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note:

"So doth the evening star present itself
"Unto the careful shepherd's gladsome eyes,
"By which unto the fold he leads his flock."

Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613. Malone.

123. *All great doers in our trade, and are now in* for the Lord's sake.] I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation is right. It appears from a poem entitled, *Paper's Complaint*, printed among Davies's epigrams, [about the year 1611] that this was the language in which prisoners who were confined for debt, addressed passengers:

"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake*,
"Like *Ludgate prisoner*, lo, I, *begging*, make
"My mone——"

Again, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*. 1593:—"At that time that thy joys were in the *Fleeting*, and thou crying *for the Lord's sake*, out at an iron window, in a lane not far from Ludgate-hill."——— Malone.

128. ——*if the old fantastical duke of dark* corners——]

This duke who meets his mistresses in by-places. So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"There is nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
"Deserves a *corner.*"

Again, in *Westward Hoe,* a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "Has not his lordship's virtue once gone against the hair, and coveted *corners?*" MALONE.

Ibid. ——*he's a better* woodman——] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.—A *woodman,* I believe, signified not a huntsman, but an archer. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece,* 1594:

"He is no *woodman* that doth bend his *bow*
"To strike a poor unseasonable doe."

In *Philaster,* by B. and Fletcher, a woodman swears by his *bow.*" MALONE.

129. ——*let it be proclaimed betimes in the morning* &c.] Should not this passage be rather pointed thus? "Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes in the morning: I'll call &c." So a little above, he says:

"And why should we *proclaim* it *an hour before his entering.*"

MALONE.

137. ——*characts*——] To follow Steevens's note. *Charact* signifies an inscription. The stat. 1 Edw. VI. c. 2. directed the seals of office of every bishop to have "certain *characts* under the king's arms, for the knowlege of the diocese." *Characters* are the letters in which an inscription is written. *Charactery* is the materials of which characters are composed,

"Fairies use flowers for their *charactery.*"
Merry Wives of Windsor. ——E.

Ibid. *As* e'er *I heard in madness.*] This is the reading of the old copy. I suspect Shakspeare wrote:

As *ne'er* I heard in madness. MALONE.

Ibid. *Do not banish reason for inequality.*] To follow Dr. Johnson's note. I imagine the meaning rather is—*Do not* suppose I am mad, because I speak passionately and *unequally.*

MALONE.

138. *Mended again.*] I think we ought to read:—*Mend it* again—the matter:—proceed. *Correct, that phrase when you have occasion to speak again of the deputy—you left off at matter—proceed.*

The corruption might easily have arisen in transcribing, from the similarity of sounds. MALONE.

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139. *O that it were as like as it is true.*] The meaning I think, is: O that it had as much of the *appearance* as it has of the *reality* of truth! Malone.

148. *I for a while will leave you—stir not* &c.] The old copy reads:

——will leave you: *but* stir not you till &c.

Malone.

152. *Show your sheep-biting face and be hang'd* an hour.] To follow Dr. Farmer's note.—A similar expression is found in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614:

"Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst *a while.*"

Malone.

153. *Which consummate.*] i. e. which *being* consummated.

Malone.

161. To follow Johnson's note.] The duke probably had learnt the the story of Mariana in some of his former retirements, "having ever loved the life removed." (Page 23) And he had a suspicion that Angelo was but a *seemer*, (page 26) and therefore he stays to watch him.

——E.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Vol. II. Comedy of Errors.

165. *Comedy of Errors.*] I suspect this and all other plays where much rhime is used, and especially in long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspeare's more early productions. ——E.

Ibid. A play with this title was exhibited at Gray's-inn, in December 1594; but it probably was a translation from Plautus.—"After such sports, a *Comedy of Errors* (*like* to Plautus his *Menechmus*) was played by the players: so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors. Whereupon it was ever afterwards called *the Night of errors.*" *Gesta Grayorum.* 1688. The Registers of Gray's-inn have been examined, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the play above mentioned was our author's;—but they afford no information on the subject.

Malone.

 176. Add

176. Add in my note.] So, in Geo. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"Yet both in *lashe* at length this Cressid leaves."

STEEVENS.

187. *That never words were musick to thine ear.*] Imitated by Pope:

"My musick then you could for ever hear,
"*And all my words were musick to your ear.*"

Epistle from Sapho to Phaon. MALONE.

191. After Mr. Tollet's note, add: *Owls* are also mentioned in *Cornu-Copiæ, or Pasquil's Night-cap, or Antidote for the Headach.* 1623. p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darkesome night,
"No *oules*, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright."

STEEVENS.

199. Once this—*your long experience of her wisdom.*] *Once this*, I have no doubt, is wrong, though it is difficult to conjecture what the true reading was.

The passage is manifestly corrupt in the old copy, which has instead of *her* wisdom——*your* wisdom.

Perhaps the author wrote:—*Own* this.—— MALONE.

Ibid. *For ever hous'd where't gets possession.*] *Possession* is pronounced as a trisyllable; and therefore the line should be printed:——where it &c. MALONE.

225. Add to note [8].] So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*: "I would have ne'er a cunning schoole-master in England; I mean a cunning man as a schoole-master; that is a *conjurour* &c." STEEVENS.

233. *But moody and dull melancholy* &c.] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I.

"But rather *moody* mad."

Mr. Gray has imitated this passage, and also the lines in the text:

"And *moody madness* laughing wild
"Amid severest woe——
"*Grim visag'd comfortless despair,*
"And sorrow's piercing dart.——

"Lo! in the *vale of years* beneath
"A grisly *troop* are seen
"*The painful family of death*
"More hideous than their queen."

Ode on the Prospect of Eton.

He

He seems to have had Pope's *Essay on Man* also in his thoughts:

"Hate, fear, and grief, the *family of pain*.

Again:

"The *fury-passions* from the blood began,
"And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man."

So, Gray, ibid.

"The *fury-passions* these shall tear." MALONE.

236 Add, after the first instance in my first note:] So, in Geo. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576: "——yet won by *importance* accepted his courtesie." STEEVENS.

242. *Have written strange* defeatures——] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.—I rather think *defeatures* means here, as in another place in this play, *alteration of feature*, or *deformity*. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*. 1593:

"——To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
"To mingle beauty with infirmities,
"And pure perfection with *impure defeature*."

If we understand by *defeatures*, in this place, *miscarriages*, or *misfortunes*, then we suppose Ægeon to say, "that careful hours, i. e. *misfortunes*, have written *misfortunes* in his face."

MALONE.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

255. Add to my note [a]:] A *bolt* seems to have been a general term for an *arrow*. So, in Shirley's *Love's Cruelty*: "When the keepers are none of the wisest, their *bolts* are sooner shot."

There the *bolt* is supposed to be employed against deer-stealers. The word is still used in the common proverb: *A fool's* bolt *is soon shot*.

That particular species of arrow which was employed in killing birds, appears to have been called a *bird*-bolt.

MALONE.

258. *The gentleman is not in your books.*] To follow Dr. Farmer's note.—This expression, I make no doubt, took its rise from the custom mentioned by Dr. Farmer. That in all great

great families, the names of the servants of the houshold were written in *books* kept for that purpose, appears from the following passage in *A new Trick to cheat the Devil*, a comedy, 1639: "See, master Treatwell, that his name be *enrolled* among my other *servants*—Let my *steward* receive such notice from you."

A *servant* and a *lover* were in Cupid's Vocabulary, synonymous. Thus, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604: "Is not Marshall *Makeroom*, my *servant* in reversion, a proper gentleman?"

Hence the phrase—*to be in a person's books*—was applied equally to the *lover* and the *menial attendant*. MALONE.

266. To follow note [8].] The borrowing of a line from *Hieronymo*, which was published in 1605, proves this play to be one of Shakspeare's later compositions As also its being ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair*.

——— F.

The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronymo is Mad again, though there is no edition of it now extant earlier than 1605, was written many years before. Nashe, in a pamphlet published in 1593, quotes a passage in it. The line therefore here borrowed from it, will not serve to ascertain the date of *Much Ado about Nothing* Its date, however, is ascertained by other circumstances, with more precision than most of our author's plays It is almost certain that it was written, or at least first exhibited on the stage, in 1599, or 1600; having been printed in the latter year, and not being enumerated by Meres among Shakspeare's plays in 1598 See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order in which the Plays attributed to Shakspeare were written*, Vol. I. *Prolegomena*. p 306 MALONE.

269. *Cousin*, you know—[and afterwards, *good cousin*——] Surely *brother* and *cousin* never could have had the same meaning: yet, as this passage stands at present, Leonato appears to address himself to Antonio, (or as he is styled in the first folio, *the old man*) his *brother*, whom he is made to call *cousin*.

It appears that several persons, I suppose Leonato's *kinsmen*, are at this time crossing the stage, to whom he here addresses himself. Accordingly, the old copy reads, not *cousin*, but——

"*Cousins*, you know what you have to do"

You all know your several offices; take care to assist in making preparations at this busy time for my new guests.

I would therefore read *cousins* in both places. MALONE.

270. Enter

270. *Enter Don John.*] The folio has——*Sir John.* MALONE.

271.——*than a rose in his grace.*] To follow Dr. Johnson's note.—The former speech, in my apprehension, shews clearly that the old copy is right. Conrade had said: "He hath ta'en you new into his *grace*, where it is impossible that you should take *root* but by the fair weather that you make yourself." To this Don John replies, with critical correctness: "I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a *rose* in his *grace*." We meet a kindred expression in *Macbeth*:

"——Welcome hither:
"I have begun to *plant* thee, and will labour
"To make thee full of *growing*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"I'll *plant* Plantaganet, *root* him up who dares."

MALONE.

273. Enter Leonato &c. *Margaret and Ursula.*] Why Margaret and Ursula should enter here, I know not. They are not mentioned in the old copy; and on the other hand, do actually enter masked in the next scene.

MALONE.

275. Note [7]. —*or dumb John.*] Here is another proof that when the first copies of our author's plays were prepared for the press, the transcript was made out by the ear. If the Mf. had lain before the transcriber, it is very unlikely that he should have mistaken *Don* for *dumb*: but, by an inarticulate speaker, or inattentive hearer, they might easily be confounded. MALONE.

277. Note 2.] This whole note is, I apprehend, founded on a mistake; *or*, in the stage-direction in the old copy, at the beginning of this scene, was, I believe, an accidental repetition; and, *dumb*, I suspect, was written instead of *Don*, through the mistake of the transcriber, whose ear deceived him.

I think it extremely probable, that the regulation proposed by Theobald, and the author of *the Revisal*, is right.

MALONE.

280. *Therefore all hearts* &c.] *Let*, which is found in the next line, is understood here. MALONE.

282. ——*with such impossible conveyance*,] I believe the meaning is——*with a rapidity equal to that of* jugglers, *who appear to perform* impossibilities.

Conveyance was the common term in our author's time for *slight of hand.* MALONE.

VOL. II. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

295. *But that she loves him with an enraged affection* &c.] The meaning I think is——*but with what an enraged affection she loves him, it is beyond the power of thought to conceive.* MALONE.

305. —*press me to death*—] The allusion is to an ancient punishment of our law, called *peine fort et dure*, which was formerly inflicted on those persons, who, being indicted, refused to plead. In consequence of their silence, they were pressed to death by an heavy weight laid upon their stomach. This punishment, the good sense and humanity of the legislature have within these few years abolished. MALONE.

Ibid. *Which is as bad as die with* tickling] The author meant that *tickling* should be pronounced as a trisyllable, *tickeling*. So, in Spenser, B. ii. Canto 12

"The while sweet Zephirus loud *whisteled*
"His treble, a strange kind of harmony;
"Which Guyon's senses softly *tickeled*, &c."

MALONE.

309. —*and the old ornament of his cheek hath already* stuff'd tennis-balls] So, in *A Wonderful, strange, and miraculous astrological Prognostication for this Year of our Lord* 1591; written by Nashe, in ridicule of Richard Harvey: "—they may sell their haire by the pound to *stuffe tennice balles*." STEEVENS.

333. ——*shall conjecture hang*,] *Conjecture* is here used for *suspicion* MALONE.

342. *Bene. Beat.*] I believe we ought to read: *But Beatrice*——So, before: "Nay, *but Beatrice*——."

Beat was probably only an abbreviation in the MS. for *Beatrice*; and *but* was accidentally omitted. MALONE.

344. To follow Theobald's note.] The omission of this passage since the edition of 1600, may be accounted for from the stat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. the sacred name being jestingly used four times in one line. ——C.

349. *If such a one will smile* &c] What militates strongly against Dr. Johnson's pointing, and consequently against his interpretation, is, that in these plays, the words *cry* and *hem* are generally found joined together. So, in *As you like It*:

"If I could *cry hem* and have him——."

Again, in *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* act II. sc. iv. and in many other places.

A very slight alteration of the text will, I apprehend, make perfect sense:

If such a one will smile and stroke his beard;
In sorrow wag; cry hem, when he should groan;

And and *in* hastily or indistinctly pronounced might easily have been confounded, supposing (what there is great reason to believe) that these plays were copied for the press by the ear. By this reading a clear sense is given, and the latter part of the line is a paraphrase on the former.

To cry hem was, as appears from the passage cited by Mr. Tyrwhitt, a mark of festivity. So also from *Love's Cruelty*, a tragedy by Shirley, 1640:

" Cannot he *laugh* and *hem* and kiss his bride,
" But he must send me word?"

Again, in *The Second Part of Henry IV*:

" We have heard the bells chime at midnight——That we have, that we have;—our watch-word was, *hem*, boys."

On the other hand, *to cry woe* was used to denote grief. Thus, in the *Winter's Tale*:

" ——but the last, O Lords,
" When I have said, *cry woe*."

With respect to the word *wag*, the using it as a verb, in the sense of *to play the wag*, is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. There is scarcely one of his plays in which we do not find substantives used as verbs. Thus we meet——to testimony, to boy, to couch, to grave, to bench, to voice, to paper, to page, to dram, to stage, to fever, to fool, to palate, to mountebank, to god, to virgin, to passion, to monster, to history, to fable, to wall, to period, to spaniel, to stranger, &c. &c. MALONE.

358. *But soft you; let be*] The first folio reads:

But soft you; let *me* be; pluck &c.

We might read: But soft you; *let me pluck*——

Since I wrote the above, I find that the second folio reads:

But soft you; let *me see*; pluck up &c.

which is, I believe, the true reading. MALONE.

361. *Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong.*] i. e. combined; an accomplice. So, in lord Bacon's Works, vol. iv. p. 269 edit 1740. " If the issue shall be this, that whatever shall be done for him shall be thought to be done by a number of persons that shall be laboured and *packed*——."
MALONE.

367. *Done to death*——] This obsolete phrase occurs frequently in our ancient writers.——Thus, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

" His mother's hand shall stop thy breath,
" Thinking her own son is *done to death*." MALONE.

LOVE's LABOUR LOST.

Vol. II. Love's Lab. Lost. 394. After Steevens's note] The time when Banks's horse was exhibited will fix the date of this play; which also appears in p. 433 to be about 1597. ——E.

413. To follow Mr. Steevens's note] So, in the prologue to *Fletcher's Custom of the Country:*

" ——The play
" Is *quick* and witty; so the poets say." Malone.

414 *No* l'envoy——] After Mr. Steevens's note.—So, in *The Scornful Lady*, by B. and Fletcher, 1616:

" What a trim *l'envoy* here she has put upon me?"
Malone.

419. Cost. *Guerdon,—O sweet* guerdon! *better than* remuneration; eleven-pence farthing better &c.] The following parallel passage in *A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving men, or the Serving-man's Comfort* &c. 1598, was pointed out to me by Dr Farmer.

" There was, sayth he, a man, (but of what estate, degree, or calling, I will not name, least thereby I might incurre displeasure of anie) that comming to his friendes house, who was a gentleman of good reckoning, and being there kindly entertained, and well used, as well of his friende the gentleman as of his servantes: one of the sayd servantes doing him some extraordinarie pleasure during his abode there, at his departure he comes unto the sayd servant, and sayth unto him, Holde thee, here is a *remuneration* for thy paynes; which the servant receiving, gave him utterly for it (besides his paynes) thankes, for it was but a *three-farthings* peece: and I holde thankes for the same a small price, howsoever the market goes. Now an other comming to the sayd gentleman's house, it was the foresayd servant's good hap to be neare him at his going away, who calling the servant unto him, sayd, Holde thee, here is a *guerdon* for thy deserts: now the servant payde no deerer for the *guerdon*, than he did for the *remuneration*; though the *guerdon* was *xid. farthing* better; for it was a *shilling*, and the other but a *three-farthinges*."

Whether Shakspeare, or the author of this pamphlet was the borrower, cannot be known, till the time when *Love's Labour Lost* was written, and the date of the earliest edition

of

of the *Serving-man's Comfort* &c. shall be ascertained by circumstances which at present are beyond our reach.

STEEVENS.

431. *Who is the shooter*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.—So, in *Essays and Characters of a Prison and Prisoners*, by G M 1618: "The King's guard are counted the strongest *archers*, but here are better *suitors*." So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet in the old copy: (owing probably to the transcriber's ear having deceived him)

"——*A grief that suits*
"My very heart at root"

instead of——a grief that *shoots*.

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, we find *shoot* instead of *suit*:

"End thy ill aim before thy *shoot* be ended."

Here clearly the author meant *suit*.

In Ireland, where there is reason to believe that much of the pronunciation of queen Elizabeth's time is yet retained, the word *suitor* is at this day pronounced by the vulgar as if it were written *shooter*. The word in the text ought, I think, to be written *suitor*, as in the instance above quoted from *Essays* &c by G. M.

The mistake arose from the similarity of the sounds; and this is one of many proofs, that when these plays were transcribed for the press, the copies were made out by the ear.

MALONE.

441. *Fauste precor gelida*] From a passage in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593, the *Eclogues* of Mantuanus appear to have been a school-book in our author's time: "With the first and second leafe he plaies very prettilie, and, in ordinarie terms of extenuating, verdits *Pierce Pennilesse* for *a grammar-school wit*; saies, his margine is as deeplie learned as *Fauste precor gelida*" MALONE.

452. *Her hairs were gold, chrystal the other's eyes.*] The first folio reads: *On* her hairs &c. The context, I think, clearly shews that we ought to read:

One, her hairs were gold, chrystal the other's eyes.

i. e. *the hairs of* one *of the ladies were of the colour of gold, and the eyes of the* other *as clear as chrystal*. The king is speaking of the panegyricks pronounced by the two lovers on their mistresses.

One was formerly pronounced *on*. Hence the mistake. See a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ante p 87.

The

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The fame miftake has happened in *All's Well that ends Well*; (firft folio.)

"A traveller is a good thing after dinner—but *on* that lies two thirds &c."

The two words are frequently confounded in our ancient dramas. MALONE.

454. *And* critick *Timon.*] After Mr. Steevens's note.—Mr. Steevens's obfervation is fupported by our author's 112th *Sonnet:*

"——my adder's fenfe
"To *cryttick* and to *flatterer* ftopped are."

MALONE.

463. Add to my note.—Again, in Storer's *Life and Death of Cardinal Wolfey*, a Poem, 1599:

"With whole hart-ftrings Amphion's lute is ftrung,
"And Orpheus harp hangs warbling at his tongue."

STEEVENS.

468. ——audacious *without impudency*] *Audacious* was not always ufed by our ancient writers in a bad fenfe. It means no more here, and in the following inftance, from Ben Jonfon's *Silent Woman*, than *liberal* or *commendable boldnefs:*

"——fhe that fhall be my wife, muft be accomplifhed with courtly and *audacious* ornaments" STEEVENS.

Ibid *He is too piqued.*] The following paffage in Nafhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilefs*, 1593, may ferve to corroborate Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation: "And he might have fhrowded a *picked* effeminate carpet knight under the fictionate perfon of Hermaphroditus." Again, in Wilfon's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553: "Such riot, dicyng, cardyng, *pikyng*, —muft needs bring him to naught." MALONE.

487. Add to my laft note:] Again, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Devil's Carrier*, 1606: "——in a bowling alley in a *flat cap* like a *fhop-keeper*." STEEVENS.

496. Add to my note 2.] Again, in Randolph's *Poems*, 1664:

"The titles of their fatires fright fome more,
"Than *Lord have mercy* writ upon a door."

MALONE.

Ibid. Add to my note:] Again, in *More Fools yet*, a collection of Epigrams by R. S. 1610:

"To declare the *infection* for his fin,
"A *croffe* is fet without, there's none within."

Again, ibid.

"But by the way he ſaw and much reſpected
"A doore belonging to a houſe infected,
"Whereon was plac'd (as 'tis the cuſtome ſtill)
"*The Lord have mercy on us:* this ſad bill
"The ſot perus'd——." Steevens.

520. *And cuckow-buds of yellow hue.*] Mr. Whalley, the learned editor of B. Jonſon's works, many years ago propoſed to read *crocus* buds. The cuckow-flower, he obſerved, could not be called *yellow*, it rather approaching to the colour of white, by which epithet, Cowley, who was himſelf no mean botaniſt, has diſtinguiſhed it:

Albaque cardamine &c. Malone.

VOLUME III.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

VOL. III. MIDSUM. N. DREAM.

P. 7. *But earthly happier*——] This is a thought in which Shakspeare seems to have much delighted. We meet with it more than once in his *Sonnets*:

"Then were not summer's distillation left,
"A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
"Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
"Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
"But *flowers distill'd*, though they with winter meet,
"Leese but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

———

"Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
"In thee thy summer, ere thou be *distill'd*;——
"Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
"With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd."

Fifth and sixth *Sonnet*.

Again, in the 54th *Sonnet*:

"They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade,
"Die to themselves. Sweet *roses* do not so;
"Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
"And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
"When that shall fade, my verse *distils* your truth."

MALONE.

9. *The course of true love* &c.] This passage seems to have been imitated by Milton. *Paradise Lost*, B. 10.—896.

MALONE.

10. *Making it* momentany—] After Dr. Johnson's note.—The first folio has not *momentany* but *momentary*.

MALONE.

11. *From Athens is her house* remote *seven leagues*.] *Remov'd*, which is the reading of the folio, was, I believe, the author's word.—He uses it again in *Hamlet*, for *remote*:

"He wafts you to a more *removed* ground"

MALONE.

14. ——*when*

14. ——*when Phœbe doth behold* &c.
15. ————*deep midnight.*
Shakspeare has a little forgotten himself. It appears from page 4 that to-morrow night would be within three nights of the new moon, when there is no moonshine at all, much less at deep midnight. The same oversight occurs in page 59.
————E.

15. *Emptying our bosoms of their counsels swell'd*] I think, *sweet*, the reading proposed by Theobald, is right.

Counsels relates in construction to *emptying*—and not to the last word in the line, as it is now made to do by reading *swell'd*. A similar phraseology is used by a writer contemporary with Shakspeare:

"So ran the poor girls filling the air with shrieks,
"*Emptying of* all the *colour* their pale cheeks."
Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, Sig. B. 4. 1610.

The adjective *all* here added to *colour*, exactly answers, in construction, to *sweet* in the text, as regulated by Theobald.
MALONE.

18. ——*and so grow to a point.*] The first folio reads: ——and so grow *on* to a point. MALONE.

22. *I will roar* you *an it were* &c.] The first folio omits *you*. MALONE.

23. After the first instance in note [4], add] So, in *The Ball*, by Chapman and Shirley, 1639:
"——have you devices to jeer the rest?
"*Luc.* All the regiment on 'em, or I'll *break my bow-strings.*" STEEVENS.

24. Add to my note [6]:] So, in a letter from Gabriel Harvey to Spenser, 1580: "Have we not *God hys wrath*, for God*des* wrath, and a thousand of the same stampe, wherein the corrupte orthography in the moste, hath been the sole or principal cause of corrupte prosodye in over-many?" STEEVENS.

26. After Steevens's note on *square*:] It is somewhat whimsical, that the glaziers use the words *square* and *quarrel* as synonymous terms, for a pane of glass. ————E.

29.—*sweet* Puck.] After Mr. Tyrwhitt's note add—So, in *The Scourge of Venus, or the Wanton Lady, with the rare Birth of Adonis*, 1614:

"Their bed doth shake and quaver as they lie,
"As if it groan'd to beare the weight of sinne;
"The fatal night-crowes at their windowes flee,
"And crie out at the shame they do live in:

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"And that they may perceive the heavens frown,
"The *poukes* and goblins pul the coverings down."

Again, in Spenser's *Epithal.* 1595:

"Ne let house-fyres, nor lightning's helpelesse harms,
"Ne let the *pouke*, nor other evil spright,
"Ne let mischievous witches with their charmes
"Ne let hobgoblins &c."

STEEVENS.

39. *By their* increase *now knows not which is which*] To follow Dr Johnson's note—So, in our author's 97th *Sonnet:*

"The teeming autumn, big with rich *increase*,
"Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime——"

MALONE.

Ibid. To follow Tyrwhitt's note:]—*Henchman.* Quasi haunch-man. One that goes behind another. *Pedisequus.*

——F.

The learned commentator might have given his etymology some support from the following passage in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. vol. V. p. 566:

"O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
"Which ever in the *haunch* of winter sings
"The lifting up of day." STEEVENS.

47. Add to my note [3].] Again, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:

"So could I live in desert, most unknowen,
"Yourself to me enough were populous." MALONE.

55. —*Nature shews art*,] The first folio reads:—Nature *her* shews art. I suppose the words were accidentally transposed at the press, and would therefore read:—Nature shews *her art.* The second folio however reads (which may be right)—Nature *here* shews art. MALONE.

Ibid. *Not Hermia, but Helena I love.*] The first folio has:

——but Helena *now* I love. MALONE.

59. *No, I am no such thing; I am a man, as other men are:—and there indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.*] There are probably many temporary allusions to particular incidents and characters scattered through our author's plays, which gave a poignancy to certain passages, while the events were recent, and the persons pointed at, yet living.—In the speech now before us, I think it not improbable that he meant to allude to a fact which happened in his time, at an entertainment exhibited before queen Elizabeth. It is recorded in a manuscript collection of anecdotes,

anecdotes, ſtories, &c. entitled, *Merry Paſſages and Jeaſts*, Mſ. *Harl.* 6395:

"There was a ſpectacle preſented to queen Elizabeth upon the water, and among others *Harry Goldingham* was to repreſent *Arion* upon the dolphin's backe; but finding his voice to be very hoarſe and unpleaſant, when he came to perform it, he tears off his diſguiſe, and *ſwears he was none of Arion, not he, but even honeſt Har. Goldingham*; which blunt diſcoverie pleaſed the queene better than if it had gone through in the right way:—yet he could order his voice to an inſtrument exceeding well."

The collector of theſe *Merry Paſſages* appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Eſtrange. MALONE.

61. *If I were fair, Thiſbe, I were only thine.*] I think, this ought to be pointed differently:—If I were, [i. e. as true, &c] fair Thiſbe, I were only thine. MALONE.

62. *The ouſel-cock ſo black of hue* &c.] In *The Arbor of Amorous Deviſes*, 4to, bl. l. are the following lines:

"The chattering pie, the jay, and eke the quaile,
"*The thruſtle-cock that was ſo black of hewe.*"

The former leaf and the title-page being torn out of the copy I conſulted, I am unable either to give the two preceding lines of the ſtanza, or to aſcertain the date of the book. STEEVENS.

66. *I ſhall deſire of you more acquaintance, good maſter Cobweb; if I cut my finger I ſhall make bold with you.*] In *The Mayde's Metamorphoſis*, a comedy, by Lilly, there is a dialogue between ſome foreſters and a troop of fairies, very ſimilar to the preſent:

"*Mopſo.* I pray you, Sir, what might I call you?
"1 *Fai.* My name is Penny.
"*Mop.* I am ſorry I cannot purſe you.
"*Friſco.* I pray you, Sir, what might I call you?
"2 *Fai.* My name is Cricket.
"*Friſ.* I would I were a chimney for your ſake."

The Maid's Metamorphoſis was not printed till 1600, but was probably written ſome years before. Mr. Warton ſays, (*Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, vol. II. p. 393.) that Lilly's laſt play appeared in 1597. MALONE.

68. *And forth my* minnock *comes.*] I believe the reading of the folio is right:

And forth my *mimick* comes.

The line has been explained as if it related to *Thiſbe*, but it does not relate to her, but to *Pyramus*. *Bottom* had juſt been

VOL. III MIDSUM. N. DREAM. been playing that part, and had retired into the brake. "Anon his *Thisbe* must be answered, *And forth my mimick* (i. e. my actor) *comes*." In this there seems no difficulty.

Mimick is used as synonymous to *actor*, by Decker, in his *Gul's Hornebooke*, 1609: "Draw what troope you can from the stage after you; the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow-room" Again, in his *Satiromastix*, 1602: "Thou [B. Jonson] hast forgot how thou amblest in a leather pitch by a play-waggon in the highway, and took'st mad *Jeronymo's* part, to get service amongst the *mimicks*."

MALONE.

72 *And from thy hated presence part I* so.] *So* has been supplied by some of the modern editors. MALONE.

Ibid. *For debt that bankrupt* sleep——] The first and second folio read—*slip*. The same error has, perhaps, happened in *Measure for Measure*:

"Which for these nineteen years we have let *slip*."

MALONE.

75. *But you must join* in souls &c.] The phrase, *in souls*, has been so well supported, that there remains nothing to be said relative to it.

I suspect, however, that the words were transposed at the press, and would read;

"Can you not hate me, as I know you do
"In souls, but you must join to mock me to?"

So, a little lower:

"You *hate* me with your *hearts*." MALONE.

Possibly by adding a single letter, the sense may be less embarrassed:

But you must join in *scouls* to work me too.

Scouls, I believe is sometimes used as synonymous with *scoffs*.

——E.

76. *Lest to thy peril, thou aby it dear.*] The folio has *abide*.

MALONE.

77. ——*brought me to* thy *sound*.] Folio——*that* sound.

MALONE.

83. *Thou shalt* aby *it*.] The folio reads——*abide* it.

MALONE.

84. *I am amaz'd and know not what to say.*] This line is not in the folio. MALONE.

89. To follow Mr. Tyrwhitt's note,] I do not perceive any defect in the metre of the second line. It is the same as in the former stanza. MALONE.

90. ——overflow'n *with a honey-bag*.] It should be *overflow'd*—

flew'd.—Yet the mistake is as likely to have been the author's as the transcriber's. MALONE.

91. *So doth the woodbine* &c.] After Dr. Johnson's note.—The following passage in *The Fatal Union*, 1640, in which the honey-suckle is spoken of as the flower, and the woodbine as the plant, supports Dr. Johnson's interpretation:

" ——As fit a gift as this * were for a lord—a *honey-suckle*,
" The amorous *woodbine's offspring*." MALONE.

95. After Steevens's note:] A statute 3 Hen. VII. c. 14. directs certain offences committed in the king's palace, to be tried by twelve *sad* men of the king's houshold.

——E.

96. *Uncouple in the western valley—go.*] The folio reads;
Uncouple in the western valley *let them* go.
Shakspeare might have written;
Uncoupled in the western valley let them go.
MALONE.

Ibid.—*they bay'd the bear.*] Add to my note:—Shakspeare must have read the *Knight's Tale* in Chaucer, where are mentioned Theseus's " white alandes [grey-hounds] to huntin at the lyon, or the wild *bere*." TOLLET.

Ibid. *My hounds are bred* &c.] This passage has been imitated by Lee in his *Theodosius*:

" Then through the woods we chac'd the foaming boar,
" With hounds that open'd like Thessalian bulls,
" Like Tygers flew'd, and sanded as the shore,
" With ears and chests that dash'd the morning dew."
MALONE.

99. *Melted as* is *the snow.*] *Is* has been supplied by some of the editors. MALONE.

100. *And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,*
Mine own and not mine own.]
To follow Dr. Warburton's note,—An anonymous critick supposes that Shakspeare had in his thoughts the mine of rubies, belonging to the king of Zeylan (mentioned by Le Blanc and other travellers) out of which the king had all that exceeded the weight of four or five carrats, and none under that weight—on which account the jewels of the mine might be called his own and not his own.

I do not suppose any such allusion to have been intended.—

* Shewing a flower.

VOL. III. MIDSUM. N. DREAM. Helena, I think, only means to say, that having *found* Demetrius *unexpectedly*, she considered her property in him as insecure as that which a person has in a jewel that he has *found* by *accident*; which he knows not whether he shall retain, and which therefore may properly enough be called *his own and not his own.*

Helena does not say, as Dr. Warburton has represented, that Demetrius *was like a jewel*, but that she had *found* him, like a jewel &c

A kindred thought occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——by starts
" His fretted fortunes give him hope and fear
" *Of what he has, and has not.*"

The same kind of expression is found also in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" Where ev'ry something, being blent together,
" Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
" *Exprest, and not exprest.*" MALONE.

104. ——*in a fine frenzy rolling*——] This seems to have been imitated by Drayton in his *Epistle to J. Reynolds on Poets and Poetry*: describing Marlowe, he says:

" ——that *fine madness* still he did retain,
" Which rightly should possess a *poet's* brain!"

MALONE.

109. *Where I have come great* clerks *have purposed*
To greet me with premeditated welcomes,
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome.]

So, in *Pericles*:

" She sings like one immortal, and she dances
" As goddess like to her admired lays;
" *Deep clerks she dumbs.*"

It should be observed, that *periods* in the text is used in the sense of *full stops.* MALONE.

111. *And finds his trusty Thisbe's mantle slain.*] The first folio reads:

And finds his Thisbie's mantle slaine.

The second has:

And finds his *gentle* Thisby's mantle slain.

The present reading is that of the quarto. MALONE.

112. *And Thisbe tarrying in Mulberry shade,*
His dagger drew and died.]

These

These lines ought to be regulated thus:

And (Thisbe tarrying in Mulberry shade)
His dagger drew and died. MALONE.

113. *And thou O wall, O sweet—*] The first folio reads:
And thou O wall, *thou* sweet &c. MALONE.

122. *Now the hungry lion roars,*
And the wolf beholds the moon;] Add to my note—

The following passage in *Antonio's Revenge*, a tragedy, 1602, written by Marston, (who has evidently imitated Shakspeare, or was imitated by him) appears to me a strong confirmation of the reading proposed by Dr. Warburton:

" Now *barks* the *wolfe* against the full-cheek'd *moon*,
" Now lyons half-clam'd entrals *roar for food*,
" Now croaks the toad, and night-crows *screech* aloud,
" Fluttring 'bout casements of departing souls;
" Now *gape* the *graves*, and thro' their yawns let loose
" Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth."

It is observable, that in the passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, which Shakspeare seems to have had in his thoughts, when he wrote, in *As you like it*—" *'Tis like the* howling *of Irish* wolves *against* the moon"—the expression is found, that Marston has here used instead of *behowls*. " In courting Phebe, thou *barkest* with the wolves of Syria against the moon." MALONE.

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137. *Is that any thing now?*] The first and second folio read, by an apparent error of the press:

It is that any thing now.

Mr. Steevens's explanation of the old reading is supported by a passage in *Othello*:

" Can any thing be made of this?" MALONE.

139 *And* am I *prest unto it.*——] Folio rightly—
And *I am* prest unto it. MALONE.

141. *But this reasoning is not in the fashion.*] Folio—
But this *reason* is not *in fashion*. MALONE.

144. —*and*

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144. ——*and I pray God grant them a fair departure.*] The folio reads:

——and *I wish them* a fair &c.

The alteration was probably made in consequence of the stat. 3 Jac. I. cap. 21. MALONE.

Ibid. *How now what news?*] These words are not in the folio. MALONE.

146. ——*and my well-*won *thrift.*] The folio reads—well-*worn*. MALONE.

148. ——*the* fulsome *ewes.*] *Fulsome*, in Golding's *Translation of Ovid*, 1607, seems to be used for *fat*:

"His leane, pale, hore and wither'd coarse grew *fulsome*, faire, and fresh." MALONE.

151. *A bread of barren* &c.] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.—Both the first and second folio read:

A breed *of* barren—— MALONE.

Ibid. —*of your body pleaseth me.*] Folio—*it* pleaseth me. MALONE.

152. ——*the value of* the *bond.*] Folio——*this* bond. MALONE.

159. *My* till-*horse.*] The two first folios read *phill*-horse. So also the word is spelled in the two instances produced by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

162. *Well if any man in Italy*——] After Mr. Tyrwhitt's note.—Dr Johnson's explanation appears to me perfectly just. In support of it, it should be remembered, that *which* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for the personal pronoun, *who*. It is still so used in our liturgy.

The whole difficulty of this passage, has, I believe, arisen from the omission of the particle *no*. The words, *I shall have good fortune*, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new sentence. The author, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt speech—*Well if any man that offers to swear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much mistaken—] should proceed in the same manner in which he began:—"I shall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *simple* line of life &c."

So before:

"I cannot get a service, *no*;
"I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head——."

And afterwards:

"Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*."

The Nurse, in *Romeo and Juliet*, expresses herself exactly in the same style: "Well you have made a *simple* choice; you know *not* how to choose a man; Romeo! *no, not he*;—he is *not* the flower of courtesy;—go thy ways, wench &c." MALONE.

164. *Well we shall see your* bearing.] *Bearing* is demeanour, or deportment. So, in *Measure for Measure:*

"How I may formally in person *bear* me
"Like a true friar." MALONE.

169. *There will come a Christian by*
Will be worth a Jewess eye.]

It's worth a Jew's eye, is a proverbial phrase. WHALLEY.

171. *With over*-weather'd *ribs and rugged sails*] The first and second folio read:

With over-*wither'd* ribs—— MALONE.

188. Add to my note:] So, in *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis, or Lustes Prodigies*, a poem by W. Barksted, 1607:

"Nere *Turkas*, was at sicke blood more estrang'd,
"Than Myrrha when her chastity was chang'd." STEEVENS.

196. After Dr. Johnson's note, add:] This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetstone's *Arbour of Virtue*, 1576:

"The *pearles of praise* that deck a noble name."

Again, in R. C's verses in praise of the same author's *Rock of Regard;*

"But that that beares the *pearle of praise* away." STEEVENS.

207. *With what we lack.*] The first folio reads:

With *that* we lack. MALONE.

Ibid. *When we are both apparel'd* &c] The two first folios have—*accouter'd*. MALONE.

208. *Therefore I promise you, I fear you.*] I suspect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and would read:

——I fear *for* you. MALONE.

Ibid. *Thus when I shun Sylla*——] In my note, for *l' Alexandride*—read *Alexandreis*. MALONE.

214. *Some men there are love not a gaping pig.*] Add to my note.—So also, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother:*

"And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted* pig." MALONE.

215. Add to my note—after the reading proposed:] Or with still less change, we might read:

"——for

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"——for affection,
"*Master* of passion, sways it to the mood &c."

MALONE.

218. *Is dearly bought*, is *mine*,——] The first folio reads; —'*tis* mine. MALONE.

220. ——*to careless ruin*.] The folio has—*endless* ruin.

MALONE.

222. ——*in the course of justice, none of us*
Should see salvation.]

Portia's referring the *Jew* to the Christian doctrine of salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character.

——— E.

234. To follow Mr. Tyrwhitt's note] "Sweet *love*!" is not an arbitrary insertion by Mr. Pope, but the reading of the second folio, and, in my apprehension, decisively proves that these words belong to Lorenzo's speech. for, "sweet *love*," cannot well be applied to Launcelot's master.

MALONE.

236 Add to my note, after the words—*and perhaps confirms it*] *It*, I apprehend, refers to *harmony*, and not to *souls*. There is, therefore, no need of Dr. Johnson's proposed alteration,—"in *th'* immortal *soul*."

Perhaps Shakspeare, when he wrote this passage, had Sir Philip Sydney's elegant *Defence of Poesie* in his thoughts.— "But if you be born so neare the *dull-making* cataract of *Nilus*, that you cannot *heare* the *planet-like musick* of poetrie, if you have so earth-creeping a mind that it cannot lift itself up to look to the skie of poetrie &c" MALONE.

240. ——*this breathing courtesy*] *Breathing* for *verbal*— So, in *Timon*, a senator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long speech

"You *breathe* in vain."

Again, in *Hamlet*

"Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
"The youth you *breathe of*, guilty." MALONE.

258. After Mr Tyrwhitt's note, add:] Of the incident of the *bond*, no English original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator*, *handling a hundred severall Discourses, in form of Declamations some of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the rest of the Author's own Invention. Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age*——*Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Englished by L. P.* [i. e. Lazarus

zarus Pilot] *London, printed by Adam Islip*, 1596.—(This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401.

DECLAMATION 95.

" *Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the flesh of a Christian.*

" A Jew, unto whom a Christian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turkie: the merchant, because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fifteene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his own head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chiefe judge, saying:

" Impossible is it to breake the credit of trafficke amongst men without great detriment to the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or will not accomplish, for by that means should no man feare to be deceaved, and credit being maintained, every man might be assured of his owne; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shall not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight that it is a thing no less strange then cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money: surely, in that it is a thing not usuall it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable, but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intollerable slaverie, where not only the whole bodie but also all the sences and spirits are tormented, the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are of one sect and nation; yea amongst Christians it hath been seene that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise in the Roman commonwealth, so famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to imprison, beat, and afflict with torments the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would

would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have been excused with the paiment of a pounde of their flesh? who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh: I might alleage many reasons, for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit: for the miserie of those men which esteem their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes they had rather indure any thing secretlie, then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed. Neverthelesse, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh then my credit should be in any sort cracked: I might also say that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable, or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldier if he come unto the warres but an houre too late, and also to hang a theefe though he steale never so little: is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for griefe? were it not better for him to lose that I demand, then his soule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and especiallie because no man knoweth better than he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person, for I might take it in such place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life: whatte matter were it then if I should cut off his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe I should not; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound: or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? surely I think not, because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to choose, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which

delivereth

delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should be delivered unto me."

The Christian's Answere.

"It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable, the which were yet the more tolerable, if such men would be contented with reasonable things, or at the least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh, whereby is manifestly seene the antient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect: yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them, seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons prove that his abhomination is equitie: trulie I confesse that I have suffered fifteen daies of the tearme to passe, yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof, as for me I thinke that by secret meanes he hath caused the monie to be delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him; otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind myselfe so strictly: but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it therefore said, that he ought to be so impudent as to go about to prove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paied with mans flesh, which is a thing more natural for tigres, than men, the which also was never heard of: but this divell in shape of a man, seeing me oppressed with necessitie, propounded this cursed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievously, the commonwealth was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt. To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which

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which yet upon an extreame necessitie is somewhat excuseable; as for me, I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfie the crueltie of this mischievous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion of the judge who hath justly repressed his beastlinesse. Wherein then have I satisfied my promise, is it in that I would not (like him) disobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himselfe, according to the contents of the judgement, where is then my promise broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us, for they do it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Because he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation: but what shall I say? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their priests, judges and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themselves, from whom they have their beginning? They sold their brother, and had it not been for one amongst them, they had slaine him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abhominations were committed amongst them? How many murthers? Absalom did he not cause his brother to be murthered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath dispersed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongst them, they were so wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may please you then, most righteous judge, to consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who doth wholly submit himselfe unto your just clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monster's crueltie."

Farmer.

AS

AS YOU LIKE IT.

263. *As I remember, Adam &c*] To follow Johnson's note.—*It was on this fashion bequeathed me*, as Dr. Johnson reads, is but aukward English. I would read: *As I remember, Adam, it was on this fashion* —He *bequeathed me by will*, &c. Orlando and Adam enter abruptly in the midst of a conversation on this topick; and Orlando is correcting some misapprehension of the other. As *I* remember (says he) it was thus. He left me a thousand crowns; and, *as thou sayest*, charged my brother, &c. ———E.

275. ——*with bills on their* necks] To follow Farmer's note —So, in *Gorboducke*, 1569: "Enter one bearing a bundle of faggots on his *neck*." MALONE.

289. *Being native* burghers *of this desert city*] A kindred expression is found in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592:

"About her wond'ring stood
"The *citizens* o' the *wood*." MALONE.

302. After note [4], add]. In confirmation of the old reading, Dr. Farmer observes to me, that, being at a house not far from Cambridge, when news was brought that the henroost was robbed, a facetious old 'squire who was present, immediately sung the following stanza, which has an odd coincidence with the ditty of Jaques:

"*Damè*, what makes your ducks to die?
"*duck, duck, duck.*——
"*Damè*, what makes your chicks to cry?
"chuck, chuck, chuck."—— STEEVENS.

307. *Till that the* very, *very*——] The old copy has ——*weary*, very. MALONE.

312. *Thou art not so* unkind &c.] That is; thy action is not so contrary to thy *kind*, or to human nature, as the ingratitude of man. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"O had thy mother borne so bad a mind,
"She had not brought forth thee, but dy'd *unkind*."

320. *It's the right butter woman's* rate to *market*.] Rosalind a little lower says: "this is the very false gallop of verses." Sir T. Hanmer, who first introduced the word *rate*, (for both the first and second folio read *rank)* I suppose, understood the passage now before us, thus amended, in this way:

VOL. III. *It is the same kind of pace as that of the butter-woman going to market.* But have *butter-women* any particular pace, or do they go *faster* to market than other people?

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A passage in *All's Well that ends Well*, shews, I think, that this is yet faulty, and that in the present instance, the *volubility* of the butter-woman selling her wares at market, was alone in the author's contemplation: "——tongue! I must put you into some *butter-woman's* mouth, and buy myself another of Bajazet's mules, if it *prattle* me into these perils."

I would therefore read—It is the right butter-woman's rate *at* market. MALONE.

324. Add to my note:] Again, in Sir Philip Sydney's *Defence of Poesie*: "Though I will not wish unto you the asse's ears of Midas, nor to be driven by a poet's verses, as Bubonax was, to hang himself, nor to be *rimed to death*, as *is said to be done in Ireland* &c. MALONE.

Ibid. ——*but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so* encounter.] "Montes duo inter se concurrerunt &c" says Pliny, *Hist Nat.* lib. ii. c. 83. or in Holland's translation: "Two *hills* [removed by an earthquake] *encountered* together, charging as it were, and with violence assaulting one another, and retyring again with a most mighty noise." TOLLET.

327. *Cry* holla *to thy tongue.*] *Holla* was a term of the manege, by which the rider restrained and *stopp'd* his horse. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
"His flattering *holla*, or his *stand I say?*"

The word is again used in *Othello*, in the same sense as here:

"*Holla! stand* there." MALONE.

329. Add to my note] Again, in *Vittoria Corrombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612: "It may appear to some ridiculous thus to *talk knave or madman.*"

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's alteration: "I answer you right *in the stile of* painted cloth." We had before in this play: "*It is the* right *butter-woman's rate at market.*" MALONE.

337. After note [6].] Degrees were at this time considered as the highest dignities; and it may not be improper to observe, that a clergyman, who hath not been educated at the Universities, is still distinguished in some parts of North Wales, by the appellation of *Sir John*, *Sir William*, &c. Hence the

the Sir Hugh Evans of Shakspeare is not a Welsh knight who hath taken orders, but only a Welsh clergyman without any regular degree from either of the Universities. See Barrington's *History of the Guedir Family*. NICHOLS.

349. *Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:—*
Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?]
The second of these lines is from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1637, sig. B b. where it stands thus:
"Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
"*Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?*"

This line is likewise quoted in *Belvidere, or the Garden of the Muses*, 1610, p. 29. and in *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1600, p. 261. STEEVENS.

354. After Johnson's note.] Mr. Edwards proposes the same emendation, and supports it by a passage in *Hamlet*: "The *coroner* hath sat on her, and *finds it—Christian burial*." MALONE.

371. ——*never any thing so sudden, but* the fight of two rams.] So, in Laneham's *Account of Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment at Kennelworth Castle*, 1575: "——ootrageous in their racez az *rams* at their rut." STEEVENS.

376. To follow Steevens's note.] Perhaps we might read:
As those that *feign* they hope and know they fear.
——E.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

402. To follow Steevens's second note.] Perhaps the sentence is left imperfect, because he did not know by what name to call him. ——E.

405. Note [6].] *Sincklo* or *Sinkler* was certainly an actor in the same company with Shakspeare &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin &c. in the Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, and was also a performer in the entertainment entitled *The Seven Deadlie Sinns*. See p. 69.

Instead of *Sincklo*, *Player* should be prefixed to this line. MALONE.

VOL. III. T. OF THE SHREW. 408 *A room in the lord's house—Enter Sly* &c.] From the original stage-direction in the first folio it appears that Sly and all the persons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited in a balcony above the stage. The direction here is: "*Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*, &c." So afterwards at the end of this scene—"*The Presenters* above *speak*" MALONE.

412. After Steevens's note] For *old John Naps* of Greece read, *old John Naps* o' th' Green. ——E

In *The London Chanticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad entitled "George *o' the Green*" is mentioned. The addition seems to have been a common one MALONE.

415 After Steevens's note] In the old play (see p. 403) the players themselves use the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. —— F.

417. After Steevens's note *] Tranio is here descanting on academical learning, and mentions by name six of the seven liberal sciences. I suspect this to be a mis-print, made by some copyist or compositor, for *ethicks*. The sense confirms it. ——E.

430. ——*as many diseases as two and fifty horses.*] I suspect this passage to be corrupt, though I know not well how to rectify it—*The fifty diseases of a horse* seem to have been proverbial. So, in *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1608: "O stumbling jade! the spavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diseases* stop thee!" MALONE.

Ibid. ——*h'll rail in his* rope-tricks] *Rope-tricks* is certainly right.—*Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally signified abusive language, without any determinate idea, such language as parrots are taught to speak. So, in *Hudibras*:

"——Could tell what subt'lest parrots mean,
"That speak, and think contrary clean;
"What member 'tis of whom they talk,
"When they cry *rope*, and walk knave, walk."

The following passage in Wilson's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553, shews that this was the meaning of the term: "Another good fellow in the countrey being an officer and maiour of a toune, and desirous to speak like a fine learned man, having just occasion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, said after this wise in a great heate · Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumcision of my dampnacion, I will so corrupte thee that all vacation knaves shall take ill sample by thee." This the author in the margin calls "*rope*

ripe

ripe chiding." So, in *May-day*, a comedy by Chapman, 1611: "Lord! how you roll in your *rope-ripe* terms." MALONE.

436. After Steevens's note.] It is given in the first folio to Biondello. MALONE.

450. ——*from a wild* Kate *to a Kate.*] To follow Steevens's note.—The second folio reads:

——from a wild *Kat* to a Kate,

which is, I think, sufficient authority for the reading adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

460 *That we might beguile the* old Pantaloon.] By the *old Pantaloon* perhaps Gremio was meant. In the stage-direction for the first entrance, in the old copy, we meet, "Enter Baptista the father &c. *Gremio* a *Pantaloone.*" So, in a subsequent scene:

"We'll over-reach the *grey-beard* Gremio."
MALONE.

476. ——*fire, fire; cast on no water.*] There is an old popular catch of three parts, in these words:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
"Fire, fire;——Fire, fire;
"Cast on some more water." ——E.

494. *I fear it is too* phlegmatick *a meat*——] The first folio reads: ——too *cholerick* a meat——The reading of the text was furnished by the second folio. MALONE.

511 *That every thing I look on seemeth* green] Shakspeare's observations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has sat long in the sunshine, the surrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reason is assigned by many of the writers on optics. ——E.

VOLUME IV.

ALL's WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

VOL. IV. ALL's WELL &c.

Page 4. *O, that* had! *how sad a passage 'tis!*] Imitated from the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence (then translated) where Menedemus says:

"Filium unicum adolescentulum
"*Habeo*. Ah, quid dixi? *habere* me? imo
"——*habui* Chreme,
"Nunc *habeam* necne incertum est." ——E.

9. To follow Steevens's note] Mr Steevens's explanation of this word is supported by a passage in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, 1600: "O I have it in writing here of purpose; it cost me two shillings the *tricking*." MALONE.

14. ——*a traitress*—] To follow Steevens's note.——Falstaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says to Mrs Ford; "Thou art a *traitor* to say so." In his interview with her, he certainly meant to use the language of love. MALONE.

16. Add to my note.] Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"Yet let me wonder, Harry,
"At thy affections, which do hold a *wing*
"Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors."

MALONE.

17. *The mightiest space* &c.] I understand the meaning to be this—*The affections given us by Nature, often unite persons between whom Fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity, and cause them to join, like likes, (instar parium) like persons in the same situation or rank of life.*

If the author had written *spaces*, the passage would have been more clear; but he was confined by the metre.

The mightiest space in fortune, for *persons the most widely separated by Fortune*, is certainly a licentious expression; but it is such a licence as Shakspeare often takes. He might, perhaps, have written:

The

The mightieſt ſpace in nature, Fortune brings VOL. IV.
To join &c. ALL'S
Accident ſometimes unites thoſe whom inequality of rank has WELL &c.
ſeparated. MALONE.

19, 20. To follow Johnſon's note, p. 19.] Point thus:

He had the wit, which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords: but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn returns to them, un-noted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier. Contempt &c. ———E.

22. To follow Tyrwhitt's note] The reading of the old copy is ſupported by a ſimilar paſſage in *Cymbeline*:

" ——ſome jay of Italy
" Whoſe *mother* was her *painting*——."

Again, by another in the ſame play:

" ——No, nor thy taylor, raſcal,
" Who is thy *grandfather*; he made thoſe *cloaths*,
" Which, as it ſeems, *make* thee."

Here the garment is ſaid to be the father of the man:—in the text, the judgment, being employed ſolely in inventing new dreſſes, is called *the father of the garment*. MALONE.

23. To follow Johnſon's note] Cardinal Wolſey, after his diſgrace, wiſhing to ſhew king Henry a mark of his reſpect, ſent him his fool *Patch*, as a preſent, whom, ſays Stowe, " the king received very gladly." MALONE.

25. *You are ſhallow madam*, in *great friends*.] Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation of the paſſage is, I believe, right; but I would read, with leſs deviation from the text:

You are ſhallow, madam: *ev'n* great friends.

Ev'n and *in* are ſo near in ſound, that they might eaſily have been confounded by an inattentive hearer.

The ſame miſtake has happened in another place in this play. Act III. ſc. i. (folio 1623)

" *Lad*. What have we here?
" *Clown*. *In* that you have there."

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" No more but *in* a woman "

Again, in *Twelfth Night*, Act I. ſc. v. " 'Tis with him *in* ſtanding water, between boy and man &c."

The modern editors have rightly corrected all theſe paſſages, and read—" *Ev'n* that you have there"—" No more but *ev'n* a woman &c."

Ev'n was formerly contracted thus, *e'n*. [See Act IV. of this

VOL. IV. this play, sc. i. sixth speech, in the old copy.] Hence the
ALL'S mistake was the more easy. MALONE.
WELL &c. 34 *Yet in this captious and intenible sieve.*] By *captious*, I believe, Shakspeare only meant *recipient*, capable of *receiving* what is put into it; and by *intenible*, incapable of holding or retaining it. How frequently he and the other writers of his age confounded the active and passive adjectives, has been already more than once observed. MALONE.

50. Add to my note [9].] So, in *More Fooles yet*, by R. S. a collection of Epigrams, 4to, 1610:

"Moreover sattin sutes he doth compare
"Unto the service of a *barber's chayre*;
"As fit for every Jacke and journeyman,
"As for a knight or worthy gentleman" STEEVENS.

60. *Good alone is good* &c.] I have no doubt the meaning is—Good is good, independent on any worldly distinction or title: so, vileness is vile, in whatever state it may appear. The very same phraseology is found in *Macbeth*:

"Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
"Yet grace must still look *so*."

i. e. must still look like grace—like itself. MALONE.

61. ———*that is honour's scorn
Which challenges itself as* honour's born,
And is not like the sire.]

Perhaps we might read more elegantly—as *honour-born*,—honourably descended; the child of honour. MALONE.

64. After note [9].] *To comment* means *to assume the appearance of persons discoursing*. A similar stage-direction occurs in *The Merchant of Venice*: "A song—while Bassanio *comments* on the caskets to himself." MALONE.

78. Note [3].] Dr Warburton's explanation is confirmed inconteftably by these lines in the fifth act, in which Helena again repeats the substance of this letter:

"——there is your ring;
"And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:
"*When from my finger you can get this ring* &c."
MALONE.

86. *A right good creature*——] Add to my note.—The same expression is found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"*A right good creature*, more to me deserving,
"Than I can quit or speak of." MALONE.

95. *And*

95. *And lawful meaning.*——] Mr. Tollet's explanation appears to me rather ingenious than true. *And lawful* and *unlawful* are so near in sound, that I have no doubt the latter (which Sir T. Hanmer proposed) was the author's word.

This line, I think, is only a paraphrase on the foregoing.

MALONE.

96. *So we seem to know, is to know*——] I think the meaning is—Our seeming to know what we speak one to another, is *to make him* to know our purpose immediately; to discover our design to him.

To know, in the last instance, signifies *to make known.*

MALONE.

100. *I pri'thee do not strive against my vows.*] To follow Mr. Steevens's note.—There can, I think, be no doubt that this was Bertram's meaning. If Mr. Steevens's explanation wanted support, it might be had from a passage in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612, in which the duke *Brachiano*, after having declared that he would never more cohabit with his wife, uses the same expression, which Shakspeare has here given to Bertram:

" Henceforth *I'll never lie with thee*—by this,
" This ring————————
" ————————This my *vow*
" Shall never on my soul be satisfied,
" With my repentance: let thy brother rage
" Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-fight,
" My *vow* is fix'd."

In Mr Steevens's note, instead of——" in his letter to *her*,"—read—" in his letter to *the countess*." MALONE.

106. *Is it not meant damnable*——] We ought, I think to read:

Is it not *most* damnable—— MALONE.

112. ——*he was whip'd for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay*] *Innocent* does not here signify a person without guilt or blame; but means, in the good natured language of our ancestors, an *ideot* or *natural* fool. Agreeably to this sense of the word is the following entry of a burial in the parish Register of *Charlewood in Surrey*: " Thomas Sole, an *innocent* about the age of fifty years and upwards, buried 19th September, 1605." WHALLEY.

Doll Common in the *Alchemist*, being asked for her opinion of the *widow Pliant*, observes that she is—" a good dull *innocent*."

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nocent." Again, in *The Silent Woman*: "Do you think you had married some *innocent* out of the hospital, that would stand with her hands thus, and a playse mouth, and look upon you?" Again, in *I Would and Would not*, a poem, by B. N. 1614:

"I would I were an *innocent*, a foole,
"That can do nothing else but laugh or crie,
"And eate fat meate, and never goe to schoole,
"And be in love, but with an apple-pie;
"Weare a pide coate, a cockes-combe, and a bell,
"And think it did become me passing well."

See also Mr. Reed's note on Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, new edit. of Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. VIII. p. 24. STEEVENS.

115. *Men are to* mell *with*——] Add to my note—To *mell* is used by Marston, our author's contemporary, in the sense of *medling*, without the idea which Theobald imagines to be couched under the word in this place:

"To bite, to gnaw, and boldly to inter-*mell*
"With sacred things——".
Scourge of Villanie, B. iii. Sat. 9. MALONE

120. Hel. *Yet I pray you*——] To follow Dr. Johnson's note, p. 121.—I would read:

Yet I '*fray* you
But with the word: the time will bring &c.

And then the sense will be, "I only frighten you by mentioning the word *suffer*; for a short time will bring on the season of happiness and delight." ———E.

125. After note [5].] When Cromwell, in 1653, forcibly turned out the rump-parliament, he bid the soldiers "take away that *fool's bauble*," pointing to the speaker's mace.

———E.

138. ———*noble she was*,* and thought
I stood engaged.]

I have no doubt that *ingaged* (the reading of the folio) is right. *Gaged* is used by other writers, as well as by Shakspeare, for *engaged*. So, in a *Pastoral*, by Daniel, 1605:

"Not that the earth did *gage*
"Unto the husbandman &c.
"Her voluntary fruits, free without fees."

Ingaged in the sense of *unengaged*, is a word of exactly the same formation as *inhabitable*, which is used by Shakspeare and the contemporary writers for *uninhabitable*. MALONE.

144.] *Me-*

144. *Methought you ſaid*——] The poet has here forgot himſelf. Diana has ſaid no ſuch thing. ——E. Vol. IV. All's

145 *May juſtly diet me.*] To follow Mr. Collins's note.— I rather think the meaning is——*May juſtly loath* or *be weary of me*—as people generally are of a regimen or preſcribed *diet*. Well &c.

Malone.

146. *He did love her Sir*——but how?] *But how*, I believe, belongs to the king's next ſpeech:

But how, how I pray you?

This ſuits better with the king's apparent impatience and ſolicitude for Helena. Malone.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

154. ——*That breathes upon a bank of violets*——] Here Shakſpeare makes the South ſteal odour from the violet. In his 99th *Sonnet*, the violet is made the thief: Twelfth Night.

"The forward violet thus did I chide:
"Sweet thief, whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that ſmells,
"If not from my love's breath?" Malone.

161. *He hath indeed*, almoſt *natural*:] Mr. Upton propoſes to regulate this paſſage differently:

He hath indeed, *all*, *moſt* natural. Malone.

162. —*like a pariſh-top.*] "To ſleep like a *town-top*," is a proverbial expreſſion. A top is ſaid *to ſleep*, when it turns round with great velocity, and makes a ſmooth hummingnoiſe.

——E.

166. To follow Steevens's note *.] It appears from many paſſages in the old Engliſh plays, that in our author's time, curtains were hung before *all* pictures of any value. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, a tragedy, by Webſter, 1612:

"I yet but draw the *curtain*——now to your *picture*."

Malone.

180. *And leave the world no copy*] After Steevens's note.— Again, in his 9th *Sonnet*;

"Ah!

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" Ah! if thou issueless shall hap to die,
" The world will wail thee like a makeless wife,
" The world will be thy widow, and still weep
" *That thou no form of thee hast left behind.*"

Again, in the 13th *Sonnet:*

" O that you were yourself! but, love, you are
" No longer yours than you yourself here live:
" Against this coming end you should prepare,
" *And your sweet semblance to some other give.*"

MALONE.

185. *That sure methought* &c] After Steevens's note.—The word *sure*, which is wanting in the first folio, was supplied by the second. MALONE.

187. *Alas our frailty*——] The second folio gave the present reading. MALONE.

188. ——*an excellent breast*]. So, in *Antonio and Mellida*, by Marston, 1602:

" Boy, *sing* aloud; make heaven's vault to ring
" With thy *breast's* strength." MALONE.

190. *I did* impetticoat *thy gratuity.*] The old copy has:
I did *impeticos* thy *gratillity* MALONE.

210. *My* nettle *of India.*] To follow Steevens's note p 211.—The change was made by the editors of the second folio in 1632, probably from the original MS.; for of this play there is no quarto edition. MALONE.

212. ——*the lady of the strachy*——] To follow Steevens's note.—In B Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, a gingerbread woman is called *lady of the basket*. MALONE.

*213. *Or play with some rich jewel*] The old copy has:
——or play with *my* some rich jewel. MALONE.

Ibid. *Though our silence be drawn from us with* cars] The first folio reads *cars*; the second, apparently by an error of the press, *cares*. The reading proposed by Sir T. Hanmer, though I think it not right, is countenanced by a similar expression in Sir Philip Sidney's *Defence of Poesie:* " Poesie must not be drawn by the ears; it must be gently led."

MALONE

216. After Mr. Steevens's second note] I am afraid some very coarse and vulgar appellations are meant to be alluded to by these capital letters. ——— E.

219. Add after the second instance in note [5].] Again, in *Wherever you see me Trust unto Yourselfe, or the Mysterie of Lending and Borrowing*, &c. by Thomas Powell London-

Cam-

Cambrian, 1623. "——He goes to the scrivener's shop, where sodainly and unawares he finds him saying his praiers, while he was withal *crosse-gartering* of himselfe; and had he not knowne him better by his *crosse-garters* than by his praiers, questionless he had lost his labour."

STEEVENS.

228 *After the last enchantment you did hear.*] I have not the least doubt that Dr. Warburton's conjecture is right.—Throughout the first edition of our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word that we now spell *here*, is constantly written *heare*. So also in many other ancient books.

Viola had not simply *heard* that a ring had been sent; she had seen and talked with the messenger. Besides, "*after the last enchantment you did hear*," is so aukward an expression, that it is very unlikely to have been Shakspeare's.

MALONE.

233 Add to my note] So, in a *Dialogue of the Phœnix*, &c. by R. Chester, 1601:

"The little *wren* that *many young ones* brings"

STEEVENS.

Again, in *Sir Philip Sidney's Ourania*, a poem, by N B. 1606:

"The titmouse, and the *multiplying wren*"

MALONE.

234. *And thanks and ever: oft good turns*
Are shuffled off &c.]

In the second folio, whether by accident or design, these two lines are omitted. MALONE.

235. ——*'gainst the* duke *his gallies*] The only authentick copy of this play reads: ——the *count* his gallies. There is no need of change. *Orsino* is called *count* throughout this play, as often as *duke*. MALONE.

236. —*what bestow of him?*] Surely *of* is an error of the press, in the old copy, for *on*. MALONE.

239. ——*be opposite with a kinsman*——] *Opposite*, here, as in many other places, means——*adverse, hostile.*

MALONE.

251. ——*o'erflourish'd by the devil.*] To follow Steevens's note.—Again, in his 60th *Sonnet*:

"Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth."

The following lines in *K. Richard II.* as exhibited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600, confirm Mr. Steevens's observation:

"The purest treasure mortal times afford

"Is

"Is spotless reputation;——that away,
"Men are but *gilded trunks*, or painted clay." MALONE.

259. After Smith's note] Mr. Smith is, I believe, right. It appears from a passage in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1615, that the Italian proverb had been adopted in English: "O my lord, these *cloaks* are not for *this rain*." MALONE.

268. *Though I confess on base and ground enough,*] I once thought that these words were transposed at the press, and wished to read:

Though I confess, and on base ground enough,
Orsino's enemy——

But the old copy is right; *base* is here a substantive.

MALONE.

271. *A contract of eternal bond of love.*] I suspect the poet wrote:

A contract *and* eternal bond of love. MALONE.

272. Add to my note] This expression occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"The *case* of that huge sp'rit now is cold"

MALONE.

277. ——*where lie my* maid's *weeds.*] The old copy reads:

Where lie my *maiden* weeds.

The metre is rather hurt than improved by this unnecessary change. MALONE.

278. *A most* extracting *frenzy of mine own.*] Since I wrote my former note, I have met with a passage in the *Hystorie of Hamblet*, bl. l. 1608. Sig. C 2. that seems to support the reading of the old copy: "——to try if men of great account be *extract* out of their wits." MALONE.

Ibid. To follow Steevens's note.] I rather think the meaning is——*If you would have it read in character, as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a frantick tone.* MALONE.

279. *So much against the* mettal *of your sex*] The old copy reads, I think rightly:

So much against the *mettle* of your sex.

i. e. so much against the natural disposition of your sex. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——thy undaunted *mettle* should compose
"Nothing but males."

The reading which has been substituted, affords, in my apprehension, no meaning. *Mettle* is here, as in many other places, used for *spirit*, or rather for *timidity*, or *deficiency of spirit*.

Our

Our author has taken the same licence in *All's Well that ends Well:*

"'Tis only *title* thou disdain'st in her——"

i. e. the *want* of title. Again, in *K. Rich. III:*

"The *forfeit*, sovereign, of my servant's life."

i. e the *remission* of the forfeit. MALONE.

281. Then *cam'st in smiling.*] This passage, as it now stands, is ungrammatical. I suppose we may safely read:

Thou cam'st in smiling. MALONE.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

297. *And* clap *thyself my love*——] After Steevens's note.—Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"————The hour draws on,
"At the new-married widow's; there we are look'd-for;
"There will be entertainments, sports and banquets;
"There these young lovers shall *clap hands* together."

MALONE.

308. ——*wishing clocks more swift.*] There should be a note of interrogation after *swift*. MALONE.

309 *Why he that wears her like* her *medal*——] I suspect the poet wrote:——like *a* medal—— So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"——a loss of her,
"That like *a* jewel has hung twenty years
"About his neck, yet never lost her lustre."

The word *her* having occurred just before in the line, the compositor probably repeated it inadvertently. MALONE.

312. ——*If I could find example* &c.] An allusion to the death of the queen of Scots. The play therefore was written in king James's time. MALONE.

317. *Part of his theme* &c.] Add to my note.—We meet a similar phraseology in *Twelfth Night:* "Do me this courteous office as to know of the knight what my offence to him is; it is *something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.*"

MALONE.

323. *But*

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323. *But with her most vile principal*——] In my note, for *alone* read *only*. Add—It has the same signification again in this scene:

"He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty,
"*But* that he speaks." MALONE.

Ibid. *He who shall speak for her, is, afar off guilty,*
But that he speaks]

To follow Johnson's note—Dr Johnson is certainly right. The same expression occurs in *K. Henry V.*

"Or shall we sparingly shew you *far off*
"The dauphin's meaning?" MALONE

326. *The second and the third nine, and some five*] This line appears obscure, because the word *nine* seems to refer to both "*the second and the third.*" But it is sufficiently clear, referendo singula singulis. *The second is of the age of nine, and the third is* some *five years old*

The same expression, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *K. Lear:*

"For that I am, *some* twelve or fourteen moonshines,
"Lag of a brother." MALONE.

328. ——do *push on this proceeding*] The old copy reads: ——*doth* push &c. which is more accurate than what hath been silently substituted in its place:

"——Camillo's flight,
"Added to their familiarity,
"——*doth* push on this proceeding" MALONE.

344. To follow Johnson's note*] It is frequently used in the former sense in *Othello*, Act V.

"He says thou told'st him that his wife was *false.*"

Again:

"——Thou art rash as fire
"To say that she was *false.*" MALONE.

345. *With what encounter* &c.] *To strain*, I believe, here signifies *to swerve.* The wo[illegible] occurs again nearly in the same sense in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Nor aught so good b[illegible]om that fair use,
"Revolts——"

A bed-*swerver* has already o[illegible]cured in this [illegible].

[illegible]ALONE.

351. *Thou would'st have poison'd good Camillo's honour.*] [illegible] should Paulina know this? No one had charged the king with this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgot this circumstance. MALONE.

360. *And*

360. *And leave the* growth *untry'd*——] To follow Johnson's note [3].] Dr. Johnson's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a subsequent passage:

"I turn my glass, and give my scene such *growing*,
"As you had slept between"

So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"Now to Marina bend your mind,
"Whom our fast-*growing scene* must find." MALONE.

364. *Missingly noted.*] The sense is, I think, improved by Sir T. Hanmer's conjecture, which I believe to be right. "I have *musingly noted*," means, *I have viewed with admira*[illegible]. So, in Holinshed's *Chron.* p. 921. "It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlemen, to *muse* what it should mean." Again, in our author's *Macbeth*:

"*Muse* not, my worthy friends——." MALONE.

379. In my note, for 1608, *read* 1613. And add—Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"————what a brow,
"Of what a spacious majesty he carries,
"Arch'd like the great-ey'd *Juno's*,——"

Spenser, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid*:

"Upon her eye-*lids* many graces sate,
"Under the shadow of her even brows."
Faery Queen, B. II. c. iii. st. 25.

Again, in his 40th *Sonnet*:

"When on each eye-*lid* sweetly do appear
"An hundred graces as in shade they sit."
MALONE.

390. To follow Steevens's note.] Again, in Fitz-Jeoffery's *Satires and Satirical Epigrams*, 1617:

"O Venus, how *a'-life* I favour it!" MALONE.

391. —*and was turn'd into a* [illegible]*old fish*, for *she* &c.] *For* has has here the signification of [illegible]*use*. So, in *Othello*:

"——or *for* I am [illegible]'d
"Into the v[illegible]e of years."

Again [illegible]

"H[illegible]y *for* I am black." MALONE.

398. *Looks on alike.*] This is sense; but I suspect that a word was omitted at the press, and that the poet wrote:

Looks on *both* alike. MALONE.

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404. *Your pardon Sir, for this;*
I'll blush you thanks]
Should not this passage be rather pointed thus?
Your pardon Sir; for this
I'll blush you thanks. MALONE.

408. —*and then your blood had been the dearer by I knew how much an ounce.*] I suspect that a word was omitted at the press. We might, I think, safely read: —by I know *not* how much an ounce. MALONE.

409. Add to my note [8]] So, in *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis, or Lust's Prodigies,* &c. 1607:
"Leave we him *touz'd* in care, for worldly wee,
"Love to leave great men in their miserie."
STEEVENS.

415. ——*the former queen is well?*] i. e. at rest; dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra,* this phrase is said to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:
"*Mess.* First, madam, he is *well?*
"*Cleop.* Why there's more gold; but sirrah, mark;
"We use to say, *the dead* are *well*; bring it to that,
"The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
"Down thy ill-uttering throat."
So, in *Romeo and Juliet,* Balthazar speaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be *dead,* says:
"Then she is *well,* and nothing can be ill."
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.
"*Ch. Just.* How does the king?
"*War.* Exceeding *well.* His cares are now all ended.
"*Ch. Just.* I hope not *dead.*
"*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature."
Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore certainly inadmissible. MALONE.

426. *Who was most* marble *there, changed colour.*] I rather think, *marble* here means, *hard-hearted, unfeeling.* MALONE.

434. *The* fixure *of her eye hath motion in it.*] To follow Steevens's note.—The reading of the old copy is strongly confirmed by our author's 88th *Sonnet,* where we meet a similar thought:
"—Your sweet hue, which methinks still doth *stand,*
"Hath *motion,* and mine eye may be deceived."
MALONE.

436. *And from your* sacred vials *pour your graces*—] The expression seems to have been taken from the sacred writings: "And I heard a great voice out of the temple, saying to the seven

angels, go your ways, and *pour out the vials* of the wrath of God upon the earth" Rev. xvi. 1. MALONE. Vol. IV. Winter's Tale.

444. After Steevens's note [3].] "——Some say, they [witches] can keepe devils and spirits, in the likeness of todes and cats." Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book I. c. 4. TOLLET.

MACBETH.

445. *And Fortune on his damned* quarrel *smiling*——] After Steevens's note — The reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, and his explanation of it, are strongly supported by a passage in our author's *King John*: Macbeth.

"——And put his *cause* and *quarrel*
"To the disposing of the cardinal" MALONE.

447. ——*unseam'd him from the nave to the chops*,] At the end of note [3] — The old reading is supported by the following passage in an unpublished play, entitled *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton.

"Draw it, or I'll rip thee down from *neck* to *navel*,
"Though there's small glory in't——." MALONE.

448. *As whence the sun* &c.] To follow Steevens's note p. 449.—Sir William Davenant's alteration of this passage affords a reasonably good comment upon it:

"But then this day-break of our victory
"Serv'd but to light us into other dangers,
"That spring from whence our hopes did seem to rise"
MALONE.

450. *As cannons overcharg'd with double* cracks.] This word is used in the old play of *K. John*, 1591, and applied, as here, to ordnance:

"——as harmless and without effect,
"As is the echo of a cannon's *crack*." MALONE.

451. ——*should he look*
That seems to speak strange things.]

To follow Steevens's note [1]. p. 452.—i. e. that seems *about* to speak strange things. Our author himself furnishes us with the best comment on this passage. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet with nearly the same idea:

"The business of this man *looks out of him*."

 Again,

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Again, in *All's Well that ends Well:*
"——Her business looks in her
"With an *importing visage.*"
Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*
"And let your prologue *seem* to *say* &c"
Surely there is no need of alteration. Sir W. Davenant reads:
——that *comes* to speak strange things. MALONE.

455. Add to note [1] Again, in the author's invocation to *Whatever you please, trust in to yourselfe, or the Mysterie of Lending and Borrowing. Seria Jocis, or the Talking Torture*, by Thomas Powell, London Cambrion, 1623.
"Thou spirit ... a quondam cooke,
"Thy hungry poet doth thee now invoke,
"T' infuse in him the juice of *rumpe* or *kidney*.
"And he shall sing as sweet as ere did Sidney."
STEEVENS.

456. *And the very* points *they blow*——] To follow Steevens's note [3].—The substituted word was first given by Sir William Davenant, who in his alteration of this play, has retained the old, while at the same time he furnished the modern editors with the new, reading.
"I myself have all the other——
"And then from every *port* they blow,
"From all the *points* that seamen know." MALONE.

464. ——Silenced *with that*——] i. e wrap'd in silent wonder at the deeds performed by Macbeth, &c.
MALONE.

466. *That,* trusted *home*——] Surely we ought to read—*thrusted.* The error is, I find, as old as the first folio. The added word, *home*, clearly shews, in my apprehension, that *trusted* [i. e. confided in] was not the author's word.

Thrusted is the regular participle from the verb *to thrust*, and, though now not often used, was perhaps common in the time of Shakspeare. So we meet in *K. Henry V:*
"With *casted* slough, and fresh legerity." MALONE.

468. *Time and the hour*——] Add to my note, p. 469.—Again, in our author's 126th *Sonnet:*
"O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power,
"Do'st hold *Time's* fickle glass, his fickle, *hour*——"
MALONE.

470. *There's no art*
To find the mind's construction *in the face.*]
The meaning, I think, is—*We cannot* construe *or discover* the

the disposition of the mind by the lineaments of the face. The same expression occurs in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.*

"*Construe* the times to their necessities."

In *Hamlet* we meet a kindred phrase:

"These profound heaves
"You must *translate*, 'tis fit we understand them."

Our author again alludes to his grammar, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Vol IX p. 61.

"I'll *decline* the whole question."

Dr Johnson seems to have understood the word *construction* in this place, in the sense of *frame* or *structure*; but the school-term was, I believe, [illegible].—In his 93d *Sonnet*, we find a contrary sentiment asserted.

"In many's looks the *false heart's history*
"Is writ." Malone.

471. *More is thy due* than more than all can pay] More is due to thee, than, I will not say *all*, but, *more* than all, i. e. the greatest recompence, can pay.

There is an obscurity in this line, arising from the word *all*, which is not used here personally (more than all persons can pay), but for the whole wealth of the speaker. So, more clearly, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"*More* than *my all* is nothing."

This line appeared obscure to Sir William Davenant, for he has altered it thus:

"I have only left to say
"That thou deservest *more than I have to pay.*"

Malone.

Ibid. *Safe toward your love and honour.*]

Safe (i. e saved) toward *you* love and honour; and then the sense will be—"Our duties are your children, and servants or vassals to your throne and state; who do but what they should, by doing every thing with a saving of their love and honour toward you." The whole is an allusion to the forms of doing homage in the feudal times. The oath of allegiance, or *liege homage*, to the king was absolute and without any exception; but *simple homage*, when done to a subject for lands holden of him, was always with a *saving* of the allegiance (the *love* and *honour*) due to the sovereign. "*Sauf la foy que jeo doy a nostre seignor le roy*," as it is in Lyttleton. And though the expression be somewhat stiff and forced, it is not more so than many others in this play, and suits well with the situation of Macbeth, now beginning to

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waver in his allegiance. For, as our author elsewhere says,

"When love begins to sicken and decay,
"It useth an enforced ceremony." ——E.

472. ——*My plenteous joys,*
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.]
"——Lacrimas non sponte cadentes
"Effudit, gemitusque expressit pectore læto."
Lucan, lib. ix. MALONE.

Ibid. *From hence to Inverness,*
And bind us further to you.]
The circumstance of Duncan's visiting Macbeth, is supported by history; for, from the Scotish Chronicle it appears that it was customary for the king to make a progress through his dominions every year. "Inerat ei [Duncano] laudabilis consuetudo regni pertransire regiones semel in anno." *Fordun. Scotichron.* lib. iv. c. 44.

"Singulis annis ad inopum querelas audiendas perlustrabat provincias." Buchan. lib. vii. MALONE.

476. *The raven himself is hoarse*——] Sir W. D'avenant seems to have viewed this passage in the same light in which it appeared to Dr. Warburton; for he reads

"There would be musick in a raven's voice,
"Which should but croak the entrance of the king."
MALONE.

Ibid. To follow note [9].] It was added by Sir William Davenant. MALONE.

Ibid. ——*nor keep peace between*
The effect and it.]
Add to my note, p. 477.—A similar expression is found in a book which our author is known to have read, the *Tragicall Hystorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"In absence of her knight, the lady no way could
"*Keep truce between her griefs and her*, though ne'er so fayne she would." MALONE.

478. *That my keen knife*——] This word has been objected to, as being connected with the most sordid offices, and therefore unsuitable to the great occasion on which it is used. But, however mean it may sound to a modern ear, it was formerly a word of sufficient dignity, and is constantly used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as synonymous to *dagger*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*;

"——If

"——If *knife*, drugs, serpents have
"Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe."

Again, ibid.

"——He is dead, Cæsar,
"Not by a hired *knife*——"

In the same play, we meet a marginal direction to Cleopatra to "draw a *knife*." Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

"——to keep your royal person
"From treason's secret *knife*."

Again in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*Knife*, lie thou there!"

Again, ibid.

"'Twixt my extremes and me, this bloody *knife*
"Shall play the umpire."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:

"—That should against his murderer shut the door,
"Not bear the *knife* myself."

Here it certainly was used for *dagger*, for it appears that Duncan was murdered with a dagger. Again, in Seneca's *Hercules Oeteus*, translated by Newton, 1581:

"But treason black, pale envy, deep deceipt,
"With privie *knife* of murder, step in streight."

In the Induction to *A Warning for Faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599, the following stage direction occurs: "Enter at one door *Historie* with drum and engine, *Tragedie* at another, in her one hand a whip, in the other hand a *knife*."

This term, however, appears to have lost its ancient signification, and to have been debased in the time of Sir W. Davenant, for he has substituted another in its place:

"That my keen *steel* see not the wound it makes,
"Nor heav'n peep through the *curtains* of the dark &c."

I do not see that much is obtained by this last alteration. Sir W. Davenant seemed not willing to quit the bed. If we were at liberty to make any change, I should prefer *mantle*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Come, civil *night*
"With thy black *mantle*."

But *blanket* was without doubt the poet's word, and perhaps was suggested by the word *coverture* in the passage above quoted, note [6]. MALONE.

479. To follow Steevens's note [4].] Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——and make stale
"The glist'ring of *this present*."

Again,

Again, in *Coriolanus:*
"Shall I be charg'd no further than this *present*"
MALONE.

480. ——*To beguile the time,*
Look like the time——]
This expression is also found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher.
"——Let's go off,
"And *bear us like the time.*" MALONE.

Ibid. After Steevens's second note.] The *eighth* book of Daniel's *Civil Wars* was not published, I believe, till after *Macbeth* had been acted. An edition of his Works, printed in folio, in 1602, contains only six books of the *Civil Wars.* MALONE.

481. *This castle hath a pleasant seat*,] This short dialogue between Duncan and Banquo, whilst they are approaching the gates of Macbeth's castle, has always appeared to me a striking instance of what in painting is termed *repose*. Their conversation very naturally turns upon the beauty of its situation, and the pleasantness of the air; and Banquo observing the martlet's nests in every recess of the cornice, remarks, that where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is delicate. The subject of this quiet and easy conversation gives that repose so necessary to the mind after the tumultuous bustle of the preceding scenes, and perfectly contrasts the scene of horror that immediately succeeds. It seems as if Shakspeare asked himself, What is a prince likely to say to his attendants on such an occasion? Whereas the modern writers seem, on the contrary, to be always searching for new thoughts, such as would never occur to men in the situation which is represented.—This also is frequently the practice of Homer, who from the midst of battles and horrors, relieves and refreshes the mind of the reader, by introducing some quiet rural image, or picture of familiar domestick life.
SIR J. REYNOLDS.

486. ——*I have no* spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition——]
So, in *The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607:
"Why think you, lords, that 'tis *ambition's spur*,
"That *pricketh* Cæsar to these high attempts?"
MALONE.

487. *Was the hope drunk*——] The same expression is found in *K. John*

"Oh

" Oh where hath our intelligence been *drunk*,
" Where hath it *slept?*" MALONE.

489. *But screw your courage* to the sticking place,] At the end of note [5]—Sir William Davenant entirely misunderstood this passage. By *the sticking place*, he seems to have thought the poet meant *the* stabbing *place*, the place where Duncan was to be wounded; for he reads,

" Bring but your courage to the *fatal* place,
" And we'll not fail." MALONE.

492. *Their candles are all out*.] The same expression occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Night's *candles* are *burnt out*." MALONE.

493. After note [5].] *To-night* was first introduced by Sir W. Davenant. MALONE.

497. After note [4].] *Now* was inserted by Sir W. Davenant. MALONE.

498. *With Tarquin's ravishing strides*——] After Steevens's note—Mr. Steevens's observation is confirmed by many instances that occur in our ancient poets. So, in a passage by J. Sylvester, cited in *England's Parnassus*, 1600:

" Anon he stalketh with an *easy stride*
" By some clear river's lillie-paved side."

Again, in our author's *K. Rich. II.*

" Nay rather every *tedious stride* I make——"

Thus also the Roman poets:

" ——*vestigia* furtim
" *Suspenso* digitis fert *taciturna gradu*."
Ovid. Fasti.

" Furtim *ei ite* per mœsta silentia *magnis*
" *Passibus*." *Statius*, lib. x.

It is observable, that Shakspeare, when he has occasion, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, to describe the action here alluded to, uses a similar expression; and probably would have used this very word, if he had not been fettered by the rhime:

" Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks*." MALONE.

501. To follow Steevens's note.] In Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Wilford and his mistress's sister eat a posset on the stage, before he retires to rest. MALONE.

505. — *the multitudinous seas incarnardine*.] By *the multitudinous seas* the poet, I suppose, meant, not the various seas, or seas of every denomination, as the Caspian &c. but the seas which swarm with myriads of inhabitants. Thus Homer:

" Ποντον επ' ΙΧΘΥΟΕΝΤΑ φιλων απανευθε φερεσιν."

The

VOL. IV. MACBETH. The word is used by Ben Jonson.—It is objected by a rhetorical commentator on our author, that Macbeth in his present disposition of mind would hardly have adverted to a property of the sea, which has so little relation to the object immediately before him; and if Macbeth had really spoken this speech in his castle of Invernesse, the remark would be just. But the critick should have remembered, that this speech is not the real effusion of a distempered mind, but the composition of Shakspeare; of that poet, who has put a circumstantial account of an apothecary's shop into the mouth of Romeo, the moment after he has heard the fatal news of his beloved Juliet's death;—and has made Othello, when in the anguish of his heart he determines to kill his wife, digress from the object which agitates his soul, to describe minutely the course of the Pontick sea. MALONE.

Ibid. *Making the green one red*] This thought is also found in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"Thou mighty one that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple." MALONE.

506. *My hands are of your colour*——] A similar antithesis is found in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

"Your cheeks are black, let not your *soul* look *white*."
MALONE.

508. To follow Dr. Farmer's note.—From the following passages in *The Scornful Lady*, by B. and Fletcher, which appeared about the year 1613, it may be collected that *large* breeches were then in fashion:

"*Young Lov.* If it be referred to him [Savil, the old steward] if I be not found in carnation Jersie stockings, blue devils breeches with the gardes down, and my pocket in the sleeves, I'll ne'er look you in the face again.

"*Sav.* A comlier wear, I wiss, it is, than your *dangling* slops."

Again: "Steward, this is as plain as your old *minikin breeches*." MALONE.

513. Add at the beginning of note [6]] I once thought that the author wrote *bath'd*; but *badg'd* is certainly right. So, in the second &c. MALONE.

514. *His silver skin laced with his golden blood.*] We meet the same antithesis in many other places. Thus, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"——to see the fish
"Cut with her *golden* oars the *silver* stream."

Again,

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" Spread o'er the *silver* waves thy *golden* hairs."

MALONE.

516. *Look to the lady*——] So, in *Pericles*, 1609:

" *Look to the lady!*—Oh—she's but o'erjoy'd."

MALONE.

517. *Against the undivulg'd pretence.*] To follow note [2] —*Pretence* is generally used by Shakspeare for some *clandestine scheme or plot*; which I apprehend to be the case here.

MALONE.

521. Lay *your command*——] To follow Steevens's note [2].—The change was suggested by Sir W. Davenant's alteration of this play:

" Your majesty *lays* your commands on me,
" To which my duty is to obey." MALONE.

Ibid. *And* I'll *request your presence*] I cannot help suspecting this passage corrupt, and would wish to read:

And *I* request your presence.

Macbeth is speaking of the present, and not of any future time. Sir W. Davenant, plausibly enough, reads

And *all* request your presence. MALONE.

523. ——*as it is said*
Marc Antony's was by Cæsar.]

After Johnson's note.—These words were rejected by Sir W. Davenant MALONE.

525. *How you were* borne in hand——] To follow Steevens's note. p. 526.—To *bear in hand*, is to sooth with hope, and fair prospects. MALONE.

526 *We are* men *my liege*] That is; we have the same feelings as the rest of mankind, and, *as men*, are not without a *manly resentment* for the wrongs which we have suffered, and which you have now recited.

I should not have thought so plain a passage wanted an explanation, if it had not been mistaken by Dr. Grey, who says, " they don't answer in the name of *Christians*, but as *men*, whose humanity would hinder them from doing a barbarous act." This false interpretation he has endeavoured to support by the well-known line of Terence:

" Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."

That amiable sentiment does not appear very suitable to a cut-throat.— They urge their manhood, in my opinion, in order to shew Macbeth their willingness, not their aversion, to execute his orders. MALONE.

532. But

532. *But in them Nature's copy's not eterne.*] Dr. Johnson's interpretation is supported by a subsequent passage in this play:

"——and our high-plac'd Macbeth
"Shall live the *lease of Nature*, pay his breath
"To time and mortal custom."

Again, by our author's 13th *Sonnet*:

"So should that beauty which you hold in *lease*
"Find no determination." MALONE.

Ibid. ——*ere the bat hath flown*
His cloyster'd *flight.*]

Bats are often seen flying round *cloysters*, in the dusk of the evening, for a considerable length of time. MALONE.

Ibid. *The shard borne beetle*] is the cock-chaffer. Sir W. Davenant appears not to have understood the epithet, for he has given, instead of it,

——the *sharp-brow'd* beetle. MALONE.

537. *Our hostess keeps her* state.] To follow Steevens's note.—A *state* appears to have been a royal chair with a canopy over it. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"This *chair* shall be my *state*."

Again, in Sir Thomas Herbert's *Memoirs of Charles I*: "The gentlemen that formerly waited, were permitted to perform their respective services in the presence, where *a state* was placed." Again, ibid. "Where being *set*, the king *under a state* at the end of the room——" Again, in *The View of France*, 1598: "Espying the *chayre* not to stand well under the *state*, he mended it handsomely himself, and then set him down to give them audience——." Again, in *Cambyses*, a tragedy: "On the very rushes where the comedy is to dance, yea and *under* the *state* of Cambyses himself." MALONE.

543. *The arm'd rhinoceros or the* Hyrcan *bear.*] To follow Tollet's note.—Sir W. Davenant first read *Hyrcanian*. In *The Third Part of K. Henry VI.* we meet—the tygers of *Hyrcania*. MALONE.

544. Overcome *us like a summer's cloud.*] Add to my note.—So, in *K. Richard II*:

"This ague fit of fear is *over blown*."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

"And like a hermit *over-pass'd* thy days."

Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"But ere they come bid them *o'er-read* these letters."

Again,

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

" Outstripping crows that strive to *over fly* them."

The word *overcome* is used by the author of *The Lamentation of Marie Magdalene*, in the same sense as it is in the text:

" With blode *overcome* were both his eyen "

MALONE.

546. *Maggot-pies*——] To follow Steevens's note —*Magot-pies* was changed to *magpies* by Sir W. Davenant

MALONE.

547 *You lack the season*——] Add to my note.—So also, by B. and Fletcher in *The Scornful Lady*

" You have a *season* of your first mother in you."

MALONE.

548 To follow Steevens's note ¹.] Shakspeare seems to have been unjustly censured for introducing Hecate among the modern witches Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, book iii. c 2 and c 10 and book xii c. 3. mentions it is the common opinion of all writers, that witches were supposed to have nightly " meetings with Herodias, and the Pagan gods, and " that in the night times they ride abroad with *Diana*, the goddess of the Pagans &c "—Their dame or chief leader seems always to have been an old Pagan, as " the ladie Sibylla, Minerva, or *Diana* " TOLLET.

550. *Who cannot want the thought*——] The sense requires

Who can want the thought——

Yet, I believe, the text is not corrupt. Shakspeare is sometimes incorrect in these minutiæ. MALONE.

552 ——*our suffering country*,
Under a hand accurs'd]

There should not be a point after *country*. The construction is—our country suffering under a hand accursed

MALONE.

557 *Black spirits and white,*
Blue spirits and grey,]

The modern editors have silently deviated from Sir W. Davenant's alteration of *Macbeth*, from which this song hath been copied. Instead of " *Blue* spirits and gray," we there find " *Red* spirits &c." which is certainly right. In a passage already quoted by Dr. Johnson, from Camden, fairies are said to be *red*, black, and white.

Since the above was written, I have seen Middleton's MS. play

VOL. IV. MACBETH. play entitled *The Witch*, in which this song is found; and there also the line stands:

Red spirits and gray. MALONE.

561. ——————*untill*
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.]

Prophesies of apparent impossibilities were common in Scotland; such as the removal of one place to another. Under this popular prophetick formulary the present prediction may be ranked. In the same strain peculiar to his country, says Sir David Lindsay:

" Quhen the Bas and the Isle of May
" Beis set upon the Mount Sinay,
" Quhen the Lowmound besyde Falkland
" Be liftit to Northumberland——."

WARTON.

562. *And thy air*——] To follow Johnson's note [6].—In support of Dr. Johnson's emendation, it may be observed, that the common people (of which rank the person who recited these plays to the transcriber probably was) almost universally pronounce the word *air*, as if it were written *hair*, and vice versa. MALONE.

563. ——*to the* crack *of doom*] To follow Steevens's note [7].—It was used so lately as the latter end of the last or the beginning of the present century, in a translation of one of the odes of Horace:

" ——Unmov'd he hears the mighty *crack*——."

MALONE.

575. His *title is affear'd*] The reading of the old copy, with the change of only one letter, affords an easy sense:

Thy title is affear'd.

Poor country! wear thou thy wrongs! thy *title to them is now fully established by law.*—Or perhaps he addresses himself to Malcolm—*Since you are so passive, continue to suffer the injury you now sustain: thy title is established by thy own pusilanimity.*

The was, I conceive, merely the transcriber's mistake, from the similar sounds of *the* and *thy*, which are frequently pronounced alike.

For the substituted reading, *his*, there is no authority.

MALONE.

577. ——*summer*-seeming.] Read—summer *seeding*. The allusion is to plants; and the sense is, " Avarice is a perennial weed; it has a deeper and more pernicious root than *lust*,

lust, which is a mere annual, and lasts but for a summer, when it sheds its seed and decays." ——E.

578. *All these are* portable.] *Portable* is, I think, here used for *supportable*; and ought to be printed with a mark of elision — *All these vices, being balanced by your virtues, may be endured.* MALONE.

Ibid. *Dy'd ev'ry day she liv'd.*] The expression is borrowed from the sacred writings: "I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus, *I die daily.*" MALONE.

579. ——*and modest wisdom plucks me*
From over-credulous haste]
From over hasty credulity. MALONE.

583. Add to my note.] Again, in a poem by our author, entitled *The Lover's Complaint:*

"My woeful self that did in freedom stand,
"And was my own *fee simple.*" MALONE.

586. *This tune goes manly.*] To follow Steevens's note.— Rowe's emendation is supported by a former passage in this play, where the word which he has introduced is used in a similar manner:

"*Macb.* Went it not so?
"*Banq.* To the self-same *tune* and words."
MALONE.

592. *Shall never sagg with doubt*——] To follow Steevens's note [7]. p. 593.—Again, in *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "He tooke exceptions to the traveler's bag, which he wore *sagging* down his belly before." MALONE.

593. *Where got thou that* goose *look?*] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote

Where got thou that *ghost* look?

still alluding to his paleness. This agrees with all the other epithets—*cream-fac'd*—*linen cheeks*—*whey-fac'd.*

Sir W. Davenant omits the line, but reads afterwards—*What! Ghosts?*—instead of—*Geese, villain!*

In this latter place I think *geese* right. In the former the mistake might have arisen from the similarity of the sounds. The old copy, however, it must be acknowledged, may be supported by this passage in *Coriolanus:*

"——ye souls of *geese*,
"That bear the shape of men, how have ye run
"From slaves that apes would beat?" MALONE.

594. ——*my* May *of life*—] Add to my note [4]. p. 595.— The mistake, however, which is supposed to have happened in

VOL. IV. MACBETH. in the text here, has likewise happened in Massinger's *Roman Actor*, 1622:

"——when I was mistress of myself,
"And in my *way* of youth pure and untainted——"

where *way* is clearly an error of the press. MALONE.

596. *Cleanse the* foul *bosom of that perilous stuff.*] To follow Steevens's note [7].—The recurrence of the word *stuff* in the original copy is certainly unpleasing; but I have no doubt that the old reading is the true one, because Shakspeare was extremely fond of such repetitions. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we meet:

"Now for the *love* of *love*——"

Again, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

"The greatest *grace* lending *grace*."

Again, ibid.

"——with what good speed
"Our *means* will make us *means*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII*.

"Is *only* grievous to me *only* dying."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Upon his brow *shame* is *asham'd* to sit."

Again, ibid.

"*Confusion's* cure lives not in these *confusions*."

Again, ibid.

"No sudden *mean* of death, though ne'er so *mean*."

Again, ibid.

"These *times* of *woe* afford no *time* to *woo*."

Again, in *K. John*:

"For by this knot thou shalt so *surely* tie
"Thy now *unsur'd assurance* to the crown."

Again, ibid.

"I *trust* I may not *trust* thee."

Again, ibid.

"*Believe* me, I do not *believe* thee man."

Again, in this play of *Macbeth*:

"Those he *commands* move only in *command*."

Again, ibid.

"By the *grace* of *grace*."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"I *charge* thee use her well, even for my *charge*."

With respect to the word *stuft*, however mean it may sound at present, it, like many other terms, has been debased by time, and appears to have been formerly considered as a word proper

proper to be used in passages of the greatest dignity. Thus, we meet in *Hamlet*:

"If thou art made of penetrable *stuff*——."

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*Stuff'd* as they say with honourable parts."

Again, ibid.

"With un*stuff'd* brain."

Again, in the *Winter's Tale*:

"Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
"Of *stuff'd* sufficiency——"

Again, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"Ambition should be made of sterner *stuff*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"There's in him *stuff* that puts him to these ends."

Again, in *Othello*.

"Horribly *stuff'd* with epithets of war——"

Again, ibid.

"Yet do I hold it very *stuff* of the conscience
"To do no contriv'd murder."

On which passage Dr Johnson observes, that "*stuff* in the Teutonick languages is a word of great force. The elements (he adds) are called in Dutch *hoefd stoffen*, or *head stuffs*."

Again, in *The Tempest*, in a passage where the author certainly aimed at dignity:

"—And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
"Leave not a rack behind —We are such *stuff*
"As dreams are made of."

Spenser also affords an authority to the same purpose:

"And wants the *stuff* of wisdom him to stay."

Faery Queen MALONE.

601. *The way to* dusty *death*] To follow Steevens's note [a].—The reading of the first folio may be supported by a line written by Sir Philip Sydney on the same subject, which perhaps our author might have remembered:

"Our life is but a step in *dusty way*." MALONE.

602. Add, after the first instance in my note.]

Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse* &c. 1593: "Who would have thought, or could have imagined, to have found the witt of Pierce so starved and *clunged*?" Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"My wither'd corps with deadly cold is *clung*."

Again, in Heywood's *Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas*, 1637:

 "His

"His entrails with long faſt and hunger *clung*——"

STEEVENS.

608. ——*before my body*
I throw *my warlike ſhield.*]

One might be tempted to think that Shakſpeare had this expreſſion, which is uncommon, from Spenſer:

"Her ample *ſhield* ſhe *threw* before her façe."
Faery Queen, B. III c. xi ſt 25. MALONE.

609. *Thy kingdom's pearl.*] Add to my note, p. 610.—We meet a ſimilar metaphor in *Othello*:

"The *riches* of the ſhip is come aſhore"

MALONE.

VOLUME V.

KING JOHN.

Page 3. After Dr. Farmer's note.] The first edition of *The Troublesome Raigne of John King of England, with the Discoverie of King Richard Cordelion's base Son, vulgarly named the Bastard Fawconbridge: also the Death of King John at Swinstead Abbey—As it was (sundry Times) publikely acted by the Queene's Majesties Players in the honourable Citie of London.*— Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke, 1591—has no author's name in the title. On the republication in 1611, the printer, who inserted the letters W. Sh. in order to conceal his fraud, omitted the words—*publikely*——*in the honourable Citie of London*, which he was aware would proclaim this play not to be Shakspeare's *King John*; the company to which he belonged having no *publick* theatre in London: that in Blackfriars being a private play-house, and the Globe, which was a publick theatre, being situated in Southwark. He also, probably, with the same view, omitted the following lines addressed *to the Gentlemen Readers*, which are prefixed to the first edition of the old play:

" You that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
" Have entertain'd *the Scythian Tamburlaine*,
" And given applause unto an infidel;
" Vouchsafe to welcome, with like curtesie,
" A warlike Christian and your countryman.
" For Christ's true faith indur'd he many a storme,
" And set himselfe against the man of *Rome*,
" Until base treason by a damned wight
" Did all his former triumphs put to flight.
" Accept of it, sweete gentles, in good sort,
" And thinke it was prepar'd for your disport."

From the mention of *Tamburlaine*, I conjecture that Marlowe was the author of the old *King John*. If it was written by a person of the name of Rowley, it probably was the composition of that "*Maister Rowley*," whom Meres mentions in his *Wits Treasury*, 1598, as "once a rare scholar of learned Pembroke Hall, in Cambridge." W. Rowley was a player in the King's Company, so late as the year 1625, and can

 hardly

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hardly be supposed to have produced a play thirty-four years before. MALONE.

5. *And sullen presage of your own decay.*] After Johnson's note [1].—I do not see why the epithet *sullen* may not be applied to a *trumpet*, with as much propriety as to a *bell*. In our author's *Henry IV.* P. II. we find

"Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*——." MALONE.

10. Sir Robert's his *like him*.] This ought to be printed:
Sir *Robert his* like him.

His according to a mistaken notion formerly received, being the sign of the genitive case. As the text now stands, there is a double genitive. MALONE.

11. To follow Theobald's note[1].] Mr Theobald has not mentioned the most material circumstance relative to these three-farthing pieces, on which the propriety of the allusion entirely depends, viz. that they were made of silver, and consequently extremely *thin*. From their thinness they were very liable to be cracked. Hence B. Jonson, in his *Every Man in his Humour*, says: "He values me at a *crack'd three-farthings*." MALONE.

12. *I would not be Sir Nob*——] The reading of the text was given by the second folio. The first has: "*It* would not be &c." MALONE.

15. *Now your traveller*—] To follow Steevens's note [4].— So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1616 [Article, *an Affected Traveller*] "He censures all things by countenances and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping; he will choke rather than confess beere good drinke, and his *tooth-pick* is a main part of his behaviour." MALONE.

25. *Than now the English bottoms have* waft *o'er*——]
Waft for waft*ed*. So again, in this play:

"The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot——"

i. e. heat*ed*. STEEVENS.

30. *Now shame upon you* whe'r *she does or no.*] *Whe'r* for *whether*. So, in an *Epigram*, by B. Jonson:

"Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,
"When I dare send my epigrams to thee?"

Again, in *De Confessione Amantis*, 1532:

"That maugre *where* she wolde or not——."

MALONE.

31. *But God hath made her sin*——] If part of this obscure sentence were included in a parenthesis, the sense would, perhaps, be somewhat clearer:

But God hath made her sin and her (the plague

On

'On this removed issue—plagued for her,
And with her) plague her son; his injury &c.

Instead of—"the beadle to her *sin*"—I would read—"the beadle to her *sins*."

Removed, I believe, here signifies *remote*. So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues."

MALONE.

37. *Say shall the current of our right run on?*] The first folio has "——*rome* on" The present reading is found in the second folio. MALONE.

38. *Before we will lay by our just-borne arms*,] The old copy reads ——lay *down*. The alteration was made, by one of the modern editors, I suppose, on account of the word *down* recurring in the next line.—But the jingle was probably intended, and why should we change, when change is unnecessary?

Most of Shakspeare's repetitions offend the ear; but this appears to me rather to add strength and spirit to the passage.

MALONE.

Il i[illegible]—mousing *the flesh of men.*] After Steevens's note [9].—I do not see any necessity for departing from the old copies. The two old folios concur in reading *mousing*; a circumstance of the more weight, because many of the errors that occur in this play, in the first folio, are corrected in the second

Mousing, though it is not very easy precisely to ascertain its meaning, is used in two other places by our author, apparently in the sense required here:

"A falcon tow'ring in her pride of place
"Was by a *mousing* owl hawk'd at and kill'd." *Macbeth.*

Again, in the *Midsummer Night's dream*:

"Well *mous'd*, Lion!"

Mousing, I suppose, in all these places, means *mammocking*; tearing to pieces, as a cat tears a *mouse*.

When any sense can fairly be drawn from the old copies, we are, I think, bound to adhere to them. MALONE.

39. *A greater power than ye denies all this.*] I see no reason for substituting *ye* in the room of *we*, which is the reading of the old copy. Before I read Mr. Tollet's note, I thought, that by a *greater power*, the power of Heaven was intended.

It is manifest that the passage is corrupt, and that it must have been so worded, as that their *fears* should be styled their *kings* or masters, and not they, kings or masters of their fears;

 because

VOL. V. K. JOHN. because in the next line mention is made of these same *fears* being *deposed*. Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation produces this meaning by a very slight alteration, and is therefore, I think, entitled to a place in the text.

This passage in the folio is given to Faulconbridge, and in a subsequent part of this scene, all the speeches of the citizens are given to Hubert; which I mention, because these and innumerable other instances, where the same error has been committed in that edition, justifies some licence in transferring speeches from one person to another. From too great a scrupulousness in this respect, a speech in *Measure for Measure* is yet suffered to stand in the name of *the Clown*, though it evidently belongs to *Abhorson*. See Vol. II. p. 113

MALONE.

Ibid. *At your* industrious *scenes*——] I strongly suspect the poet wrote *illustrious*. So, in the next line:

Your *royal presences* &c.

Faulconbridge, in his former speech, enlarges much on the high dignity of the combatants:

"When the *rich blood of kings* is set on fire—"

Again:

"Why stand these *royal fronts* amazed thus? MALONE.

40. *Till their* soul-fearing *clamours*—] i. e. soul-apalling.

MALONE.

42. *Here's a stay!*] In a subsequent scene in this play, *to stay* signifies *to support*

"And he that stands upon a slippery place,
"Makes nice of no vile hold *to stay* him up."

Again, in the last act we meet:

"What surety of the world, what hope, what *stay*,
"When this was now a king, and now is clay."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey*. 1607:

"And of him grac'd with titles well deserv'd,
"Of country's father, *stay* of commonwealth——"

Again, ibid.

"Rob not my young years of so sweet a *stay*,
"Nor take from Rome the pillar of her strength."

Again, in a copy of Verses addressed to the earl of Ormond, by John Davies of Hereford, printed in his *Scourge of Folly*, (about 1611)

"Great, glorious, fear'd, and much beloved earl,
"England's fast friend, and Ireland's constant *stay*."

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:

"——O thou fond girl,
"The shameful ruin of thy father's house,

"Is this my hoped joy? is this the *stay*,
"Must glad my grief-full years that waste away?"

These instances induce me to think that our author uses *stay* here for a *partizan or supporter of a cause*—"Here's an extraordinary supporter of the cause of France, that shakes &c."

There is, I apprehend, no necessity that the metaphor here should suit with the image in the next line, which Dr. Johnson by his emendation seems to have thought requisite. Shakspeare seldom attends to the integrity of his metaphors.

MALONE.

44. *Lest zeal now* melted—] To follow Steevens's note [1].—The allusion might, I think, have been to *dissolving ice*, and yet not be subject to Dr. Johnson's objection.

The sense may be—*Lest the now* zealous *and well-affected heart of Philip, which but lately was cold as ice, and has newly been* melted and softened by the warm breath of petitions &c. *should again* be congealed *and frozen*—I rather incline to think this was the poet's meaning, because in a subsequent scene we meet a similar thought couched in nearly the same expression:

"This act so evilly born shall *cool the hearts*
"Of all his people, and *freeze* up their *zeal*."

MALONE.

49. *But for my hand*——] *For* has here as in many other places the signification of *because*. So, in *Othello*.

"——or *for* I am declin'd into the vale of years."

MALONE.

50. *Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?*] This seems to have been imitated by Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"Then how much more in me, whose youthful veins,
"*Like a proud river, o'erflow their bounds*——"

MALONE.

Ibid. *Be these sad* sighs *confirmers of thy words?*] For this reading there is no authority. Both the first and second folio, the only authentick copies of this play, read:

"Be these sad *signs* confirmers of thy words?"

There is clearly no need of change. The sad *signs* are—*the shaking of his head—laying his hand on his breast* &c.

MALONE.

52. ——*here I and* sorrows *sit.*] I believe the author meant to personify *sorrow*, and wrote:

——here I and *Sorrow* sit;

which gives a more poetical image.

The transcriber's ear might easily have deceived him, the two readings, when spoken, sounding exactly alike.

MALONE.

54. *Among the high tides in the calendar.*] After note [1].—I do not suppose that the poet used *high tides* as synonymous to *solemn seasons*. The meaning, I apprehend, is—*Why should this day be set down in the calendar, in golden letters, among the* high tides *and other remarkable occurrences, which are distinguished by a special mark?* The *high tides* are marked in every almanack. MALONE.

59. *What earthy name to interrogatories*
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?]

The first and second folio both read:

What *earthy* name——
Can *taste* &c.

Earthy occurs in another of our author's plays:

"To do his *earthy* and abhor'd commands."

To *taste* is used ludicrously in *Twelfth Night*: "That puts quarrels purposely on others to *taste* their valour."——To "*taste the breath*," is, however, a very harsh phrase, and can hardly be right.

Breath for *speech* is common in our author. So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

"The latest *breath* that gave the sound of words."

Again:

"Or let the church, our mother, *breathe* her curse."

In another play we meet—"*breathing* courtesy," for—"*verbal* courtesy."

In this passage there should, I think, be a comma after *interrogatories*.—What earthly name, subjoined to interrogatories, can force a king to speak and answer them? MALONE.

67. *I muse your majesty*——] *I muse*, means here, as in other places, *I wonder*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"*Muse* not, gentle friends——" MALONE.

68. *To arms, let's hie.*] I would point thus:—*To arms let's hie.*—The proposition is, I believe, single. *Let us begone to arms!* MALONE.

70. ————*the fat ribs of peace*
Must by the hungry now be fed upon.] To follow Steevens's note [4].—This passage has, I think, been misunderstood, for want of a proper punctuation. There should be, I apprehend, a comma after the word *hungry*:

Must by the hungry, now be fed upon.

i. e. by the hungry troops, to whom some share of this eccle-

siastical spoil would naturally fall. The expression, like many other of our author's, is taken from the sacred writings: "And there he maketh *the hungry* to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation." 107th *Psalm.* —Again: "He hath filled *the hungry* with good things, &c." *St. Luke*, c. i 53.

This interpretation is supported by the passage in the old play, which is here imitated:

"Philip, I make thee chief in this affair;
"Ransack their abbeys, cloysters, priories,
"Convert their coin unto my *soldiers'* use."

When I read this passage in the old play, the first idea that suggested itself was, that a word had dropped out at the press, in the controverted line, and that our author wrote:

Must by the hungry *soldiers* now be fed on.

But the punctuation above recommended renders any alteration unnecessary. MALONE.

71. *But I will fit it with some better* time.] The first and second folio both read—*tune*; which, I think, can hardly be right. We meet, however, in *Macbeth*:

"*Mac.* Went it not so?
"*Banq.* To the self-same *tune* and words"

MALONE.

Ibid. *Stund* on &c] After Steevens's note [7]. p. 72.—I have since observed that *one* and *on* were in the time of our author pronounced alike. Hence the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived.

That these words were pronounced in the same manner, appears from a quibbling passage in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"*Speed.* Sir, your glove.
"*Valiant.* Not mine; my gloves are *on*.
"*Speed.* Why then this may be yours, for this is but *one*.

So, *once* was anciently written, as it was probably pronounced, *ons*. Throughout Massinger and Marston's plays, *on* is almost every where printed instead of *one*. MALONE.

74. *A whole armado of* collected *sail*] The old copy exhibits the line thus:

A whole armado of conuicted sail.

The true reading, I believe, is, *connected*: *u* is constantly used in the folio for *v*; in the present instance one of the *n*'s might have been turned upside down in the press, an accident which frequently happens. The words *scattered* and *disjoined* support

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support this conjecture. *Convicted*, however, may be right, and might have meant *subdued, destroyed*, from the Latin participle *convictus*, or from the French *convaincre*. To *convince* is used, with equal licence, in the sense of to *conquer*:

"This malady *convinces*
"The great assay of art——" *Macbeth*.

MALONE.

75. *And stop this* gap of breath——] The *gap of breath* is the mouth; the outlet from whence the breath issues.

MALONE.

76. *Thou art* unholy——] Both the first and second folio have:

Thou art *holy*——

Rowe reads:

"Thou art *not* holy to believe me so." MALONE.

80. *John lays* you *plots*] I suspect Shakspeare wrote.

John lays *your* plots

John is doing your business for you. MALONE.

Ibid. *No scape of Nature*——] After Steevens's note—— The word *abortives* in the latter part of this [illegible] referring apparently to these *scapes of nature*, confirms the emendation of the old copy that has been made. MALONE

81. ——*they would be as a call*——] The image is taken from the manner in which birds are caught, one being placed for the purpose of drawing others to the net, by his note or *call*. MALONE.

83. *Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul* affect,] I suspect that the author wrote:

——for so foul *a fact*. MALONE.

89. Must *make a stand*——] Both the first and second folio read:

Doth make a stand.

The change, I suppose, was made, because it was thought that *all* required a plural verb; but *all* here signifies *the whole*. Since *the whole*, and each particular part, of our wishes, *doth* make a stand &c. The old reading therefore may remain.

MALONE.

90. *If what in rest you have*——] The argument, I think, requires that we should read

If what in rest you have, in right you hold *not*——

The word *not* might have dropped out at the press. If this was not the case, and the old reading be the true one, there ought to be a note of interrogation after the word *exercise*,

exercise, at the end of the sentence; so that the meaning might be—*If you are entitled to what you now quietly possess, why then should your fears move you* &c.? MALONE.

95. *Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste*—] It should be remembered that taylors generally work barefooted. Hence this newsmonger was under the necessity of putting on his shoes or slippers (whether on the right or the contrary feet), before he could communicate his intelligence to his friend the smith. MALONE.

109. *Mocking the air with colours idly spread.*] To follow Johnson's note [6].—From these two passages, Mr. Gray seems to have formed the first stanza of his celebrated ode:

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
"Confusion on thy *banners* wait!
"Though *fan'd* by conquest's crimson wing,
"They *mock the air* in *idle* state." MALONE.

115. After note [6].] So, in Massinger's *Fatal Dowry*, 1632:

"I look about and neigh, *take hedge* and ditch,
"Feed in my neighbour's pastures" MALONE.

123. *Why, know you not? the lords are all come back,*
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they &c.] The punctuation of the folio has here been followed; but surely it is faulty. I would point thus:

Why know you not, the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company?
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them:
And they are all about his majesty. MALONE.

Ibid. *Is touch'd* corruptibly.] *Corruptibly* for *corruptively*. The mistake was, however, probably the author's.
MALONE.

125. In my note.] Dele the words—"but which of the two poets borrowed from the other, it is not easy to determine;" and instead of—"*a passage in Marlowe's Lust's Dominion*"—read —*the following passages.* After the passage quoted, add this:

"O poor Zabina, O my queen, my queen,
"Fetch me some water for my *burning breast*,
"To *cool* and *comfort* me with longer date."
Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591.

At the end add——It must, however, have been written before 1593, in which year Marlowe died.
MALONE.

127. *Eng-*

VOL. V. K. JOHN. 127. *This England never did, nor never shall,*] The words *nor never shall* ought to be included in a parenthesis; otherwise the next line but one,

But when it first &c.

is ungrammatical. MALONE.

Ibid. *If* England *to itself do rest* but true.] After Steevens's note.—Shakspeare's conclusion seems rather to have been borrowed from these two lines of the old play:

"*Let England live but true within itself,*
"And all the world can never wrong her state"

MALONE.

RICHARD II.

KING RICH II. 134. *What I have* spoke *or thou canst* worse *devise*] The folio reads, more grammatically:

What I have *spoken* or what thou canst devise.

The quarto of 1615:

What I have spoken or thou can'st devise.

For the present reading I have found no authority.

MALONE.

135. After Steevens's note [?].] Again, in a subsequent scene in this play:

"——Gaunt as a grave
"Whose hollow womb *inherits* nought but bones."

MALONE.

138. ————*that away,*

Men are but guilded loam, *or painted clay.*]

In *England's Parnassus*, 1600, this line is quoted with some variation:

"Men are but guilded *trunks*, or painted clay."

The first and all the subsequent quartos, however, have *loam*. Perhaps the editor of *England's Parnassus* quoted from a Ms. His reading may be the true one. It was anciently the custom to bestow very costly ornaments on the outside of trunks. MALONE.

143. ——*Let him not come there*

To seek out sorrow that dwells every where.] Perhaps the pointing might be reformed without injury to the sense.

——let

——let him not come there
To seek out sorrow——That dwells every where.

WHALLEY.

156. *O who can hold a* fire *in his hand*——] By departing from the spelling of the old copy, the metre is defective. The quarto of 1615, reads:

O who can hold a *fier* in his hand——

Fier being written and probably pronounced as a dissyllable.

MALONE.

158. *And he our subject's* next degree in hope.]

Spes altera Romæ. *Virg.* MALONE.

161. *Fear'd* for *their breed*——] After Steevens's note, p. 162.— The first and second folio both read:

Fear'd *by* their breed, and famous *for* their birth.

Mr. Rowe reads:

Fear'd *for* their breed, and famous *for* their birth.

MALONE.

163. *Should dying men flatter* with *those that live?*] *With* has been supplied by some of the editors for the sake of the metre.

MALONE.

Ibid. [illegible] *anointed body*——] All the old copies that I have seen, read:

Commit'st thy anointed body—— MALONE.

165. In note *, after—" *crooked* may mean *armed with a crook*," add] So, in *Kendall's Epigrams*, 1577:

" The regall king and *crooked* clowne,
" All one alike death driveth downe."

STEEVENS.

178. *Go muster up your men,*
And meet me presently at Berkley, gentlemen.] The folio exhibits the passage thus:

"—— Come cousin,
" I'll dispose of you. *Gentlemen*, go muster up your men,
" And meet me presently at Berkeley *castle*."

The quarto of 1615——

" ——Come cousin,
" I'll dispose of you. *Gentlemen*, go muster up your men,
" And meet me presently at *Berkley*."

Shakspeare seems to have designedly neglected the metre in this speech, perhaps to mark more strongly the perturbation of the speaker's mind. MALONE.

179. *And*

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179. *And yet your fair diſcourſe*] The folio reads:
——*our* fair diſcourſe. MALONE.

Ibid. *And hope to joy*——] To *joy* is, I believe, here uſed as a verb. So, in the ſecond act of this play: "Poor fellow never *joy'd* ſince the price of oats roſe." Again, in *King Henry V*:

"I do at this hour *joy* o'er myſelf."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II:

"Was ever king that *joy'd* on earthly throne——."

If *joy* be underſtood as a ſubſtantive, the common reading is ſcarcely Engliſh. We might read

And hope *of* joy —— MALONE.

181. *My lord, my anſwer is to Lancaſter*.] As this line is printed, the ſenſe is obſcure. It would be clearer thus:

"My lord, my anſwer is——to Lancaſter."

Your meſſage, you ſay, is to my lord of *Hereford*. My anſwer is—It is not to him; it is to the duke of *Lancaſter*.
MALONE.

182. After Johnſon's note [5].] York's reply confirms Dr. Johnſon's conjecture:

Even *in* condition &c. MALONE.

183. *Look on my wrongs with an* indifferent *eye*] i. e. with an *impartial* eye. "Every juryman," ſays Sir Edward Coke, "ought to be impartial and *indifferent*" MALONE.

186. ——*and disfigur'd* clean.] *Clean* has here the ſignification of *altogether*, *totally*. So, in our author's 75th *Sonnet*:

"Sometimes all full with feaſting on your ſight,
"And by and by, *clean* ſtarved for a look." MALONE.

189. *As a long parted mother*——]

"Ως ειπων, αλοχοιο φιλης εν χερσιν εθηκε
"Παιδ' εον' η' δ'αρα μιν κηωδει δεξατο κολπω
"ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΝ ΓΕΛΑΣΑΣΑ." *Hom. Il.* vi.

I would point thus:

As a long-parted mother with her child
Plays fondly, with her tears and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling &c.

As a mother plays fondly with her child from whom ſhe has been a long time parted, crying and at the ſame time ſmiling at meeting him——

Perhaps *ſmiles* is here uſed as a ſubſtantive.—If it be conſidered as a verb, I would read:

——and ſmiles in *weeping*. MALONE.

Ibid.

Ibid. Guard it, *I pray thee*——] *Guard it*, signifies here, as in many other places, *line it*. MALONE. Vol. V. King Rich. II.

190 *That when the eye of heaven*——] The reading of the old copies is:

That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, *that* lights the lower world."

A slight transposition will restore the sense without changing a word:

That when the searching eye of heaven, that lights
The lower world, is hid behind the globe,
Then &c.

By *the lower world*, as the passage is amended by Dr. Johnson, we must understand, *a world lower than this of ours*; I suppose, our *Antipodes*. But *the lower world* may signify *our world*. Thus, in *Measure for Measure:*

" Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
" *To the under generation*." MALONE.

191. *Awake thou* coward *majesty!*——] This is the reading of the quartos.—The folio has:

Awake thou *sluggard* majesty!

The alteration was probably the author's. The epithet agrees with *sleep*, better than *coward*.

MALONE.

192. ——*and* clasp *their female joints*
In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown.] The quarto of 1615, and the folio both read:

And *clap* their female joints——

I see no need of change. MALONE.

198. ——the *whole head's length*.] The old copies (that I have seen) read:

——*your* whole head's length. MALONE.

199. *To his* most *royal person*.] *Most* has, I believe, been added by some modern editor, for the sake of the metre. The quarto of 1615, and the folio, have:

To his royal person. MALONE.

Ibid. *Totter'd battlements*.] The old copies (that I have seen) read—*tattered*. MALONE.

201. ——*he is come to ope*
The purple *testament of bleeding war*] The poet seems to have had in his thoughts the sacred book, which is frequently covered with *purple* leather. MALONE.

Ibid. *Shall ill become the flower of England's face;*
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace
To scarlet indignation——] To follow Steevens's note.

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note.—The words *face* and *peace* have, perhaps, changed places. We might read:

But ere the crown he looks for live in peace,
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers' sons
Shall ill become the flower of England's *peace*;
Change the complexion of her maid-pale *face*
To scarlet indignation——

Ere the crown he hopes to obtain be settled peaceably on his head, ten thousand crowns, besmeared with blood, shall disfigure the flower of the peaceable nobility of England; and cause her maid-pale countenance to glow with indignation &c. The double opposition between *crown* and *peace* is much in our author's manner.

MALONE.

210 *Their fruits of duty. All superfluous branches*——] *All* has been added by some of the modern editors, to the prejudice of the metre. MALONE.

Ibid. *'Tis doubt, he will be*——] The reading of the folio is, I think, better:

'Tis doubted, he will be. MALONE.

Ibid. *O! I am prest to death through want of speaking.*] The poet alludes to the ancient legal punishment called *peine fort et dure*, which was inflicted on those persons, who, being arraigned, refused to plead, remaining obstinately silent. They were *pressed to death* by a heavy weight laid upon their stomach. MALONE.

222. ——*a sovereign, a slave*,] The folio reads:——*a sovereignty*. Rowe, I suppose, made the change, for which there does not seem any necessity. To *make* sovereignty *a slave*, is as proper an expression, as to *make* majesty *a subject*, or state *a peasant* MALONE.

231. *Yea look'st thou pale—let me see the writing*] After what Dr. Johnson has said, I am almost afraid to offer a conjecture. Yet, I believe, Shakspeare wrote:

Boy, let me see the writing.

York uses these words a little lower. MALONE.

238. *Thou frantick woman what dost thou do here?*] The old copies read:

——what dost thou *make* here?

The expression, though now obsolete, frequently occurs in these plays. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"What *make* you here?"

Again, in *Othello*.

"Ancient, what *makes* he here. MALONE.

Ibid. *Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace!*] This line is not in the folio. MALONE.

239. The

239. *The* chopping *French*——] *Chopping*, I believe, here means *jabbering*, talking flippantly a language unintelligible to Engliſhmen. I do not remember to have met the word, in this ſenſe, in any other place. In the univerſities they talk of *chopping* logick; and our author in *Romeo and Juliet* has the ſame phraſe: VOL. V. KING RICH. II.

"How now! how now! *chop logick?*" MALONE.

240. ——*couſin* too *adieu!*] *Too* has been added by ſome modern editor. MALONE.

242. Note [3].] The firſt folio reads:

Their watches *on* unto mine eyes.

The third quarto:

There watches *on unto* &c. MALONE.

244. *For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,*] The alluſion, I believe, is to the perſons bit by the tarantula, who are ſaid to be cured by muſick. MALONE.

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

252. *No more the thirſty* entrance *of this ſoil*—] To follow Steevens's note [4]. p. 253.—Mr. Steevens's conjecture is ſo likely to be true, that I have no doubt about the propriety of admitting it into the text. K. HEN. IV. P I.

It ſhould be obſerved that ſuppoſing theſe copies to have been made out by the ear (which there is great reaſon to believe was the caſe), the tranſcriber might eaſily have been deceived; for *entrance* and *entrants* have nearly the ſame ſound, and he would naturally write a familiar inſtead of an unuſual word.

A ſimilar miſtake has happened in the firſt ſcene of *King Henry V.* where we meet (in the firſt folio)

"With ſuch a heady *currance* ſcowring faults——."

inſtead of—"With ſuch a heady *current* &c."

I do not know that the word *entrant* is found elſewhere; but Shakſpeare has many of a ſimilar formation. So, in *K. Henry VI* P. I:

"Here enter'd Pucelle and her *practiſants*.

Again, ibid.

"But when my angry *guardant* ſtood alone——."

VOL. V. Again, in *K. Lear:*

"Than twenty silly ducking *observants*——"

K. HEN. IV. P. I. Again, ibid.

"*Conspirant* 'gainst this high illustrious prince."

Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, uses *comedient* for *a writer of comedies*. MALONE.

254. ——*we will go,*
Therefore we meet not now.] Point thus:
——we will go:
Therefore we meet not now.

i. e. not on that account do we now meet;—we are not now assembled, to acquaint you with our intended expedition.
MALONE.

263. Add at the end of my first note.] Again, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse*, 1593: "——and here's a lusty *ladd of the castell*, that will binde beares, and ride golden asses to death" STEEVENS.

Ibid. After Dr Farmer's note.] From the following passage in *The Meeting of Gallants at an Ordinarie, or the Walkes in Powles*, quarto, 1604, it appears that Sir John Oldcastle (not, I conceive, the lord Cobham) was represented on the stage as a very fat man.—"Now, signors, how like you mine host? did I not tell you he was a madde round knave and a merrie one too? and if you chaunce to talke of *fatte* Sir John Oldcastle, he will tell you, he was his great grandfather, and not much unlike him in *paunch*."—The host, who is here described, returns to the gallants, and entertains them with telling them stories. After his first tale, he says: "Nay gallants, I'll fit you, and now I will serve in another, as good as vinegar and pepper to your roast beefe."—*Signor Kickshawe* replies: "Let's have it, let's taste on it, mine host, my noble *fat actor*."

The cause of all the confusion relative to these two characters, I believe, was this. Shakspeare appears evidently to have caught the idea of the character of Falstaff from a wretched play entitled *The famous Victories of King Henry V.* (which had been exhibited before 1589) in which there is a Sir John Oldcastle, ("a pamper'd glutton, and a debauchee," as he is called in a piece of that age) who appears to be the character alluded to in the passage above quoted from *The Meeting of Gallants* &c. Our author probably never intended to ridicule the real Sir John Oldcastle, lord of Cobham, in any respect; but thought proper to make Falstaff, in imitation of his proto-type, *a mad round knave* also. From the

the first appearance of *King Henry IV.* the old play in which this Sir John Oldcastle had been exhibited, was probably never performed. Hence, I conceive, it is, that Fuller says, "Sir John Falstaff has relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place;" which being misunderstood, probably gave rise to the story, that Shakspeare changed the name of his character. VOL. V. K. HEN. IV. P. I.

Falstaff having thus grown out of, and immediately succeeding, the other character, having one or two features in common with him, and being probably represented in the same dress, and with the same fictitious belly as his predecessor, the two names might have been indiscriminately used by Field and others, without any mistake or intention to deceive. Perhaps, behind the scenes, in consequence of the circumstances already mentioned, Oldcastle might have been a cant-appellation for Falstaff, for a long time. Hence the name might have crept, in some play-house copy, into one of the speeches in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.*

MALONE.

266.* Add to my note] So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Divel's Carrier*, by Thomas Decker, 1606: "As touching the river, looke how *Moor-Ditch* shews when the water is three quarters dreyn'd out, and by reason the stomacke of it is overladen, is ready to fall to casting. So does that; it stinks almost worse, is almost as poysonous, altogether so muddy, altogether so black." STEEVENS.

269. *Now shall we know, if Gadshill have set a* match.] The folio reads—have set a *watch*—which is, perhaps, right. The same expression occurs in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, by Davenport, 1639:

"My *watch is set*—charge given—and all at peace."

In a subsequent scene, when Gadshill enters, Poins says, "O 'tis our setter;" i. e. he whose business it was to *set a watch*, to observe what passengers should go by.

That a *watch was set* on those whom they intended to rob, appears from what Poins says afterwards: "Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill, shall rob those men that we have already *way-laid*——."

The error in the first quarto, which was followed by the others, might have arisen from a *w* being used by the compositor instead of an *m*, a mistake that sometimes happens at the press. In the hand-writing of our author's time, the two letters are scarcely distinguishable.

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In support, however, of the reading of the quartos, the following passage in *Bartholomew Fair*, by Ben Jonson, 1614, may be alledged: "Peace, Sir; they'll be angry if they hear you eaves-dropping, now they are *setting* their *match*." Here the phrase seems to mean *making an appointment*. MALONE.

278. *And, I beseech you, let not* his *report*——.] The quarto of 1613 and the folio read——*this* report. MALONE.

287. *But out upon this* half-fac'd *fellowship!*] To follow Johnson's note.—I doubt whether the allusion was to dress. *Half-fac'd* seems to have meant *paltry*. The expression, which appears to have been a contemptuous one, I believe, had its rise from the meaner denominations of coin, on which, formerly, only a *profile* of the reigning prince was exhibited; whereas on the more valuable pieces a *full face* was represented. So, in *K. John*:

"With that *half face* he would have all my land—
"A *half-fac'd groat*, five hundred pound a year!"
MALONE.

293. *I am stung like a* tench.] Why like a *tench?* One would expect the similitude to consist in the spots of the fish, and those made by the bite of vermin. But unluckily a tench is *not* spotted. MALONE.

Ibid. *Why they will allow us*—] The folio, and quarto of 1613, read——*you* will allow us—; which may be right. He speaks to the ostler within. MALONE.

304. *Thieves.* Stand.] The quarto of 1613, and the folio, have——*stay*. MALONE.

308. *Hang him! let him tell the king, we are prepared.*] I would point thus: "Hang him! let him tell the king:—we are prepared." Let him divulge our plot to the king when he will—I care not; for we are prepared. MALONE.

Ibid. *In thy faint slumbers*——] The folio, and the quarto of 1613, have——*my* faint slumbers. MALONE.

309. —— *of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets*;] After Steevens's note [1].—The following lines in *Notes from Black-fryars*, by H. Fitz-Jeoffery, 1617, may serve to confirm the reading of the text, and to shew that there is no occasion for the alteration made by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton:

"See Captain Martio—he i' the *renounce me* band;
"——————let's remove
"Unto his ranke, if such discourse you love;
"He'll tell of basilisks, trenches, retires,
"Of palisadoes, parapets, *frontires*,
"Of culverins, and barricadoes too——." MALONE.

310.——*I'll*

310. ——*I'll break thy little finger Harry*] This piece of amorous dalliance appeareth to be of a very ancient date, being mentioned in Fenton's *Tragical Discourses*, 1579: "Whereupon, I think, no sort of kysses or follyes in love were forgotten, no kynd of crampe, nor *pinching by the little finger*". AMNER. VOL. V. K HEN. IV. P. I.

Ibid. ——————*Away,*
Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not.] To follow Johnson's note, p 311—The regulation proposed by Dr. Johnson seems to me unnecessary. The passage, without any alteration, will, I think, appear perfectly clear, if pointed thus:

——Away
Away, you trifler!——love!—I love thee not.

The first *love* is not a substantive, but a verb:

——love *thee*!——I love thee not.

Hotspur's mind being intent on other things, his answers are irregular. He has been musing, and now replies to what lady Piercy had said *some time before*:

"Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
"And I must know it—*else he loves me not*"

In a subsequent scene this distinguishing trait of his character is particularly mentioned by the prince of Wales, in his description of a conversation between Hotspur and lady Percy: *O my sweet Harry*, (says she) *how many hast thou killed to-day? Give my roan horse a drench*, says he, and answers—*some fourteen*—AN HOUR AFTER. MALONE.

314. Add to my note [1].] So, in *Myrrha, the Mother of Adonis, or Lust's Prodigies*, a poem, 16.7:

"Forc'd her to *flink* so much. the juice ran o'er,
"So that Jove's drink wash'd the defiled floor."

STEEVENS.

31[illegible]. *Caddice garter*——] After Steevens's note [8] p. 317—"*At this day*," [1614] says Edm. Howes, the continuator of Stowe's Chronicle, "*men of mean rank wear garters and shoe roses of more than five pounds a-piece*" Stowe's *Annals*, 1039. edit. 1631. MALONE.

317 *Brown bastard.*] After Steevens's note, p 318.——*Bastard* is enumerated by Stowe among other sweet wines: "When an Argosie came with Greek and Spanish wines, viz. muscadel, malmsey, sack, and *bastard* &c" *Annals*, 867. MALONE.

322. *I could sing all manner of songs.*] To follow Johnson's note [6].—I believe, wherever the sacred name has been

VOL. V. K. HEN. IV. P. I. ——— ſuppreſſed, or any expreſſion bordering on profaneneſs altered, the alteration was made in conſequence of the ſtat. 3 Jac. I. c. 21. Of the truth of this obſervation a ſpeech of Falſtaff's in this ſcene is a remarkable proof: "*By the Lord*, I knew ye as well as he that made ye." Thus it ſtands in the quarto of 1598, and all the ſubſequent quartos, which were copied each from the other. But in the folio this characteriſtick exordium is omitted, and the paſſage ſtands— "I knew ye as well &c." In another place, "*O Lord* my lord they are falſe," is altered to "*I' faith* my lord, they are falſe," though the anſwer ſhows that an oath was intended by the poet: "*Swear'ſt* thou, ungracious boy?"

Shakſpeare would never willingly have made Falſtaff ſo unlike himſelf as to ſcruple adding an oath to his lies.

MALONE.

Ibid. In Steevens's part of note [5]. after "—neat *ſherry*—" add—The difference between the true *ſack* and *ſherry*, is diſtinctly marked by the following paſſage in *Fortune by Land and Sea*, by Heywood and Rowley, 1655:

"*Rayns*. Some *ſack*, boy &c.
"*Drawer*. Good *ſherry ſack*, Sir.
"*Rayns*. I meant *canary*, Sir: what, haſt no brains?"

STEEVENS.

325. —*two I am ſure I have paid*;] i. e. drubbed, beaten. So, in Marlowe's tranſlation of Ovid's *Elegies*, printed at Middleburgh (without date):

"Thou cozeneſt boys of ſleep, and do'ſt betray them
"To pedants that with cruel laſhes *pay* them."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Shakſpeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"—Then as I am an honeſt man,
"I'll *pay* thee *ſoundly*." MALONE.

326. To follow Johnſon's note. *Points* were metal hooks, faſtened to the waiſtband of the *hoſe* or breeches (which had then no opening or buttons), and going into ſtraps or eyes fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hoſe from falling down. ——— F.

338. *Shall the bleſſed ſun of heaven*—] The folio and quarto of 1613, read—*Son* of heaven. MALONE.

341. —*that roaſted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly*,] Add to my note [2].—This place likewiſe appears to have been noted for the intemperance of its inhabitants. So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Divel's Carrier*, by Tho. Decker, 1606: "——you ſhall have a ſlave eat more at a meale

meale than ten of the guard; and drink more in two days, than all *Manningtree* does at a Whitsun-ale." STEEVENS.

It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612, that *Manningtree* formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage-plays yearly. See also *The Choosing of Valentines*, a poem, by Thomas Nashe, MS. in the Library of the Inner Temple:

" ——or see a *play* of strange moralitie,
" Shewen by bachelrie of *Manning-tree*,
" Whereto the countrie franklins flock-meale swarme."

Again, in Decker's *Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1607: " Cruelty has got another part to play; it is acted like the old *morall* at *Manning-tree*." In this season of festivity, we may presume it was customary to roast an ox whole. " Huge volumes, (says Osborne in his *Advice to his Son*) like the *ox roast whole* at *Bartholomew Fair*, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than smaller pieces." MALONE.

340. *The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds*
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.]

Shakspeare appears to have been as well acquainted with the rarer phænomena, as with the ordinary appearances, of Nature. A writer in the *Philosophical Transactions*, N° 207, describing an earthquake in Catanea, near Mount Ætna, by which eighteen thousand persons were destroyed, mentions one of the circumstances that are here said to have marked the birth of Glendower: " There was a blow, as if all the artillery in the world had been discharged at once; the sea retired from the town above two miles; the birds flew about astonished; *the cattle in the fields ran crying*." MALONE.

Ibid. *Where is he living*——] The quarto of 1613, and the folio read——Where is *the* living—— MALONE.

Ibid. ——*thrice from the banks of Wye,*
And sandy bottom'd Severn, have I sent *him,*] The quarto of 1613, and the folio, read—have I *bent* him.
MALONE.

350. *England, from Trent, and Severn* hitherto,] i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map.) MALONE.

Ibid *Methinks, my* moiety, *north from Burton here,*] The division is here into three parts.—A *moiety* was frequently used by the writers of Shakspeare's age, as a portion of any thing, though not divided into two equal parts. See a note on *K. Lear*, Act I. sc. iv. MALONE.

352. ——*I'm glad* on't *with all my heart*;] This vulgar-

ism frequently occurs in the old copies; but here neither the transcriber nor compositor is to blame, for all the old editions, that I have seen, read—I am glad *of* it. MALONE.

357. Yet *straight they shall be here.*] The quarto of 1613, and the folio have—*And* straight &c. MALONE.

Ibid. Add to my note.] Again, in this play: "*And* the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours."

MALONE.

Ibid. *Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.*] The whole tenor of Hotspur's conversation in this scene shews, that the stillness which he here imputes to women as a fault, was something very different from silence; and that an idea was couched under these words which may be better understood than explained.—He is still in the Welch lady's bed-chamber. AMNER.

358. To velvet guards, *and sunday citizens.*] It appears from the following passage in *The London Prodigal*, 1605, that a *guarded gown* was the best dress of a *city-lady* in the time of our author.

"*Frances.* But Tom, must I go as I do now, when I am married?

"*Civet.* No, Frank [i. e. Frances], I'll have thee go like a *citizen*, in a *garded* gown, and a French hood." MALONE.

359. '*Tis the next way to turn tailor,*] Next for *nearest*. So, in Massinger's *Duke of Millaine*, a tragedy, 1638:

"What's the letting out
"Of a little corrupt blood, and the *next* way too?"

MALONE.

362. *And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,*] Dr. Warburton's explanation of this passage appears to me very questionable. According to him, Henry steals a certain portion of courtesy out of heaven, as Prometheus stole a quantity of fire from thence. But the poet had not, I believe, a thought of Prometheus or the heathen gods, nor indeed was *courtesy* (even understanding it to signify *affability*) the characteristick attribute of those deities.

The meaning, I apprehend, is—*I was so affable and popular, that I engrossed the devotion and reverence of all men to myself, and thus defrauded Heaven of its worshippers.*

Courtesy is here used for the respect and obeisance paid by an inferior to a superior. So, in this play:

"To dog his heels and *court'sy* at his frowns."

In Act V. it is used for a respectfull salute, in which sense it was applied to *men* as well as to *women*;

"I

"I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
"That he shall shrink under my *courtesy*."

Again, in *K. Henry IV*. P. II:
"If a man will make *curt'sy*, he is virtuous."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:
"The homely villain *curt'sies* to her low."

This interpretation is strengthened by the two subsequent lines, which contain a similar thought:
"And dress'd myself in such humility,
"That I did pluck allegiance from mens' hearts."

Henry robbed *heaven* of its *worship*, and the *king* of the *allegiance* of his subjects. MALONE.

Ibid. *That I did pluck allegiance from mens' hearts*,] Apparently copied from Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, written before 1593:
"The Pope shall send his bulls through all thy realm,
"And *pull obedience from thy subjects' hearts*."
MALONE.

364. *That, being daily swallow'd by mens' eyes*——] Nearly the same expression occurs in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:
"The people's eyes have *fed* them with my sight."
MALONE.

369. *I am a pepper-corn—a brewer's horse; the inside of a church*:] These last words were, I believe, repeated by the mistake of the compositor. Falstaff is here mentioning (as Mr. Tyrwhitt has observed) things to which he is very unlike; things remarkably small and thin How can the *inside of a church* come under that description?

Perhaps, however, the allusion may be to the pious uses to which churches are appropriated——"*I am* as thin as *a brewer's horse*; *I am* as holy as *the inside of a church*." Or Falstaff may here be only repeating his former words—*The inside of a church!*——without any connexion with the words immediately preceding. MALONE.

378 *Nay an if I do, let my girdle break!*] The folio has: Nay *if* I do—— The quarto, 1613,——Nay *and* I do——
MALONE.

——*an if I do, let my girdle break!*] Perhaps this ludicrous imprecation is proverbial. So, in *'Tis Merry when Gossips meet*, a poem, quarto, 1609:
"How say'st thou, Besse? shall it be so girle? speake:
"If I make one, pray God *my girdle break!*" STEEVENS.

383.——*for*

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383. ——*for therein should we read*
The very bottom and the soul of hope;
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.] I once wished to read—*tread*; but I now think, there is no need of alteration. *To read a list* is certainly a very harsh phrase, but not more so than many others of Shakspeare. At the same time that *the bottom* of their fortunes should be displayed, its *circumference* or boundary would be necessarily exposed to view. *Sight* being necessary to reading, *to read*, is here used, in Shakspeare's licentious language, for *to see*.

The passage quoted from *K. Hen. VI.* strongly confirms this interpretation. To it may be added this in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
" Which *sees* into the *bottom* of my grief?"
And this in *Measure for Measure*:
"' And it concerns me
" To *look* into the *bottom* of my place."

One of the phrases in the text is found in *Twelfth Night*:
" She is the *list* of my voyage "
The other [the *soul* of hope] occurs frequently in our author's plays, as well as in those of his contemporaries. Thus, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, we meet;
" ——the *soul* of counsel."
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:
" ——the *soul* of love "
So also, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*:
" ——Your desperate arm
" Hath almost thrust quite through *the heart of hope.*"
MALONE.

385 *The absence of your father's* draws *a curtain*,] i e draws it *open* So, in a stage-direction in *K Henry VI P*. II. (quarto 1600): " Then the *curtaines* being *drawne*, duke Humphrey is *discovered* in his bed." MALONE.

Ibid. ——*as this term of fear*] Folio—*dream* of fear. MALONE.

396. *Gave him their heirs*; *as pages followed him*,] The phrase of *giving him their heirs*, simply without any addition, appears to me very harsh. I would rather point the line thus;
Gave him their heirs as pages; followed him
Even at the heels &c. MALONE

402. *The dangers of the time.*] The folio and quarto of 1613, read——*danger*. MALONE.

406. *Can*

406. *Can honour set to a leg?*] The folio reads, more intelligibly, VOL. V. K. HEN. IV. P. I.

Can honour set, *too*, a leg? MALONE.

411. *I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot*;] The folio reads:

I was not born *to yield*, thou *haughty* Scot. MALONE.

412 *I never had triumph'd* upon *a Scot.*] The folio reads: ——*o'er* a Scot. MALONE.

416. *I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,*
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.] So, in Holinshed, p 759: "——the earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and *kept him at the sword's point* without advantage, *longer than his companions either thought or judged*."

STEEVENS.

421. To follow Steevens's note.] The same expression occurs in *K. Henry V*:

"And touch'd with choler, *hot as gun-powder*."

MALONE.

Ibid. *Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh* &c.] Lord Lyttelton observes, that the Conqueror cashiered one of his knights, for wounding Harold in his thigh with a sword after he was slain; and thinks Shakspeare has here applied to Falstaff, what William of Malmsbury relates of Harold. WHALLEY.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

413. —*devour the way*] To follow Steevens's last note.— So, in one of the Roman poets (I forget which): K. HEN. IV P II

"——cursu consumere campum." ——F.

447. *Sounds ever after as a* sullen *bell*——] So, in our author's 71st *Sonnet*:

"——you shall hear the surly *sullen* bell
"Give warning to the world that *I am fled*."

This significant epithet has been adopted by Milton:

"I hear the far-off curfew sound,
"Over some wide water'd shore
"Swinging slow with *sullen* roar." MALONE.

448. ——and

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448. ———— *and these news*
Having been well, that would have made me sick——] i. e. that would, had I been well, have made me sick.

——— There should be a comma after the word *news*. MALONE.

449 ———— *even so my limbs*
Weaken'd with grief, *being now enrag'd with grief,*
Are thrice themselves:] Northumberland is here comparing himself to a person, who, though his joints are weakened by a *bodily* disorder, derives strength from the *distemper of his mind*. I therefore suspect that Shakspeare wrote:

Weaken'd with *age*——

or perhaps,

Weaken'd with *pain*——

The following line seems to confirm this conjecture:

"——hence therefore thou nice *crutch*!"

The crutch was used to aid the infirmity of limbs weakened by *age* or *distemper*, not by *grief*.

When a word is repeated, without propriety, in the same or two succeeding lines, there is great reason to suspect some corruption. Thus, in this scene, in the first folio, we meet "*able* heels," instead of "*armed* heels," in consequence of the word *able* having occurred in the preceding line. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Thy *news* shall be the *news* &c."

instead of

"Thy news shall be the *fruit*——"

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"Whom we to gain our *peace* have sent to *peace*;"

instead of

"Whom we to gain our *place* &c."

The mistake, I imagine, happened here in the same manner. MALONE.

450. *You were* advis'd *his flesh was capable*——] i. e. you knew; for such was the ancient signification of this word. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"How shall I doat on her with more *advice*——"

i. e. on further knowledge. MALONE.

454. *What said master* Dombledon——] After note 7—Mr. Steevens's conjecture is confirmed by a passage in a subsequent scene of this play, where the name of a silkmercer is introduced, evidently formed from the goods he dealed in: "And he's indited to dinner to the Lubbard's head in Lombard Street to master *Smooth's* the *silkman*." In *Measure for Measure*, master *Three pile*, the mercer, is mentioned. MALONE.

456. Add

456. Add to my laſt note] So, in *The Fearful and Lamentable Effects of Two dangerous Comets* &c. no date; by Nashe, in ridicule of Gabriel Harvey: "*Paule's* church is in wonderful perill thys yeare without the help of our conſcionable brethren, for that day it hath not eyther broker, *maiſterleſs ſerving-man*, or pennileſſe companion, in the middle of it, the uſurers of London have ſworne to beſtow a newe ſteeple upon it." STEEVENS. VOL. V. K. HEN. IV. P. II.

459. To follow Steevens's note.] It ſhould, however, be remembered, that there is no player in the liſt prefixed to the firſt folio, whoſe name begins with this ſyllable; and the part of Falſtaff, we may be ſure, was not performed by an obſcure actor. See this matter differently accounted for, ante p. 178. MALONE.

Ibid. Add to my note:] Names utterly unconnected with the perſonæ dramatis of Shakſpeare, are ſometimes introduced as entering on the ſtage. Thus, in *The Second Part of K. Hen. IV.* edit. 1600: "Enter th' Archbiſhop, Thomas Mowbray (Earle Marſhall) the Lord Haſtings, *Fauconbridge*, and Bardolfe." Sig. B 4.—Again: "Enter the Prince, Poynes, *Sir John Ruſſell*, with others." Sig. C 3.—Again, in *K. Henry V.* 1600. "Enter Burbon, Conſtable, Orleance, *Gebon.*" Sig. D 2.

Old might have been inſerted by a miſtake of the ſame kind; or indeed through the lazineſs of compoſitors, who occaſionally permit the letters that form ſuch names as frequently occur, to remain together, when the reſt of the page is diſtributed. Thus it ſometimes will happen that one name is ſubſtituted for another. This obſervation will be well underſtood by thoſe who have been engaged in long attendance on a printing-houſe; and thoſe to whom my remark appears obſcure, need not to lament their ignorance, as this kind of knowledge is uſually purchaſed at the expence of much time, patience, and diſappointment. STEEVENS.

464. *If I do, fillip me with a* three-man beetle.] A diverſion is common with boys in Warwickſhire and the adjoining counties, on finding a toad, to lay a board about two or three feet long, at right angles, over a ſtick about two or three inches diameter, as per ſketch.



Then, placing the toad at A, the other end is ſtruck by a bat or

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or large stick, which throws the creature forty or fifty feet perpendicular from the earth, and its return in general kills it. This is called *Filliping the Toad* ——A *three-man beetle* is an implement used for driving piles; it is made of a log of wood about eighteen or twenty inches diameter, and fourteen or fifteen inches thick, with one short, and two long handles, as per sketch. A man to each of the long handle manages the fall of the beetle, and



a third man by the short handle assists in raising it to strike the blow. Such an implement was, without doubt, very suitable for *filiping* so corpulent a being as Falstaff. J JOHNSON.

466. *Yes, in this present* quality of war,
Indeed of instant action——] *If* may have been a misprint for *in*, as Dr. Johnson supposes, but the substitution of *the* for *of*, is, in my apprehension, unnecessary; for the passage is as intelligible, or perhaps more so, if the ancient reading of the second line be adhered to, and the sentence pointed thus:

Yes, in this present quality of war:
Indeed *the* instant action, a cause on foot
Lives so in hope, &c.

There is yet a difficulty, which the commentators have passed over. It is not true of *all* causes on foot, that they afford no hopes on which any reliance may be placed, though it was perhaps true of *that particular cause* then on foot. We ought therefore, perhaps, to read:

Indeed the instant action—*the* cause on foot——

or perhaps the old reading may stand, if the passage be thus regulated:

Indeed the instant action (a cause on foot)
Lives so in hope——

Indeed the present action (our cause being now on foot) lives &c. MALONE.

469 *And being now trimm'd up in thine own desires,*] *Up* is not found in the old copy, and the metre does not require it. The poet probably meant that the preceding word should be written and pronounced *trimmed*. The line is smoother so. MALONE.

477 ——*draw thy action*] It should be printed——'draw thy action; i. e. *withdraw* it. MALONE.

481. *Come*

481. *Come you* virtuous ass] Folio—*pernicious* ass. VOL. V. MALONE. K. HEN. IV. P. II.

482. *And methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat*——] It should be observed, that the *alewife's* petticoat was probably *red*, a favourite colour of the lower females, and the fittest to represent Bardolph's face.

AMNER.

483. ——*as a borrower's cap*;] To follow Warburton's note.—Perhaps the old reading——a *borrowed* cap—may be right. Falstaff's followers, when they stole any thing, called it a *purchase*. A *borrowed* cap might be a *stolen* one; which is sufficiently ready, being, as Falstaff says, *to be found on every hedge.* MALONE.

487. ——*when my* heart's dear *Harry*——] The folio reads, perhaps with more elegance:

——when my *heart-dear* Harry——

MALONE.

Ibid. *Did seem* defensible:] *Defensible* does not in this place mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing strength, furnishing the means of defence*;—the passive for the active participle.

MALONE.

494. *Hang yourself*, &c] This line is from the old edition in 1600. MALONE.

Ibid. After Steevens's note [1].] The word *scorbutico* (as an ingenious friend observes to me) is used in the same manner in Italian, to signify a peevish ill-tempered man. MALONE.

500. *Have we not* Hiren *here?*] To follow Steevens's note.—Mr. Oldys, though a diligent antiquarian, was sometimes inaccurate. From *The Merie conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentleman, sometime Student in Oxford*, quarto, 1657, it appears, that *Peele*, so far from having written down *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek* (as Oldys represents in his MS. notes on Langbaine), was himself the author of that play. One of these jests, or rather stories, is entitled, *How George read a* Play-book *to a Gentleman*. "There was a gentleman (says the tale) whom God had endued with good living, to maintain his small wit—one that took great delight to have the first hearing of any work that *George* had done, himself being a writer.——This self-conceited brock had George invited to half a score sheets of paper; whose Christianly pen had *writ Finis* to the famous play of *The Turkish Mahomet and Hyren the Fair Greek*—in Italian called a curtezan; in Spaine, a margarite; in French, un curtain; in English, among the barbarous, a *whore*; among the gen-

tles,

VOL. V. K. HEN IV. P. II. tles, their usual associates, a *punk*.——This fantastick, whose brain was made of nought but cork and spunge, came to the cold lodging of monsieur Peel.——George bids him welcome;—told him he would gladly have his opinion of *his book*——He willingly condescended, and George begins to read, and between every *scene* he would make pauses, and demand his opinion how he liked the carriage of it, &c."

Have we not Hiren here? was, without doubt, a quotation from this play of Peele's, and, from the explanation of the word *Hiren* above given, is put with peculiar propriety into the mouth of Pistol In *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy, by Johnson, Chapman, and Marston, 1605, *Quicksilver* comes in drunk, and repeats this and many other verses, from dramatick performances of that time:

"Holla ye pamper'd jades of Asia!" [*Tamburlaine.*]
"Hast thou not *Hiren* here?"
"Who cries out murther, lady, was it you?"
[*Spanish Tragedy*]

All these lines are printed as quotations, in Italicks.
MALONE.

505. To follow Steevens's note 9.] *Slide-thrift*, or *shove-groat* is one of the games prohibited by statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9. ———E.

506.—*and ten times better than the nine worthies: ah* villain!] This term cannot well be applied, without any qualification or addition, to Falstaff. Doll indeed, a little before, had given him that appellation, but then it is—"ah you *whorson, little, valiant, villain!*" So also, she uses *rogue* as a term of endearment, but not without some douceur——"you *sweet little* rogue:" and again——"ah! rogue, *I love thee.*"

The old quarto reads——*a* villain!—which is perhaps preferable. She is speaking of Pistol. MALONE.

Ibid. To follow Johnson's note] These artificial pigs are of later introduction. In the time of Shakspeare, real ones were roasted at almost every booth in Smithfield. See Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, and particularly the character of *Ursula* the *pig-woman*. STEEVENS.

509. ——lisping *to his master's old tables*;——] The reading proposed by Dr. Farmer——"*licking* too his master's old tables—" is countenanced by a passage in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

"*Constable*. Master Harpool, I'll have one *buss* too.
"*Harp*. No *licking* for you, constable; hand off, hand off."
MALONE.

515. *Who*

525. ——*Master* Sure-card, *as I think*] It is observable, that many of Shakspeare's names are invented, and characteristical: Master *Forth-right*, the tilter; master *Shoe-tie*, the traveller; master *Smooth*, the silkman; Mis. *Over-done*, the bawd; Kate *Keep-down*, Jane *Night-work* &c. *Sure-card* was used as a term for *a boon companion*, so lately as the latter end of last century, by one of the translators of *Suetonius*.

MALONE.

532. Add to the end of note [6].] It is as remarkable, that he has written no lines on the death of any poetical friend, nor commendatory verses on any living author, which was the constant practice of Jonson, Fletcher &c. Perhaps the singular modesty of Shakspeare hindered him from attempting to decide on the merits of others, while his liberal turn of mind forbad him to express such gross and indiscriminate praises as too often disgrace the names of many of his contemporaries. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer.

STEEVENS.

Ibid. *I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's-inn*——] "When I *lay*," here signifies, when I *lodged* or *lived*. So, *Leland*: "An old manor place where in tymes paste sum of the Moulbrays *lay* for a starte," i. e. *lived for a time* or *sometimes*. *Itin.* Vol. I. fol. 119.

T. WARTON.

So, said Sir Henry Wotton, "An ambassador is an honest man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country." *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, 1685.

Again, in *The Ordinary*, by Cartwright:

"Twas not born with it, I confess; but *lying*
"In Turkey for intelligence, the great Turk
"Somewhat suspicious of me &c."

Again, in Marston's *What you Will*, a comedy, 1607:

"Survey'd with wonder by me, when I *lay*
"Factor in London." MALONE.

I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, there was &c] Does he mean that he acted Sir Dagonet at Mile-end Green, or at Clement's-inn? By the application of a parenthesis only, the passage will be cleared from ambiguity, and the sense I would assign, will appear to be just.——"I remember at Mile-end Green (when I lay at Clement's-inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show) there was &c." That is: "I remember when I was a very young man at Clement's-inn, and not fit to act any higher part than Sir Dagonet in the in-

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terludes which we used to play in the society, that among the soldiers who were exercised at Mile-end Green, there was &c.' The performance of this part of Sir Dagonet was another of Shallow's feats at Clement's-inn, on which he delights to expatiate: a circumstance in the mean time, quite foreign to the purpose of what he is saying, but introduced, on that account, to heighten the ridicule of his character. Just as he had told Silence, a little before, that he saw Schoggan's head broke by Falstaff at the court gate, "and the *very same day*, I did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-inn.' Not to mention the satire implied in making Shallow act Sir Dagonet, who was king Arthur's fool. *Arthur's show*, here supposed to have been presented at Clement's-inn, was probably an interlude, or masque, which actually existed, and was very popular in Shakspeare's age: and seems to have been compiled from Mallory's *Morte Arthur*, or the History of King Arthur, then recently published, and the favourite and most fashionable romance.

That *Mile-end Green* was the place for publick sports and exercises, we learn from Froissart. T. WARTON.

334. To follow Wit to a cite.] The first edition of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, printed in 1613, strongly confirms Mr. Warton's conjecture relative to this piece. There is an epistle dedicatory prefixed to it by the printer, from which it appears, that this play was written in eight days.—"Soon after, it was by his parents (perhaps because he was so unlike his brethren) exposed to the wide world, who, for want of judgment, or not understanding the *privie mark of ironie* about it (which shewed it was no offspring of any vulgar brains), utterly rejected it;—so that for want of acceptance, it was even ready to give up the ghost."

From the same dedication, it appears, that this play was written in 1611.—"I have fostered it privately in my bosom," says the printer, "these two years." He seems to fear that the idea of the piece should be thought to have been borrowed from Cervantes. "Perhaps it will be thought to be of the race of D. Quixote.—We both may confidently swear, it is his elder above a year, [he means a year older than the English translation of Don Quixote, which was published in 1612] and therefore may, by virtue of his birth-right, challenge the wall of him."

The names of B. and Fletcher are not prefixed to this original edition. Heywood's play, which Mr. Warton imagines

gines this was intended to ridicule, though not printed till 1612, had appeared on the stage in 1596 MALONE.

536. *—and sung those tunes—goodnights.*] This passage is found only in the quarto of 1600. MALONE.

545. *O my good lord Mowbray——*] The thirty-seven lines following are not in the old copy printed in 1600.

MALONE.

548. *And present execution of our wills*
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd;] In my copy of the first folio, the word, I think, is—*confin'd.* The types used in that edition were so worn, that *f* and *s* are scarcely distinguishable. But however it may have been printed, I am persuaded that the true reading is *consign'd*; that is, *seal'd, ratified, confirm'd*; a Latin sense: "*auctoritate* consignatæ *literæ*——" *Cicero* pro *Cluentio.* It has this signification again in this play:

"And (Heaven *consigning* to my good intents)
"No prince nor peer &c."

Again, in *K. Henry V*:

"And take with you free power to ratify,
"Augment or alter, as your wisdoms best
"Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
"Any thing in or out of our demands;
"And we'll *consign* thereto."

Again, ibid. "It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to *consign* to——" MALONE.

552. *To us, th' imagin'd voice of heaven itself,*] All the copies (that I have seen), by an apparent error of the press, read——*imagine* voice. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote:

To us, the *image and* voice of heaven itself.

MALONE.

561. After Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, add:] So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"When he is held a freshman, and a sot,
"And never shall *commence.*" STEEVENS.

563. *As* humorous *as winter,——*] *Humorous* is, I believe, here used equivocally for *fanciful* and *moist.*—He abounds in capricious fancies, as winter abounds in moisture.

In *Romeo and Juliet, humorous* is used by our author, to signify *moist*:

"To be consorted with the *humorous* night."

A spring day may with propriety be called *changeable*, and is frequently described as such; thus in Heywood's *Challenge* for

for Beauty, 1636: "I am as full of *humours*, as an *April* day of variety"

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, 1605:

"As proud as May, and *humorous* as *April*."

But a *winter's day* has generally too decided a character to admit of Dr Johnson's interpretation. MALONE.

574. *Have broke their* sleeps *with thoughts*.] The quarto reads, more elegantly——their *sleep* MALONE.

575 —*when riot is* thy care?] After Tyrwhitt's note.—One cannot help wishing Mr Tyrwhitt's elegant explanation to be true, yet I doubt whether the poet meant to say more than—What wilt thou do, when riot is *thy regular business and occupation?* MALONE.

578. *For what in me was* purchas'd,] *Purchased* seems to be here used in its legal sense, as opposed to an acquisition by descent. MALONE.

579. *Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look*
Too near into my state.] The expedition that Cæsar meditated against the Parthians, immediately before his death, has been ascribed to the same apprehension which dictated to Henry a journey to the Holy Land:

"Invidiæ stimulos ergo ut leniret furentes,
"*Et capiti insidias, quas maturare quietem*
"*Non nescit*, Cæsar factis avertere possit,
"Nec non *externo* maculas abstergere *bello*
"Civilis, cum jam Crassi vindicta jussisset,
"Debita jamdudum Latio, jussu ipse Senatûs,
"(Ne patrum immunitus videatur littera potestas)
"Decretoque togæ, mandari Parthica bella
"Suppliciter petiit." *Supplem Lucani*. lib. vii.
MALONE.

596. Add to my note [4]] Sir Thomas Hanmer (as an ingenious friend observes to me) was mistaken in supposing *profaccia* an Italian word. There is no such word in that language. The phrase is—*buon pro vi faccia*—much good may it do you! MALONE.

Ibid. *And welcome merry Shrove-tide*] *Shrove-tide* was formerly a season of extraordinary sport and feasting. In the Romish church there was anciently a feast immediately preceding Lent, which lasted many days, called CARNISCAPIUM. See Carpentier in v Supp. Lit Gloss. Du Cange. tom I. p. 831. In some cities of France, an officer was annually chosen, called LE PRINCE D'AMOREUX, who presided

presided over the sports of the youth for six days before Ash-Wednesday Ibid. v. *Amoratus*, p. 195, and v. *Cardinal*, p. 818. Also v. *Spinetum*, tom III p 848 Some traces of these festivities still remain in our universities. In the *Percy Houshold Book*, 1512, it appears, "that the clergy and officers of Lord Percy's chapel performed a play before his Lordship upon Shrowftewesday at night" p. 345

T Warton

Ibid *And we shall be merry*, now comes in the sweet of the night] I believe these latter words make part of some old ballad — in one of Autolycus's songs we meet:

"When then *comes in the sweet of the year*."

Most of the speeches attributed to Silence, in this scene, are ends of ballads Though his imagination did not furnish him with any thing original to say, he could repeat the verses of others. Malone.

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Page 14. *Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,*] *Swaying* is *inclining*. So, in *K. Hen VI.* P. III:

"Now *sways* it this way, like a mighty sea,
"Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
"Now *sways* it that way." MALONE.

20. After Steevens's note [8].] *Imbare* is, I believe, the true reading. It is formed like *impaint*, *impawn*, and many other words used by Shakspeare. MALONE.

22. *She hath been then more* fear'd *than harm'd, my liege.*] *Fear'd* is here *frighted*. MALONE.

25. *They have a king and officers of sorts.*] The quarto of 1600 reads, I think rightly,—officers of *sort*; i. e. of rank or quality. So, in *Measure for Measure*,

"Give notice to such men of *sort* and suit,
"As are to meet him."

Again, in this play of *K. Henry V*:

"What prisoners of good *sort* are taken?"

Again: "It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great *sort*." MALONE.

36. —*we'll be all three* sworn brothers *to France:*] The humour of *sworn brothers* should be open'd a little. In the times of adventure, it was usual for two chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortune, and divide their acquisitions between them. So, in the Conqueror's expedition, Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery were *fratres jurati*; and Robert gave one of the honours he received to his *sworn brother* Roger. So these three scoundrels set out for France, as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom.

WHALLEY.

37. —*though patience be a tir'd mare, yet she will plod.*] So, in *Pierce's Supererogation, or a New Praise of the Old Asse*, &c.' "Silence is a slave in a chaine, and *patience* the common *packhorse* of the world." STEEVENS.

Ibid. *O well-a-day, lady, if he be not* drawn *now!*] To follow Theobald's note [1].—The quarto confirms Mr. Theobald's emendation. It reads—"O Lord, *here's corporal Nym's*,

Nym's, now we shall have wilful adultery &c." After "Nym's," the words *-sword drawn*, or *sword out*, are manifestly omitted by the carelessness of the compositor. Throughout this play, the editor of the quarto copy, which was probably taken down in short-hand, during the representation, seems to have given the sense of many passages, as well as he could pick it up, without much regarding the precise words.

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Surely, *against her will*, crept into this passage by the compositor's eye glancing on the preceding word. It seems to have no meaning here. MALONE.

40. *Therefore exhale.*—] *Exhale*, I believe, here signifies *draw*, or in Pistol's language, *tug out*.

The stage direction in the old copy, which ought to be preserved, [they draw.] confirms this explanation.

MALONE.

43. *Now sits the wind fair*—] The quarto of 1600 reads—*Now, lords, the wind is fair*—which may be right. MALONE.

47. *All other devils that suggest* &c.] The reasoning, I think, requires that we should read—*For other devils*—

MALONE.

Ibid. *But he that temper'd thee*—] Dr. Johnson's emendation is strongly supported, not only by the word *suggest*, which he has mentioned, but likewise by the foregoing and subsequent lines:

"And whatsoever cunning *fiend* it was
"That *wrought* upon thee—"
"If that same *dæmon* that hath *gull'd* thee thus—"

MALONE.

53. To follow Tyrwhitt's note.] In the account of Falstaff's death, my dame Quickly says, "'a made a finer end, and went away an it had been any *chrisom'd* child." The *chrisom* is properly explained as the white garment put upon the child at its baptism. And this the child wore till the time the mother came to be churched, who was then to offer it to the minister. So that, truly speaking, a *chrisom child* was one that died after it had been baptized, and before its mother was churched. Erroneously, however, it was used for children that die before they are baptized; and by this denomination such children were entered in the bills of mortality down to the year 1726. But have I not seen, in some edition, *chrystom* child? If that reading were supported by any copy of authority, I should

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like it much. It agrees better with my dame's enuntiation, who was not very likely to pronounce a hard word with propriety, and who just before had called *Abraham—Arthur*.

WHALLEY.

Mr. Whalley is right in his conjecture. The first and second folio both read *christom*, and so should the word hereafter be printed. MALONE.

58. After Steevens's note [2].] The following lines in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607, may perhaps assist the reader in his conjectures:

"I conjure thee, foul fiend of Acheron,
"By puissant Hobblecock, and Bristletoe,
"By Windecaper, *Moon-light-loo*——" MALONE.

60. *And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent*
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.] I believe, Shakspeare meant no more than that Henry, in his external appearance, was like the elder Brutus, wild and foolish, while in fact his understanding was good.

Our author's meaning is sufficiently explained by the following lines in *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"*Brutus*, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
"Seeing such emulation in their woe,
"Began to cloath his wit in state and pride,
"Burying in Lucrece's wound, his folly's show.
"He with the Romans was esteemed so,
"As silly jeering ideots are with kings,
"For sportive words and uttering foolish things.
"But now he throws that *shallow habit* by,
"Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
"And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly
"To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes."

MALONE.

Ibid. *Which of a weak and niggardly projection*] This passage, as it stands, is so perplexed, that I cannot help thinking it corrupt. If *which* be referred to *proportions of defence*, (and I do not see to what else it can be referred,) the construction will be—"which *proportions* of defence, of a weak and niggardly projection &c. *doth*, like a miser &c."

I suspect the author wrote

While oft, a weak and niggardly projection
Doth &c.

The reasoning then is clear.—In cases of defence, it is best to imagine the enemy more powerful than he seems to be;

L

by this means, we make more full and ample preparations to defend ourselves: whereas on the contrary, a poor and mean idea of the enemy's strength induces us to make but a scanty provision of forces against him, wherein we act as a miser does, who spoils his coat by scanting a little cloth. VOL. VI. KING HEN. V.

Projection, I believe, is here used for *fore-cast* or *pre conception*. It may, however, mean *preparation*. MALONE.

63 *The pining maiden's groans*——] The folio reads:

The *privy* maiden's groans——

Perhaps the words were transposed. The author might have written—"the maidens' *privy* groans,"—the secret lamentation of those [illegible] who might not chuse to disclose to the world the [illegible] of their affections. So, in Gascoigne's *Complaint of Philomene*, 1576:

"Thy sister [illegible] puts thy fyre
"To torment [illegible] *privy paine*."

Again, in *The* [illegible], a poem, 1614:

"And holding up her hands, as she did kneel,
"Said, madame, tell the *privy grief* you feel."

MALONE.

64 After Steevens's note [4]] The folio, as well as the quarto, read:

Shall *draw* your trespass——

For *draw* there is no authority. MALONE.

65 ——which *you shall read*] The folio has:

——*that* you shall read.

The quarto——

——*which* you shall *find*. MALONE.

66 *Grapple your minds to* sternage *of this navy*;] I suspect the author wrote, *steerage*. So, in his *Pericles*.

"—— Think his pilot, thought;
"So with his *steerage* shall your *thoughts grow on*,
"To fetch his daughter home——" MALONE.

67. *And eke out our performance with your mind.*] The first and second folio both read—*eech* out, and so, it appears, the word was anciently pronounced. Thus, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609.

"And time that is so briefly spent
"With your fine fancies quaintly *eech*;
"What's dumb in shew I'll plain with *speech*."

MALONE.

69 ——*a case of lives*.] To follow Johnson's note [9].—— Perhaps only *two*; as a *case* of pistols; and in Ben Jonson, a *case* of masques. WHALLEY.

70. Enter

Vol. VI. King Hen. V.

70. *Enter Fluellen.*] The direction in the quarto is—— "Enter Fluellen, *and beats them in*" MALONE.

75. *The gates of mercy ſhall be all ſhut up*;] We again meet this ſignificant expreſſion in *The Third Part of K. Hen VI:*

"Open *thy gate of mercy*, gracious Lord." MALONE.

79. *Alice. De foot, madame, and de con*] Alice pronounces all the other words rightly, and why ſhould ſhe be ſuppoſed not to know this? We ſhould, I think, read:

De foot, madame, and de *gown*.

Gown, it ſhould ſeem, from the queen's miſtake, was, in Shakſpeare's time, pronounced like the words *blown*, *ſown*, &c. AMNER.

80. *And* over-grow *their grafters?*] For this reading there is no authority. The folio has—*over-look*. The quarto—*out-grow*. MALONE.

81. *Upon* the *houſes' thatch*——] The folio reads:

Upon *our* houſes' thatch——

The quarto——

Upon *our* houſes' *tops*. MALONE.

Ibid. *Sweat drops of* gallant youth—] The quarto reads:

Sweat drops of *youthful blood*—— MALONE.

Ibid. *Poor we* may *call them*,] *May* was added in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

89. To follow Steevens's firſt note.] So, Falſtaff in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "I will *enſconce* (i. e. entrench) myſelf behind the arras." ——E.

Ibid. —*and a horrid* ſuit *of the camp*.] To follow Steevens's note [9].—*Suit*, I have no doubt, is the true reading. *Suit*, in our author's time, appears to have been pronounced *ſhoot*. [See a note on *Love's Labour Loſt*, Vol. II. p. 431.] Hence the quarto, which was, I believe, copied by the ear, has—*ſhout*. MALONE.

90. *Drums and colours. Enter the King, Gloſter, and Soldiers.*] The direction in the folio is—"Drums and colours. Enter the King and his *poor* ſoldiers."

This was, I ſuppoſe, by way of introduction to the ſubſequent deſcription in the chorus of Act IV. "The *poor* condemned Engliſh &c." MALONE.

Ibid. —— *one that is* like *to be executed*——] The quarto has not theſe words; and I think they might well be omitted. For, from the latter part of Fluellen's ſpeech, it ſhould ſeem, that Bardolf was *already* executed: "*His noſe is executed, and his fire's out.*" MALONE.

96. L

VOL. VI. KING HEN V.

96. —*like a kerne of Ireland* &c] The following stage-direction in Ford's *Perkin Warbeck*, 1634, shews clearly that the lower Irish were, in the time of our author, described and represented as wearing trowsers; and that therefore the words in the text " in your straight *trossers*," do not mean—in your naked *skin*, but are to be understood in their literal sense:—" Enter at one door four Scotch Anticks accordingly habited. Enter at another door, four wild *Irish* in *trowses*, long haired, and accordingly habited.' MALONE.

103. *Presented them unto the gazing moon*] I have no doubt that *presenteth*, which Mr. Steevens proposes, is the true reading. It excludes entirely Mr Tollet's interpretation.

If *in fasting*, which is a most probable conjecture, be admitted, the whole is clear.—Each of these mistakes might easily have happened from a hasty pronunciation, or inattention in the transcriber. MALONE.

105. *That we should* dress *us fairly for our end*] *Dress us*, I think, means here, *address us*; i. e. prepare ourselves. So, before, in this play:

" To-morrow for our march we are *address'd*."

It should therefore be printed—'dress us MALONE.

136. *A testament of noble-ending love*] The quarto reads:
An argument *of never-ending love*. MALONE.

138. I, *he was porn at Monmouth*,] The vowel *I*, which was used formerly for the affirmative particle, has, through oversight, been suffered to keep its place here. We should read:

— *Ay*; he was porn &c. MALONE.

141. After Steevens's note [1].] There is no difference, that I can find, in the two copies, Both the quarto and the folio has these lines MALONE.

146 To follow Johnson's note.] The king, by " *thy* glove," might have meant—*the glove that thou hast now in* thy *cap*, i. e. Henry's glove. There is therefore no need of alteration. The quarto, as well as the folio, reads—*thy*.

MALONE.

THE

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

VOL. VI. K HEN. VI. P. I.

178. After Steevens's note] Spenser, in his *Ruins of Time*, uses *nourice* as an English word:

"Chaucer, the *nourice* of antiquitie." MALONE.

192. Add to note [9]] *Tawny* was a colour worn for mourning, as well as *black*; and was therefore the proper and sober habit of any person employed in an ecclesiastical court.

"A crowne of baies shall that man weare
"That triumphes over me;
"For *blacke* and *tawnie* will I weare,
"Which *mourning colours be*."

The Complaint of a Lover wearing *blacke* and *tawnie*; by E. O. *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596. STEEVENS.

200. To follow Steevens's note] There are frequent references to this etymology in this play:

"I scar'd the dauphin and his *trull*."

Again:

"Scoff on vile fiend, and shameless *courtezan*!"

MALONE.

233. Qui *va* lá?] The old copy has—*Che la*; evidently a corruption of—Qui *est* la? MALONE.

247. ——*but that I am prevented*,] *Prevented* is here—*anticipated*;—a Latinism. MALONE.

252. *Be humbled to us*.] The first folio reads:

Be *humble* to us. MALONE.

253. After Steevens's note [6].] Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*:

"There laid him down, and *dew'd* him with my tears"

MALONE.

260. *O twice my father! twice am I thy son*:] A French epigram, on a child, who being shipwrecked with his father saved his life by getting on his parent's dead body, turns on the same thought. After describing the wreck, it concludes thus:

"——aprez mille efforts
"J'appercus pres de moi flotter des membres morts;
"Helas! c'etoit mon pere
"Je le connus, je l' embrassai,
"Et sur lui jusq' au port hereusement poussé,
"Des ondes et des vents j'evitai la furie.

"Qui

"*Que ce pere doit m'etre cher,*
"*Qui m'a deux fois donné la vie,*
"*Une fois sur la terre, et l'autre sur la mere!*"
MALONE.

263. After Steevens's note [5].] Again, in *K Henry VI. P. II*:

"I tender so the safety of my liege." MALONE.

277. *Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth,*
To be the princely bride of such a lord,] *To woo her little worth*—may mean—*to court her small share of merit.* But I would rather point the passage thus:

Since thou dost deign to woo her, little worth
To be the princely bride of such a lord.

i. e. little deserving to be the wife of such a prince.
MALONE.

278. *Mad, natural, graces that extinguish art;*] Pope had, perhaps, this line in his thoughts, when he wrote

"And catch a grace beyond the reach of art"

In *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, *mad* is used in the same manner as in the text:

"Is it not *mad* lodging in these wild woods here?"
MALONE.

288. *It most of all these reasons bindeth us,*] The word *it* is not in the old copy. MALONE.

Ibid. *Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,*] The word *forth* which is not in the first folio, was supplied I think unnecessarily, by the second. *Contrary* was, I believe, used by the author as a quadrisyllable, as if it were written *conterary*, according to which pronunciation the metre is not defective:

Whereas the *conterary* bringeth bliss——

In the same manner Shakspeare frequently uses *Henry* as a trisyllable, and *hour* and *fire* as dissyllables. MALONE.

Ibid. *More than in women commonly is seen,*] The two first folios read——*women*. MALONE.

Ibid *As I am sick with* working of my thoughts.] So, in *King Henry V*:

"*Work, work your thoughts,* and therein see a siege."

The recurrence of the same expressions in the plays indisputably written by Shakspeare, and in these *three parts of K Henry VI.* is an additional proof that the latter were composed by him. MALONE.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

VOL. VI. K. HEN. VI. P. II.

316. After Steevens's note [9].] These words are not in the undated quarto. The first folio reads—"the spight of man." The second—"the spight of my man." MALONE.

340. *With envious looks still laughing at thy shame*;] *Still*, which is not in the elder copies, was added in the second folio. MALONE.

347 *Well, Suffolk*, yet——] *Yet* was added in the second folio. MALONE.

357. ——*like* to *a wild Morisco*——] *To* has been added by some of the modern editors. MALONE.

359. *I thank thee* &c.] To follow Theobald's note ——. Though the king could not well forget his wife's name, I believe Shakspeare, or rather the transcriber, did. That *Nell* was not here a mistake of the press for *well*, (which has been too hastily admitted in its room) is clear from a subsequent speech in this scene, where *Eleanor* is again three times mentioned instead of *Margaret*. The right name ought to be replaced here as well as in those other places:

"I thank thee, *Margaret*; these words content me much."

MALONE.

368. *Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just*,] Perhaps our author had Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion* in his thoughts:

"Come, Moor, I am *arm'd* with more than complete steel,
"The *justice* of my *quarrel*." MALONE.

374. Where, *from thy sight*——] In the preambles of almost all the statutes made during the first twenty years of queen Elizabeth's reign, the word *where* is employed instead of *whereas*. It is so used here. MALONE.

Ibid. *Away! though parting be a fretful* corrosive,] This word was generally, in our author's time, written, and, I suppose, pronounced *corsive*; and the metre shews that it ought to be so printed here. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"His son distrest, a *corsive* to his heart."

Again, in *The Alchymist*, by B. Jonson, 1610:

"Now do you see that something's to be done
"Beside your beech-coal and your *corsive* waters."

Again,

Again, in an *Ode* by the same:

"I send not balms nor *corsives* to your wound."

MALONE.

Ibid. ——*such a jaded groom.*] This epithet seems to me so strange, that I suspect some corruption. The quarto reads either *lady*-groom, or *jady*-groom; it is difficult to say which.

MALONE.

394. To follow Steevens's note.] *Killingworth* is still the modern pronunciation? ———E.

398. *Monsieur Basimecu,*] Cade means to call the dauphin Monsieur *Baisermoncu*. In the old quarto it is half French, half English; *Bussmine cue*. MALONE.

399. To follow Steevens's first note.] Mr. Meerman in his *Origines Typographicæ* hath availed himself of this passage in Shakspeare, to support his hypothesis, that printing was introduced into England (before the time of Caxton) by Frederic Corsellis a workman from Haerlem, in the time of Henry VI. ———E.

Ibid. ——*to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer.*] The quarto reads, with more humour,—"honest men that steal for their living."

MALONE.

402. *These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding.*] The word *guiltless* was, I imagine, an interlineation in the MS. and has, I think, been inserted in a wrong place. I believe, we ought to read:

These hands are guiltless, free from blood-shedding.

MALONE.

406. *I was made a king at nine months old.*] So all the historians agree. And yet in Part I. p. 243, king Henry is made to say:

"I do remember how my father said,"

a plain proof that the whole of that play was not written by the same hand as this. ———E.

408. After note [2].] The second folio reads—*claim'd.*

MALONE.

411. *As for, more words*——] *More* has been added by some of the modern editors. It is not in the first or second folio. The passage is not in the quarto.

MALONE.

Ibid. *And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead.*] *And hang thee*—only mean *I will have thee hung.* The same kind of expression is found in *The Winter's Tale:* "If thou'lt see a thing

VOL. VI. K. HEN VI. P. II. thing *to talk on*, when thou art dead and rotten——" i e. for people to talk on. MALONE.

424. *The silver livery of* advised *age*;] *Advised* is *wise*, *experienced*. MALONE.

425. *For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign*,] The quarto, though manifestly made out by the ear, by some unskilful short-hand writer, has generally something like the poet's sense, though seldom his words. The reading which it here exhibits, induces me to think that a line was omitted at the press, when the folio was printing. It might have been of this purport:

Behold, the prophecy is come to pass;
For underneath &c. MALONE.

426. *Away, my lord away!*] The quarto has given the king three lines before his exit:

"Come then, fair queen, to London let us haste,
"And summon up a parliament with speede,
"To stop the fury of these dyre events."

427. *Being opposites of such repairing nature.*] Being enemies that are likely so soon to rally and recover themselves from this defeat. MALONE.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

K. HEN. VI. P. III. 442 *Why, how now, sons, and brother, at a strife?*] After Johnson's note, p. 443.—Dr. Johnson's emendation is confirmed by the quarto, where York addresses *only* his sons:

How now *sonnes!* what jarre among yourselves!

MALONE.

445. *Enter a Messenger.*

Gab. *The queen with all the northern* &c.] Instead of *Gabriel*, *Messenger* should be prefixed to this speech. *Gabriel* was the actor who played this inconsiderable part. He is mentioned by Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612.

MALONE.

449 Add to my note *.] Since I wrote the above, I met with the following passage in Nashe's Preface to Greene's *Arcadia*, which confirms my conjecture:

"——to bodge up a blank verse with *ifs* and *ands*."

In

In Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, printed about 1611, the word *bodge* is used for a *stop* or *hitch*, a sense which will suit here:

"Here is a *bodge*; bots on't; farewell my pen!
"My muse is dull'd; another time will serve."

MALONE.

451. *That raught at mountains*——] The undated quarto reads:

That *aim'd* at mountains—— MALONE.

457. *Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop*——] i. e. he demeaned himself. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"How I may formally in person *bear me*——"

MALONE.

Ibid. *Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.*] *Prize*, I believe, here means *privilege*. So, in the former act:

"Is it war's *prize* to take all vantages?" MALONE.

459. *In kindling coals, that fire all my breast.*] *Fire*, it should be remembered, is used by the poet as a dissyllable. MALONE.

471. After Steevens's note [1].] See also, Nashe's *Apology of Pierce Pennylesse*, 1593: "Why thou errant butter-whore, thou cotquean and scrattop of *scolds*, wilt thou never leave afflicting a dead carcasse? continually read the rhetorick lecture of Ramme-Alley? a *wispe*, a *wispe*, you kitchin stuffe wrangler." In *A Warning for Faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599, we meet the same allusion:

"Thy jests are like a *wispe* unto a *scold*."

Again, in *A Dialogue between John and Jone striving who shall wear the Breeches*—PLEASURES OF POETRY, bl. l. no date:

"Good gentle Jone, with-holde thy hands,
"This once let me entreat thee,
"And make me promise, never more
"That thou shalt mind to beat me;
"For feare thou weare the wispe, good wife,
"And make our neighbours ride——"

MALONE.

474. *Our hap is loss*, our hope but sad despair;] Milton seems to have copied this line:

"——Thus repuls'd, *our final hope*
"*Is flat despair.*" MALONE.

489. *Enter Sinklo and Humphrey*—] In the quarto, these archers have no names. The direction is, "Enter two Keepers with both bowes and arrowes." This would sufficiently confirm Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, if it wanted confirmation; but it does not, for *Sinklo* was certainly the name of a

 player.

VOL. VI. player. [See a note on the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*, ante p. 131] *Humphrey* was, I suppose, another

K. HEN. VI. P. III. player. MALONE.

492. *Why, so I am, in mind*,] There seems to be an allusion to a line in an old song, (quoted in *Every Man out of his Humour*):

"My mind to me a kingdom is." MALONE.

518. *You that love me*——] The same adjuration is also found in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"Myself will lead the way,
"And make a passage with my conquering sword,
"Knee deep in blood of these accursed Moors;
"*And they that love my honour, follow me.*"

So also, in our author's *K. Richard III.*

"The rest that love me, rise and follow me"

MALONE.

554. *You have no children, butchers*!] The same sentiment is repeated by Macduff, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and this passage may serve as a comment on that. ———E.

557. *The night crow cry'd, aboding luckless time*] The quarto reads:

——aboding luckless *tune*.

If this be the true reading, it should be printed:

a boding, luckless *tune*. MALONE.

V O-

VOLUME VII.

KING RICHARD III.

Page 12. *Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!*] This epithet is again used by our author in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594: VOL. VII K. G. RICH III.

"And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream
"He falls——" MALONE.

24. After Steevens's note.] The quarto of 1613, reads: Madam, we did MALONE.

28. *We followed then our lord, our sovereign king*;] The quarto of 1613 reads:——our *lawful* king;—which is, perhaps, better, as it justifies the attachment of his followers. MALONE.

29. ——*what mak'st thou in my sight?*] An obsolete expression for—*what dost thou in my sight*. So, in *Othello*:

"Ancient, what *makes* he here?"

Margaret in her answer takes the word in its ordinary acceptation. MALONE.

30. After Warburton's note.] It is so in all the ancient copies; for *Queen* only is prefixed to the line. To the speeches of the Queen Dowager *Q. Marg.* is prefixed throughout the scene. MALONE.

Ibid. *And turn you all your hatred now on me?*] I would point thus:

And turn you all, your hatred now on me?

to shew that *all* is not to be joined in construction with *hatred*. That the poet did not intend that it should be connected with *hatred*, appears, I think, from the foregoing line:

What! were you snarling *all* &c.

The quarto reads, perhaps better:

And turn you now your hatred, all on me? MALONE.

Ibid. Could *all but answer for that peevish brat?*] The folio reads—*Should* all——which is, perhaps, better. MALONE.

35. *Sin, death, and hell*——] Possibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory. ———— E.

38 *So full of* fearful *dreams*——] The quarto of 1613 has——*ghastly* dreams. MALONE.

39 *What sights of ugly death*—] The quarto of 1613 reads:

What *ugly sights* of death —— MALONE.

VOL. VII. KING RICH. III.

40. ———but *still the envious flood Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth To seek the empty, vast, and wand'ring air.*] The folio reads:

Stopp'd in my soul—

and instead of—*to seek* the empty &c. has—*to find* the empty, &c. The quarto of 1613, evidently by a mistake of the compositor, reads:

To *keep* the empty &c.

This line would, I thing, be improved by a different punctuation:

To find the empty vast, and wandring air.

To find the *immense vacuity* &c. *Vast* is used as a substantive, by our author, in other places. So, in *Pericles:*

"Thou God of this great *vast*, rebuke the surges—"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:* "——they have seemed to be together though absent; shook hands over a *vast*——"

MALONE.

47. *If you are hired for* meed, *go back again.*] The quarto of 1613, reads——for *need*,—which may be right. *If it be necessity which induces you to undertake this murder.*

MALONE.

51. ————*If I unwittingly Have aught committed that is hardly borne*] The folio and the quarto of 1613 add after *unwittingly*— "or in my rage." The metre is hurt by the addition, but the sense improved.

MALONE.

61. To follow Steevens's note [7].] *Which* was frequently used by our ancient writers for the personal pronoun *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy. MALONE.

68. To follow Johnson's note.] The quarto of 1613 reads as the folio does:

——the grossness of this age. MALONE.

73. Add to my note [8].] Again, in Holinshed, p. 725. concerning one of Edward's concubines: "——one whom no one could get out of the church *lightlie* to any place, but it were to his bed. STEEVENS.

75. Add to note [3].] So, in *The first Part of the Eight liberall Science, entituled Ars Adulandi &c. devised and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel*, 1576: "——thou hast an excellent *back* to carry my lord's *ape*." STEEVENS.

76. After Johnson's note.] It does not appear that one of these councils was more private than the other. In the next scene the messenger tells Hastings:

"—There

" ——There are two councils held,
" And that may be determined at the one
" Which may make you and him to rue at the other."

One of these councils was held by the queen and her partizans; the other by the duke of Gloucester and his followers. MALONE.

89. Intending *deep suspicion:*] *Intending* is here for *pretending*. MALONE.

99. *As the* ripe *revenue and due* of *birth*;] The quarto of 1613 reads:

As *my right*, revenue and due *by* birth;

which, I believe, is the true reading. So, in the preceding speech:

" Your *right* of birth, your empery, your own " MALONE.

100. ——*loath'd* bigamy.] *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edw. I) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow.* ——t.

106. *For never yet one* hour *in his bed*] *Hour* is here, as in many other places, used by Shakspeare as a dissyllable. MALONE.

114. *O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes,——*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms——
A book of prayers on their pillow lay——] These circumstances were probably adopted from the old song of *The most cruel Murther of Edward V.* &c in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight*. The thirteenth edition of this collection was published in 1690:

" When these sweet children thus were laid in bed
" And to the Lord their hearty prayers had said,
" Sweet slumbring sleep then closing up their eyes,
" Each folded in the other's arms then lyes."

It must be owned, however, that there is nothing to assist us in ascertaining the exact date of this and many others of our ancient ballads. STEEVENS.

129. *Even of your* metal, *of your very blood*;] It should be *mettle*. So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——Thy undaunted *mettle* should compose
" Nothing but males." MALONE.

VOL. VII. KING RICH. III.

132. *If thou didſt fear to break an oath with heaven——*
——an oath by him.] Shakſpeare, I have no doubt, wrote *by him* in both places This appears from the firſt words of this ſpeech, which began originally:

God's wrong is moſt of all.

The players probably ſubſtituted *Heaven* inſtead of the ſacred name, in this and many other places, after the paſſing of the ſtat. 3 Jac. I c. 21; and having changed—*God's* wrong—to *Heaven's* wrong, it became neceſſary to read "an oath *with Heaven*," inſtead of "an oath *by him*." MALONE.

147. To follow Tollet's note.] *Drawn* in the ſenſe of *embowelled*, is never uſed but in ſpeaking of a *foul*. It is true, *embowelling* is alſo part of the ſentence in high treaſon, but in order of time it comes after *drawing* and *hanging*.

——E.

Ibid. *——conſcience is a thouſand ſwords*,] Alluding to the old adage, "*Conſcientia mille teſtes.*" ——I.

151. *——with* fulſome *wine*,] *Fulſome* ſignifies here, as in many other places, *rich, unctuous*. The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was *Malmſey*.

MALONE.

KING HENRY VIII.

K. HEN. VIII.

193. *I am the ſhadow of poor Buckingham*, &c.] By adopting Dr. Johnſon's firſt conjecture, "puts *out*," for "puts *on*," a tolerable ſenſe may be given to theſe obſcure lines. "I am but the ſhadow of poor Buckingham: and even the figure or outline of this ſhadow begins now to fade away, being extinguiſhed by this impending cloud, which darkens (or interpoſes between me and) my clear ſun; that is, the favour of my ſovereign" ——E.

196. *——as* putter on
Of theſe exactions] The *inſtigator* of theſe exactions; the perſon who ſuggeſted to the king the taxes complained of, and *incited* him to exact them from his ſubjects. So, in *Macbeth*:

"——The powers above
"*Put on* their inſtruments."

Again,

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd cause."

MALONE.

198. *That tractable obedience is a slave*
To each incensed will.] After Musgrave's note.—The meaning, I think, is—Things are now in such a situation, that resentment and indignation predominates in every man's breast over duty and allegiance. MALONE.

199. *There is no primer baseness.*] Dr. Warburton (for reasons which he has given in his note) would read:

——no primer *business:*

but I think the meaning of the original word is sufficiently clear. No *primer baseness* is *no mischief more ripe* or *ready* for redress. So, in *Othello:*

"Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkies—"

STEEVENS.

211. *Should find a* running banquet *ere they rest.*] By a *running banquet* a dance seems to have been meant. This appears, I think, from a subsequent passage in this play:—"——and there they are like to *dance* these three days; besides the *running banquet* of two beadles that is to come." So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Where are my maids? provide a *running banquet.*"

MALONE.

233. Anne. *I swear again, I would not be a queen*
For all the world

Old L. *In faith, for* little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire——] *Little England* seems very properly opposed to *all the world*; but what has *Carnarvonshire* to do here? Does it refer to the birth of Edward II. at Carnarvon? or may not this be the allusion? By *little England* is meant, perhaps, that territory in Pembrokeshire, where the Flemings settled in Henry Ist's time, who speaking a language very different from the Welsh, and bearing some affinity to English this fertile spot was called by the Britons, as we are told by Camden, *Little England beyond Wales*; and, as it is a very fruitful country, may be justly opposed to the mountainous and barren county of *Carnarvon.* WHALLEY.

241. *I utterly* abhor, *yea from my soul*
Refuse *you as my judge*——] These are not mere words of passion, but technical terms in the canon law—

VOL. VII. K. HEN. VIII. *Detestor* and *Recuso*. The former in the language of the canonists, signifies no more, than I *protest* against.

——— E.

250. To follow Tyrwhitt's note.] The metre shews here is a syllable dropt. I would read:

I know my life so even. If *'tis* your business
To seek me out &c. ——— E.

306. ——————— *But we all are men,*
In our own natures frail; and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels:] I suspect that Shakspeare wrote:

——In our own natures frail, *incapable*;
Of our flesh few are angels.——

We are all frail in our natures, and *weak in our understandings*. The subsequent words strongly support this conjecture:

" ——out of which *frailty*,
" And *want of wisdom*, you &c."

The transcriber's ear, I believe, here, as in many other places, deceived him. MALONE.

312. *Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons*:] To follow Steevens's note.—As the following story, which is found in a collection of anecdotes, entitled *Merry Passages and Jeasts*, MS. *Harl* 6395, contains an allusion to this custom, and has not, I believe, been published, it may not be an improper supplement to this account of *apostle spoons*. It shews that our author and Ben Jonson were once on terms of familiarity and friendship, however cold and jealous the latter might have been in a subsequent period:

" Shakespeare was godfather to one of Ben Jonson's children, and after the christening, being in deepe study, Jonson came to cheer him up, and askt him why he was so melancholy? No 'faith, Ben, says he, not I; but I have beene considering a great while, what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my god-child, and I have resolv'd at last. I pr'ythee, what? says he.—I' faith, Ben, I'll give him a douzen good *latten spoons*, and thou shalt translate them."

The collector of these anecdotes appears to have been nephew to Sir Roger L'Estrange. He names *Donne* as the relater of this story. MALONE.

316. *There was a* haberdasher's *wife of* small wit——] Ben Jonson, whose hand Dr. Farmer thinks may be traced in different parts of this play, uses this expression in his Induction to the *Magnetick Lady*: " And all *haberdashers of small wit*, I presume." MALONE.

Ibid.

Ibid. *These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples;—that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure*] After Steevens's note—I doubt much whether Shakspeare intended in this passage to describe any part of the spectators at the theatre He seems to me rather to point at some apprentices and inferior citizens, who used occasionally to appear on the stage, in his time, for their amusement. *The Palsgrave* or *Hector of Germany*, was acted in 1615, by a company of citizens at the *Red Bull:* and, *The Hog hath lost his Pearle*, a comedy, 1614, is said, in the title-page, to have been publickly acted by certain *London 'prentices.*

The *fighting for bitten apples*, which were then, as at present, thrown on the stage [See the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*. "Your judgment, rascal; for what?—Sweeping the stage! or gathering up the *broken apples*——"] and the words—"which no *audience* can endure," shew, I think, that these *thunderers at the play-house*, were actors, and not spectators.

The limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers—were, I suppose, young citizens, who went to see their friends wear the buskin A passage in *The Staple of News*, by Ben Jonson, Act III sc. last, may throw some light on that now before us: "Why I had it from my maid *Joan Hearsay*, and she had it from a *limb* of the school, she says, a little *limb* of nine years old——An there were no wiser than I, I would have ne'er a cunning school master in Engand.—They make all their scholars *play*-boys. Is't not a fine sight, to see all our children made *interluders?* Do we pay our money for this? We send them to learn their grammar and their Terence and they learn their play-books."—School-boys, apprentices, the students in the inns of court, and the members of the universities, all, in his time, wore occasionally the sock or the buskin. MALONE.

319. *I'll peck you o'er the pales else*] To *peck* is used again in *Coriolanus*, in the sense of *to pitch*. MALONE.

321. *From her shall read the perfect* way *of honour*;

And by those &c] So the only authentick copy of this play But surely we ought to read:

——the perfect *ways* of honour.

This, I think, is manifest, not only from the word *those* in the next line, but from the scriptural expression, which probably was in our author's thoughts: "Her *ways* are *ways* of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." MALONE.

CO-

CORIOLANUS.

336. *Thou raſcal, that art worſt in blood, to run Lead'ſt firſt*——] Ought not this paſſage rather to be pointed thus?

Thou raſcal, that art worſt in blood to run,
Lead'ſt firſt——]

Thou, that are in the worſt condition for running, tak'ſt the lead, &c. Malone.

339. *As I could pitch my lance*——] As the only authentick copy of this play reads—*pike* my lance, on what principle can it be changed? The ſame word occurs in the ſenſe here required, with only a ſlight variation in the ſpelling, in *K. Henry VIII*:

"I'll *peck* you o'er the pales elſe" Malone.

345. *To take in many towns*——] *To take in* is here, as in many other places, *to ſubdue*. So, in *The Execration on Vulcan*, by Ben Jonſon.

"——The Globe, the glory of the Bank;
"I ſaw with two poor chambers *taken in*,
"And raz'd" Malone.

Ibid. ——*for the remove*——] After Johnſon's note.—Dr. Johnſon's conjecture appears to me highly probable. *The remove* and *their remote* are ſo near in ſound, that the tranſcriber's ear might eaſily have deceived him Malone.

352. *You ſhames of Rome, you! herds of boils* &c] This paſſage would, I think, appear more ſpirited, if it were pointed thus:

All the contagion of the ſouth light on you,
You ſhames of Rome! you *herd* of—Boils and plagues
Plaiſter you o'er!

You herd of *cowards*, he would ſay, but his rage prevents him. Coriolanus ſpeaking of the people in a ſubſequent ſcene, uſes the ſame expreſſion:

"——Are theſe your *herd*?
"Muſt theſe have voices, that can yield them now,
"And ſtraight diſclaim their tongues?"

Again, Menenius ſays:

"Before he ſhould thus ſtoop to the *herd* &c"

The firſt folio countenances this arrangement; for after the word *Rome* there is a colon, and the ſecond *you* is connected with the ſubſequent words. This regulation and

reading

reading are alſo farther ſupported by the old copy, where we find not *herds*, but *beard*, which is applicable to a body of men, and cannot be connected with the ſubſequent words. The modern editors chuſing to connect it with *boils* and *plagues* &c. were forced to alter it to herds.

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We might read:

——*hoards* of boils and plagues
Plaiſter you o'er.

So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"The *hoarded* plague of the gods
"Requite your love!"

But the regulation now propoſed, in my opinion, renders any change unneceſſary. MALONE.

359. Add to my note [1].] That is; if any one here eſteems his reputation above his life. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"If there be one among the fair'ſt of Greece,
"That holds his honour higher than his eaſe——"

If *leſſer* be admitted, *regard* or ſome ſynonymous word is required, inſtead of *fear*, to make the paſſage ſenſe.

MALONE.

368. ——*Mine emulation*
Hath not that honour in't &c.] I would rather point the paſſage thus:

——Mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't, it had; for where
I thought to cruſh him in an equal force
(True ſword to ſword), I'll potch at him ſome way
Or wrath or craft may find him.

I am not ſo honourable an adverſary as I was; for *whereas* I thought to have ſubdued him in equal combat, our ſwords being fairly oppoſed to each other; but now I am determined to deſtroy him in whatever way my reſentment or cunning may deviſe.

Where is uſed here, as in many other places, for *whereas*.

MALONE.

370. (*'Tis ſouth the city mills*)] Shakſpeare frequently introduces theſe minute local deſcriptions, probably to give an air of truth to his pieces. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——underneath the *grove of ſycamore*,
"That *weſtward* rooteth from the *city's* ſide."

Again:

"It was the nightingale and not the lark——
"——Nightly ſhe ſings on *yon pomegranate tree*."

MALONE.

378. *Me-*

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378. *Menenius, ever, ever*] By these words, I believe, Coriolanus means to say—He is still the same affectionate friend as formerly. MALONE.

380. Add before the beginning of my note:] So, in *Newes from Hell, brought by the Divel's Carrier*, 1606; "—a beard filthier than a baker's *mawkin* that he sweeps his oven with." STEEVENS.

390. *To spend* his *time to end it.*] The old copy reads:

To spend *the* time—— MALONE.

419. *He shall sure* out.] The first folio has—*ont*. The correction was made in the second.

MALONE.

424. *Before he should thus stoop to the* herd.] After Warburton's note.—Dr. Warburton's conjecture is confirmed by two former passages in which Coriolanus thus describes the people:

"You shames of Rome! you *herd* of——"

(so the first folio reads.) Again:

"——Are these your *herd?*
"Must these have voices &c,"

Herd was anciently spelt *heard*. Hence *heart* crept into the old copy. MALONE.

427. ——*and, being bred in broils,*
Hast not the soft *way*—] So, in *Othello* (folio 1623):
"——Rude am I in my speech,
"And little bless'd with the *soft* phrase of peace;
"And little of this great world can I speak,
"More than pertains to feats of *broils* and battles."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——'Tis a worthy deed,
"And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
"To *soft* and gentle speech." MALONE.

430. *But* own *thy pride thyself.*] The old copy reads:

But *owe* thy pride thyself.

There is no need of change. MALONE.

432. ——*and to have his* worth
Of contradiction] Add to my note.—The phrase occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"You take your *pennyworth* [of sleep] now."

MALONE.

436. *You common* cry *of curs!*] *Cry* here signifies a *troop* or *pack*. So, in a subsequent scene in this play:

"——You have made good work,
"You and your *cry*."

Again,

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"I could have kept a hawk, and well have hallo'd
"To a deep *cry* of dogs." Malone.

440. *More than a wild* exposture *to each chance*
That stands i' the way before thee.] I know not whether the word *exposture* be found in any other author. If not, I should incline to read *exposure*. Malone.

443. *You have* told *them home*] I believe we ought to read:
You have *toll'd* them home.
i. e. you have rung such a peal of clamorous reproaches in their ears, that they are departed home. Malone.

446. —*many an heir* &c.] Add to my note.—Again, in *Cymbeline*:

"——Tell me how Wales was made so happy
"To *inherit* such a haven?"

Again, in *K. Lear*:

"——to the girdle do the gods *inherit*,
"Below is all the fiend's." Malone.

453. ——*never man*
Sigh'd truer breath.] The same expression is found in our author's *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"I'll *sigh* celestial *breath*, whose gentle wind
"Shall cool the heat of this descending sun."

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"Lover never yet made *sigh*
"*Truer* than I."

Malone.

456. ——*and leave his passage* poll'd.] The folio reads ——*poul'd*. Malone.

Ibid., ——*whilst he's in* directitude.] I suspect the author wrote:

——whilst he's in *discreditude*.

A made word, instead of *discredit*. He intended, I suppose, to put an uncommon word into the mouth of this servant, which had some resemblance to sense; but could hardly have meant that he should talk absolute nonsense. Malone.

V O-

VOLUME VIII.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Vo. VIII. JULIUS CÆSAR.

Page 23 *Why old men, fools, and children calculate.*] To follow Johnson's second note—There is certainly no prodigy in old men's *calculating* from their past experience. The wonder is, that old men should not, and that children should. I would therefore point thus:

Why old men fools, and children calculate.

—— E——.

27. To follow Steevens's note.] That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play:

" ——He hath left you all his walks,
" His private arbours, and new planted *orchards*
" On this side Tiber."

In Sir T. North's *Translation of Plutarch*, the passage which Shakspeare has here copied, stands thus: "He left his *gardens* and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber." MALONE.

31. To follow Steevens's note.] The note on Dr. Akinside's *Ode to Mr. Edwards*, is as follows:

" During Mr Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present lord bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meetings of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings."

If the letter here alluded to, contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderness for the dead would forbid its publication. But that not being the case, and the learned prelate being now beyond the

the reach of criticism, there is no reason why this literary curiosity should be longer with-held from the publick: Vo. VIII. JULIUS CÆSAR.

"Duncan is in his grave;
"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
"Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
"Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
"Can touch him further."

Letter from Mr. W. Warburton to Mr. M. Concanen.

"Dear Sir,

"having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promis'd to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserv'd I in vain sought for them thro' a number of loose papers that had the same kind of abortive birth. I us'd to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources; and observe what oar, as well as what slime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I observe borrows for want of leasure, and Pope for want of genius: Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind those Idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an Ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always supplys the same stores, which will autorize us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science *Nihil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius:* For these reasons I say I give myselfe the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison.

Addison. A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.
Act 2. Sc. 1.

Tully. Quod si immortalitas consequeretur præsentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus. *Philipp. Or. 10*.

Addison. Bid him disband his legions
Restore the commonwealth to liberty
Submit his actions to the public censure,
And stand the judgement of a Roman senate,
Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.

Tully.

Vo VIII.
JULIUS CÆSAR.

Tully. Pacem vult? arma deponat, roget, deprecetur. Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me. *Philipp.* 5[a]

Addison. ———But what is life?
'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air
From time to time———
'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish.
Sc. 3.

Tully. Non enim in spiritu vita est· sed ea nulla est omnino servienti. *Philipp.* 10[a].

Addison. Remember O my friends the laws the rights
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age by your renowned forefathers:
O never let it perish in your hands.
Act 3 *Sc.* 5.

Tully. ——Hanc [libertatem scilt] retinete, quæso, Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem, majores nostri reliquerunt.
Philipp. 4[a].

Addison. The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of Heros the Delight of Gods.

Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum.
de oratore.

" The first half of the 5 Sc. 3 Act. is nothing but a transcript from the 9 book of lucan between the 300 and the 700 line. You see by this specimen the exactness of Mr. Addison's judgement who wanting sentiments worthy the Roman Cato sought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he wou'd give his subject those terrible graces which Dion. Hallicar: complains he coud find no where but in Homer, he takes the assistance of our Shakespear, who in his *Julius Cæsar* has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terrour that perfectly astonishes. hear our British Homer.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the Int'rim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream,
The Genius and the mortal *Instruments*
Are then in *council*, and the state of Man
like to a little Kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Mr.

Mr. Addiſon has thus imitated it:

O think what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

I have two things to obſerve on this imitation. 1. the decorum this exact Mr. of propriety has obſerved In the Conſpiracy of Shakeſpear's deſcription, the fortunes of Cæſar and the roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumſtances of

"The genius and the mortal inſtruments
"Are then in council.

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the ſubject. But this wou'd have been too great an apparatus to the deſertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addiſon omits it II The other thing more worth our notice is, that Mr. A. was ſo greatly moved and affected with the pomp of Sh:s deſcription, *that inſtead of copying his author's ſentiments, he has before he was aware given us only the marks of his own impreſſions on the reading him.* For,

"O 'tis a dreadful interval of time
"Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

are but the affections raiſed by ſuch lively images as theſe

"——all the Int'rim is
"Like a phantaſma or a hideous dream.
&c,
"The ſtate of man—like to a little kingdom ſuffers then
"The nature of an inſurrection.

Again when Mr. Addiſon woud paint the ſofter paſſions he has recourſe to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. thus his Juba

"True ſhe is fair. O how divinely fair!

coldly imitates Lee in his Alex:

"Then he wou'd talk: Good Gods how he wou'd talk!

I pronounce the more boldly of this, becauſe Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expreſſes his admiration of it. My paper fails me. or I ſhould now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection agt. Shakeſpear's acquaintance with the ancients As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is neceſſary he ſhou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But ſome other opportunity will preſent itſelfe. You may now, Sr, juſtly complain of my ill manners in

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deferring till now, what ſhou'd have been firſt of all acknowledged due to you. which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of thoſe worthy and ingenious Gentlemen that made up our laſt night's converſation. I am, Sir, with all eſteem your moſt obliged friend and humble ſervant

W. Warburton.

Newarke Jan. 2. 1726.

[The ſuperſcription is thus]

For

Mr. M. Concanen at
Mr. Woodwards at the
half moon in ffleetſtreet.
London.

The foregoing Letter was found about the year 17[illegible], by Dr. Gawin Knight, firſt librarian to the Britiſh Muſeum, in fitting up a houſe which he had taken in Crane court Fleetſtreet. The houſe had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability, Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been many years in my poſſeſſion, and is here moſt exactly copied, with its ſeveral little peculiarities in grammar, ſpelling, and punctuation. April 30. 1766. M. A.

The above is copied from an indorſement of Dr. Mark Akinſide, as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to ——— ——— Eſq.—I have carefully retained all the peculiarities above mentioned. MALONE.

39. ——*doth bear Cæſar* hard,] The ſecond folio reads *hatred.* MALONE.

67. Note [5]] *Inſtead of*——Shakſpeare perhaps in his thoughts had——*read*——Shakſpeare had, perhaps, in his thoughts— MALONE.

77. *Here is himſelf,* marr'd, *as you ſee, with traitors.*] To *mar* ſeems to have anciently ſignified to *lacerate.* So, in *Solyman and Perſeda*, a tragedy, 1599, Baſiliſco feeling the end of his dagger, ſays:

"This point will *mar* her ſkin." MALONE.

85. ——*and our beſt means ſtretch'd out*;] The oldeſt copy reads:

Our beſt friends made, our means ſtretch'd;
The preſent reading was given in the ſecond folio.

MALONE.

89. Add to my note.] Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*:

"——why

"——why stay we to be *baited* Vo. VIII.
"With one that wants her wits?" MALONE. Julius Cæsar.

93. *If that thou be'st a Roman,*] To follow Johnson's note.—This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 97.

"Now, *as you are a Roman*, tell me true."

——E.

103. *With fearful bravery,*] That is, *with a gallant shew of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay. Fearful* is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense—*producing fear—intimidating*. MALONE.

Ibid. *The posture of your blows are yet unknown;*] It should be—*is* yet unknown. Yet the error is such, that it probably was Shakspeare's. MALONE.

106. To follow Steevens's note.] Shakspeare perhaps wrote *former*; and I do not see why the word (so spelt, to distinguish it from *former*, antecedent in point of time) should not be admitted into the text MALONE.

107. To follow Steevens's note] I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle, but as he expresses himself, (page 131.) would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive. ——E.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Ant and Cleopat

125. Take in *that kingdom*——] i. e. subdue that kingdom. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"This no more dishonours you at all
"Than to *take in* a town with gentle words."

MALONE.

126. *Let's not confound the time*——] i. e. let us not consume the time. So again, in this play:

"——but to *confound* such time
"That drums him from his sport."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"How could'st thou in a mile *confound* an hour,
"And bring thy news so late?" MALONE.

127. *Whom every thing becomes;—to chide, to laugh, to weep*——] So, in our author's 150th *Sonnet*:

 "Whence

Vo. VIII. ANT. AND CLEOPAT.

"Whence haſt thou this *becoming* of things ill,
"That in the very refuſe of thy deeds
"There is ſuch ſtrength and warrantiſe of ſkill,
"That in my mind thy worſt all beſt exceeds?"

MALONE.

129. To follow Johnſon's note.] The following paſſage in an ancient ſatirical poem, entitled *Notes from Blackfryars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnſon's obſervation:

"He'll not approach a taverne, no nor drink ye,
"To ſave his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?
"For heating's *liver*; which ſome may ſuppoſe
"Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his noſe*." MALONE.

130. Note [3].] In the inſtance given by Dr. Johnſon—"I ſhould ſhame you and tell all," *I* occurs in the former part of the ſentence, and therefore may be well omitted afterwards; but here no perſonal pronoun has been introduced. Dr. Warburton's emendation, therefore, which is ſo near the old copy, deſerves, in my opinion, to be received.

MALONE.

134. *When our* quick winds *lie ſtill*;] I ſuſpect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, ſome provincial word ſignifying either *arable lands*, or the *inſtruments of huſbandry* uſed in tilling them. *Earing* ſignifies *plowing* both here and in page 149. So, in *Geneſis*, c. 45. "Yet there are five years, in the which there ſhall neither be *earing* nor harveſt."

——E.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may ſweeten during their fallow ſtate, are ſtill called *wind*-rows. *Quick winds*, I ſuppoſe to be the ſame as *teeming fallows*; for ſuch *fallows* are always *fruitful* in *weeds*.

Wind-rows likewiſe ſignify heaps of manure, conſiſting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and diſtributed in long rows under hedges. If theſe *wind-rows* are ſuffered to *lie ſtill*, in two ſenſes, the farmer muſt fare the worſe for his want of activity. Firſt, if this compoſt be not frequently turned over, it will *bring forth weeds* ſpontaneouſly; ſecondly, if it be ſuffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of uſeleſs and noxious herbage. STEEVENS.

136. *We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears*;] I believe Shakſpeare wrote:

We cannot call her ſighs and tears, winds and waters.

MALONE.

137. *And*

137. *And get her love to part*——] I suspect the author wrote: Vo. VIII. Ant. and Cleopat.

And get her *leave* to part. Malone.

146. Add to my note [5].] A kindred thought occurs in K. *Henry V*.

"Though the truth of it stands off as gross
"As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it"
Malone.

Again, in *K. Henry IV*. P. I.

"And like bright metal on a sullen ground,
"My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
"Shall shew more goodly and attract more eyes
"Than that which hath no foil to set it off."

In the former part of this note, for *the same thought*—read *a similar thought*. Malone.

148. *The discontents repair*——] That is, the *malecontents*. So, in *K. Henry IV*. P. I.

"——that may please the eye
"Of fickle changelings and poor *discontents*."

See the note there. Malone.

160. Add to my note [9].] The present reading is, however, ascertained to be the true one, by a passage in the next scene, in which Cæsar says to Antony

"——your wife and brother
"Made *wars* upon me." Malone.

163. Note [7].] For *before*——read—*again in this scene*.
Malone.

164. Add to my note.] Dr. Warburton's explanation is confirmed by a passage in *Hamlet*, in which we meet a similar phraseology:

"——So like the king
"That was and is the *question* of these wars."
Malone.

167. ——*your considerate stone*.] The metre of this line is deficient. It will be perfect, and the sense rather clearer, if we read (without altering a letter):

——your consideratest one."

I doubt indeed whether this adjective is ever used in the superlative degree; but in the mouth of Enobarbus it might be pardoned. ——E.

172. *And what they undid, did*.] To follow Johnson's note.——The reading of the old copy is, I believe, right. The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool; and *what*

what they undid, i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, *they did*, i. e. they in fact produced. MALONE.

176. ——*Good night, dear lady.*

Oct. Good night, Sir.] These last words, in the only authentick copy of this play, are given to Antony. I see no need of change. He addresses himself to Cæsar, who immediately replies, *Good night* MALONE.

180. To follow Steevens's note [9].] *Moody* is applied as an epithet to melancholy, in the *Comedy of Errors:*

" Sweet recreation barr'd what doth ensue
" But *moody* and dull *melancholy*?"

Ibid. After note [1].] The first copy reads:

——tawny fine fishes. MALONE.

182. In my note] For " You *shall* come"—read " You *should* come——" MALONE.

183. *Pour out* the *pack of matter to mine ear,*] I believe the author wrote:

Pour out *thy* pack—— MALONE.

195. *I have heard the Ptolemies'* pyramises *are very goodly things;*] *Pyramis* for *pyramid* was in common use in our author's time. So, in Bishop Corbet's *Poems*, 1658:

" Nor need the chancellor boast, whose *pyramis*
" Above the host and altar reared is."

From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, which perhaps he preferred, as better suited to the pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated. In other places he has introduced the Latin plural *pyramides*, which was constantly used by our ancient writers. So, in this play:

" My country's high *pyramides*——"

Again, in Sir Aston Cockain's *Poems*, 1658:

" Neither advise I thee to pass the seas
" To take a view of the *pyramides*."

Again, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: " Thou art now for building a second *pyramides* in the air."

MALONE.

235. Add to my note] Again, in *Troilus and Cressida;*

"——What the *declin'd* is,
" He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
" As feel in his own fall."

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1593:

" Before she had *declining* fortune prov'd." MALONE.

238. *When he hath mus'd of* taking *kingdoms* in,] i. e. of conquering kingdoms. So before:

" He

"He could so quickly cut the Ionian Sea,
"And take in Toryne." MALONE.

243. *I and my sword will earn my chronicle*;] The old copy reads—*our* chronicle; which is right. *I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded.* The poet was probably thinking of the swords belonging to the heroes of ancient romances, which are chronicled, and dignified with names. MALONE.

251. ——*have on their* riveted *trim*,] So, in *K. Hen. IV.*

"The armourers accomplishing the knights,
"With busy hammers closing *rivets* up." MALONE.

263. *Triple-turn'd whore!*] To follow Tollet's note.—That Dr. Johnson is mistaken in his explanation of this epithet, appears clearly from a former passage in this play:

"I found you as a morsel cold upon
"Dead Cæsar's trencher; nay thou wert a fragment
"Of Cneius Pompey's." MALONE.

268. *They are black Vesper's pageants.*] The beauty both of the expression and the allusion is lost, unless we recollect the frequency and the nature of these shows in Shakspeare's age. T. Warton.

269. To follow Steevens's note.] I believe the trump card is in France universally called *l'atout*. MALONE.

273. ————*But I will be*
A bridegroom in my death, *and run into't*
As to a lover's bed.] Stowe, describing the execution of Sir Charles Davers, one of the earl of Essex's associates, says, that "having put off his gown and doublet in a most cheerful manner, *rather like a bridegroom than a prisoner appointed for death*, he prayed very devoutly." Our author might have remembered the passage. MALONE.

Ibid. *The guard! how!*——] I believe the poet wrote:

The guard *ho!* O dispatch me!

So, afterwards:

"What *ho!* the emperor's *guard!*" MALONE.

292. *Do not abuse our master's bounty*——] The folio reads:

——*my* master's bounty——. MALONE.

295. ————*his voice was propertied*
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*, 1609:

Vo. VIII. Ant. and Cleopat.

" His qualities were beauteous as his form,
" For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
" Yet, if men mov'd him, was he such a storm
" As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
" When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be."

MALONE.

307. To follow Steevens's note [8].] Again, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" For tickle Fortune *doth*, in changing, but her *kind*."

MALONE.

312. *She hath pursued* conclusions *infinite*
Of easy ways to die.] i. e. numberless experiments. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——Is it not meet
" That I did amplify my judgment in
" Other *conclusions*?"

Again, in *The Spanish Gypsey*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1655:

" ——and to try that *conclusion*,
" To see if thou beest Alchumy or no,
" They'll throw down gold in muffes."

Again, in Davies's *Scourge of Folly* (no date):

" For wit me taught, I thought for proof of folly,
" To try *conclusions* on this doting ass." MALONE.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Timon of Athens.

322. ——*to the dumbness of the gesture*
One might interpret.] The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. 5.

MALONE.

Ibid. ————*artificial strife*
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.] In my note, instead of—*Strife is either the contest or art with nature*, read—*Strife is either the contest of art with nature*——. JOHNSON.

This misprint was in Dr. Johnson's first edition, and has passed through all the subsequent impressions.

That *artificial strife* means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *the contest of art with nature*, and not *the contrast of forms* or

or *opposition of colours*—may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the same thought is more clearly expressed:

" Look when a *painter* would *surpass* the *life*
" In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
" His *art* with *nature's workmanship* at *strife*,
" As if the *dead* the *living* should exceed;
" So did this horse excell &c." MALONE.

326. —*when he* must *need me.*] I suspect the author wrote:

—when he *most needs* me. MALONE.

333. *That I had no angry wit*——] To follow Steevens's first note.—Perhaps the compositor has transposed the words, and they should be read thus:

Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord.

Or,

Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit. ———E.

337. *But* yonder *man is ever angry.*] The old copy reads:

But *yond* man is *very* angry.

Ever was introduced by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

366. To follow Theobald's note.] By *cold-moving nods*, I do not understand with Mr Theobald, *chiling*, or *cold-producing* nods—but a slight motion of the head, without any warmth or cordiality.

Cold-moving is the same as coldly-moving. So—*perpetual-sober* gods, for—*perpetually sober*; *lazy-pacing clouds*——*loving-jealous*—*flattering sweet*, &c —Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition. MALONE.

367. *Bid him suppose some* good *necessity*
Touches his friend,] *Good*, as it may afford Ventidius an opportunity of exercising his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindness:—or, some *honest* necessity, not the consequence of a *villainous and ignoble bounty*. I rather think this latter is the meaning.

MALONE.

376. *And now Ventidius is wealthy too,*
Whom he redeem'd from prison:] This circumstance likewise occurs in the anonymous unpublished comedy of *Timon*:

" O yee ingrateful! have I freed yee
" From bonds in prison, to requite me thus,
" To trample ore mee in my misery?"

Ibid. *His friends, like physicians*
Thrive, give him o'er.] To follow Steevens's note,

Vo. VIII. p. 377.——The paſſage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, is a ſtrong confirmation of the old reading; for Webſter appears both in that and in another piece of his (*The White Devil*) to have frequently imitated Shakſpeare. Thus, in *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, we meet:

TIMON OF ATHENS.

" ——Uſe me well, you were beſt;
" What I have done, I have done; I'll confeſs nothing."

Apparently from *Othello*:

" Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
" From this time forth I never will ſpeak word."

Again, the Cardinal, ſpeaking to his miſtreſs Julia, who had importuned him to diſcloſe the cauſe of his melancholy, ſays:

" ————Satisfy thy longing;
" The only way to make thee keep thy counſel
" Is, not to tell thee."

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:

" ————for ſecrecy
" No lady cloſer; for I well believe
" Thou wilt not utter what thou doſt not know."

Again, in *The White Devil*:

" Terrify *babes*, my lord, with *painted devils*.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" 'Tis the eye of *childhood*
" That fears a *painted devil*."

Again, in *The White Devil*:

" ——the ſecret of my prince,
" Which I will *wear* i' th' *inſide of my heart*."

Copied, I think, from theſe lines of *Hamlet*:

" ——Give me the man
" That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will *wear* him
" *In my heart's core*, ay, in my heart of heart."

The White Devil was not printed till 1612.—*Hamlet* had appeared in 1604. See alſo another imitation quoted in a note on *Cymbeline*, Vol. IX. p. 289; and the laſt ſcene of the fourth act of *The Dutcheſs of Malfy*, which ſeems to have been copied from our author's *King John*, Act IV. ſc. ii.

The Dutcheſs of Malfy was printed in 1623, ſo that probably the lines above cited from thence by Mr. Steevens, were copied from *Timon* before it was in print; for it firſt appeared in the folio, which was not publiſhed till December 1623. See the entry on the Stationers' books, Nov. 18. 1623.——Hence we may conclude, that *thrive* was not an error of the

preſs,

prefs, but the author's original word, which Webfter imitated, not from the printed book, but from the reprefentation of the play, or the Mf. copy.

It is obfervable, that in this piece of Webfter's, the dutchefs, who, like Defdemona, is ftrangled, revives *after long feeming* dead, fpeaks a few words, and then dies.

MALONE.

378. *The devil knew not what he did, when he made man politick*; &c.] To follow Tollet's note.——I fufpect no corruption of the text. The meaning, I think, is this:—The devil did not know what he was about, [or, how much his reputation for wickednefs would be diminifhed] when he made man crafty: he thwarted himfelf [by thus raifing up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to furpafs him:] and I cannot but think that at laft the enormities of mankind will rife to fuch a height, as to make even Satan himfelf, in comparifon, appear (what he would leaft of all wifh to be) fpotlefs and innocent.

Clear is in many other places ufed by our author and the contemporary writers, for *innocent*. So, in *The Tempeft*:

"Nothing but heart's forrow
"And a *clear* life enfuing."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——This Duncan
"Hath borne his faculties fo meek, hath been
"So *clear* in his great office——"

Again, in the fame play:

"——always thought
"That I require a *clearnefs*."

Again, in Maffinger's *Renegado*:

"——and win as many
"By the *clearnefs* of my actions——"

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinfmen*, by Shakfpeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"——For the fake
"Of *clear* virginity, be advocate
"For us and our diftreffes."

Again, in Marlowe's *Luft's Dominion*, 1657:

"I know myfelf am *clear*
"As is the new born infant"

Again, in an unpublifhed tragi-comedy, called *The Witch*, by Thomas Middleton:

"——I am guilty in a rafh intent,

Vo. VIII. Timon of Athens.

"But *cleare* in act, and she most *cleare* in both;
"Not sanctity more spotless."

Again, in *The Proceedings at the Arraignment of the Earls of Essex and Southampton*, 1601: "And for the open action in the city, he [Southampton] concurred with Essex, with protestution of the *clearness* of his mind, for any hurt to the queen's person." Again, in our author's *Pericles*:

"Persever in that *clear* way thou goest, and
"The gods strengthen thee!" MALONE.

391. ———*I'll cheer up*
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.] A kindred expression occurs in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

"He *takes up* Spanish *hearts* on trust, to pay them
"When he shall finger Castile's crown" MALONE.

392. *'Tis honour with most lands to be at odds*——] Perhaps the poet wrote:

——with most *lords*——

The senators throughout this play are called *lords*.

MALONE.

405. ————*This is it,*
That makes the wappen'd *widow wed again.*] The following passage in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* induces me to think that *wappen'd* means *stale*:

"——We come towards the gods
"Young and *unwapper'd*, not halting under crimes
"Many and stale."

I suppose we should here read *unwappen'd*, or perhaps in the text we ought to read—"the *wapper'd widow*. MALONE.

409. —*bring down* rose-cheek'd *youth*——] This expressive epithet our author might have found in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

"*Rose-cheek'd* Adonis kept a solemn feast." MALONE.

417. *Yes, thou spok'st well of me.*] Shakspeare, in this as in many other places, appears to allude to the sacred writings: "Woe unto him of whom all men speak well!"

MALONE.

419. *This is in thee a nature but* affected;
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
From change of fortune.] The first and second folio read *infected*, and *change of future*. Rowe made the alteration. MALONE.

422. *Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm*
With favour never clasp'd;] In a collection of sonnets entitled

entitled *Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard*, by William Smith, 1596, nearly the same image is found:

"Doth any live that ever had such hap
"That all their actions are of none effect?
"Whom *Fortune never dandled in her lap*,
"But as an abject still doth me reject." MALONE.

432. —*since you* profess *to do't*——] The old copy has:
——since you *protest* to do't—— MALONE.

439. *Is not thy kindness, subtle, covetous,*
If not a usuring kindness?] To follow Tyrwhitt's note.—I do not see any need of change. Timon asks—*Has not thy kindness some covert design? Is it not proposed with a view to gain some* equivalent *in return, or rather to gain* a great deal more *than thou offerest? Is it not at least the offspring of avarice, if not of something worse, of usury?* In this there appears to me no difficulty. MALONE.

441. Add to my note.] Again, in *King Lear:*
"——In my true heart
"I find she names my very *deed of love*."
MALONE.

458 On: *faults forgiven.*] I have no doubt that Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is right, and deserves a place in the text. *On* and *one* were anciently sounded alike, and in the plays of Fletcher and Massinger are perpetually confounded. Hence the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived.
MALONE.

V O-

VOLUME IX.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

VOL. IX. TRO. AND CRESSIDA.

Page 4. After note [3].] To be "*fulfilled* with grace and benediction," is still the language of our liturgy. ——E.

10. ——*must tarry the grinding.*] Folio:
——must *needes* tarry &c. MALONE.

Ibid. *When she comes!—when is she thence?*] Folio:
Then she comes when she is thence. MALONE.

11. ——*as when the sun doth light a* storm——] The first and second folio read——*a-scorne.* MALONE.

Ibid. ——*Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart*
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait; her voice,
Handlest in thy discourse:—O that her hand!
In whose comparison &c] There is no reason why Troilus should dwell on Pandarus's *handling in his discourse* the *voice* of his mistress, more than her *eyes*, her *hair*, &c. as he is made to do by this punctuation, to say nothing of the harshness of the phrase—*to handle a voice.*

The passage, in my apprehension, ought to be pointed thus:

——Thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handlest, in thy discourse, o that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink &c.

Handlest is here used metaphorically, with an allusion at the same time to its literal meaning; and the jingle between *hand* and *handlest* is perfectly in our author's manner.

The circumstance itself seems to have strongly impressed itself on his mind. Antony cannot endure that the hand of Cleopatra should be touched:

"——To let a fellow that will take rewards
"And say, *God quit you*, be familiar with
"My play-fellow, your *hand*—this kingly seal
"And plighter of high hearts." MALONE.

20. After note [5].] *Hlifstus*, in the Gothic language signifies a *thief*. See *Archæolog*. Vol. V. p. 311.
——E.

31. ——*which*

31. ————*which were ſuch,*
As Agamemnon and the band of Greece
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again
As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in ſilver,
Should with a bond of air—] After Steevens's note.—
In the following verſes in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, nearly the ſame picture is given. The fifth line of the firſt ſtanza ſtrongly confirms Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture, who wiſhes to read——*thatched* in ſilver; or rather ſupports Mr. Steevens's interpretation of the word in the text, which he has ſhewn might bear the ſame meaning. With reſpect to the breath or ſpeech of Neſtor, here called a *bond of air*, which Mr. Steevens has well explained, it is ſo truly Shakſpearian, that I have not the ſmalleſt doubt of the genuineneſs of the expreſſion. The ſtanzas above alluded to are theſe:

"There pleading you might ſee grave *Neſtor* ſtand,
"As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight,
"Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,
"That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the ſight;
"In ſpeech, it ſeem'd *his beard all ſilver white*
"Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
"Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the ſky.
"About him was a preſs of gaping faces,
"Which ſeem'd to ſwallow up his ſound advice,
"All jointly liſt'ning but with ſeveral graces,
"As if ſome mermaid did their ears entice,
"Some high, ſome low; the painter was ſo nice:
"The ſcalps of many almoſt hid behind
"To jump up higher ſeem'd, to mock the mind."

What is here called *ſpeech that beguiled attention*, is in the text *a bond of air*. Shakſpeare frequently calls words *wind*. So, in one of his poems:

"—Sorrow ebbs, being blown with *wind* of words."

MALONE.

35. ——with *a purpoſe*. Folio——*in* a purpoſe.

MALONE.

36. *'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the* ſcaffoldage.] The galleries of the theatre, in the time of our author, were ſometimes termed *the ſcaffolds*. See *The Account of the ancient Theatres*, ante. MALONE.

36. *Such to-be-pitied and* o'er-reſted *ſeeming*—] We ſhould read, I think,—o'er-*wreſted*. Wreſted beyond the truth; overcharged. The word hitherto given has no meaning.

MALONE.

VOL. IX. TRO AND CRESSIDA. 39 *I ask that I might waken reverence,*] The folio has: *I*; I ask &c.
which is, I believe, right. Agamemnon says with surprize,
"Do you ask how Agamemnon may be known?"
Æneas replies:
"*Ay*, I ask (that I might waken reverence)
"Which is that god in office &c." MALONE.

Ibid. In my note, for—"*So the folio. The quarto has:*" read—*So the quarto. The folio has*— JOHNSON.

40. *In other arms than hers*——] *Arms* is here used equivocally for the arms of the body, and the armour of a soldier. MALONE.

41. *But if there be not in our Grecian host*] The first and second folio read——Grecian *mould.* MALONE.

42 *That hath to its maturity blown up*——] Folio:
——*this* maturity. MALONE.

43. ——*bring* those *honours off*——] Folio—*his* honour. MALONE.

44. *The lustre of the better shall exceed,*
By shewing the worst first] The folio reads:
The lustre of the better, *yet to show,*
Shall shew the better.
The alteration was probably the author's. MALONE.

47. To follow Steevens's note. In the preface to James Ist's Bible, the translators speak of *finnowed* (i. e. vinewed or mouldy) traditions. ——E.

51. Add to my note] Perhaps Achilles's *brooch* may mean, the person whom Achilles holds so dear; so highly estimates. So, in *Hamlet*:
"——He is the *broach* indeed,
"And gem of all the nation." MALONE.

56. ——*mid-age and wrinkled* elders.] The folio has:
——wrinkled *old.*
Perhaps the poet wrote:
——wrinkled *eld.* MALONE.

Ibid. *Add to my* clamours!] Folio——*clamour.* MALONE.

60. *Then there's Achilles,—a rare* engineer.] The folio has——*enginer*,—which seems to have been the word formerly used. So, *truncheoner*, *pioner*, *mutiner*, &c MALONE.

Ibid. ——*without drawing the massy* iron,] Folio—*irons.* MALONE.

73. I'll lay my life, *with my disposer Cressida.*] The words: *I'll lay my life*—are not in the folio. MALONE.

78. So,

78. *So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress*] The allusion is to *bowling*. What we now call *the jack*, seems in Shakspeare's time to have been termed *the mistress*. A bowl that kisses *the jack* or *mistress*, is in the most advantageous situation. *Rub on* is a term at the same game. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657: VOL. IX. TRO AND CRESSID.

"——So, a fair riddance;
"There's three *rubs* gone; I've a clear way to the *mistress*."

Again, in *Vittoria Corrombona*, a tragedy, by Webster, 1612:

Flam. "I hope you do not think——
Cam. "That noblemen *bowl* booty; 'faith his cheek
"Hath a most excellent bias; it would fain jump with my *mistress*."

Again in Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

"*Mini.* Since he hath hit *the mistress* so often in the foregame, we'll even play out the rubbers.

"*Sir Vaugh.* Play out your rubbers in God's name; by Jesu I'll never *bowl* in your alley." MALONE.

83. *As true as steel*——] It should be remembered that mirrors, in the time of our author, were made of plates of polished steel. So, in *The Renegado*, by Massinger:

"Take down the looking-glass;—here is a *mirror*
"*Steel'd* so exactly &c."

Again, in *The Downfal of Robert Earl of Huntington*, by Heywood, 1601:

"For thy *steel-glass* wherein thou wont'st to *look*,
"Thy chrystal eyes gaze in a chrystal brooke."

One of Gascoigne's pieces is called the *Steel-glass*; a title, which, from the subject of the poem, he appears evidently to have used as synonymous to *mirror*.

The same allusion is found in an old piece entitled *The Pleasures of Poetry*, no date, but printed in the time of queen Elizabeth:

"Behold in her the lively *glasse*,
"The pattern *true as steel*——"

As *true as steel* therefore means——*as true as the mirror, which faithfully represents every image that is presented before it.* MALONE.

84. ——*as iron to adamant*——] So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599:

"As *true* to thee as *steel to adamant*." MALONE.

90. After Johnson's note] Dr Johnson's exposition is strongly supported by a subsequent line:

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" ——That no man is the lord of any thing,
" (Though in and of him there is much consisting)
" Till he communicate his *parts* to others."

So, *Persius*:

" Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire, hoc sciat alter."

MALONE.

91. ——*Now we shall see to-morrow*
An act that very chance doth throw upon him
Ajax renown'd.] I would read:
Ajax *renown.*

The passage as it stands in the folio is hardly sense. If *renown'd* be right, we ought to read:

By an act &c. MALONE.

94. ——*The cry went* once *on thee.*] The folio has:
——*out* on thee. MALONE.

99. After Johnson's note.] *Question* is frequently used in this sense by Shakspeare and his contemporaries. So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

" ——Be pleas'd to shew
" In gen'rous terms your griefs, since that
" Your *question's* with your equal." MALONE.

103. *And dreaming night will hide our joys.*] The folio reads:

——hide our *eyes.* MALONE.

Ibid. *With wings more momentary-swift than thought.*] The second folio reads:

With wings more momentary, *swifter* than thought.

MALONE.

106. At the end of note 7.] *The secrets of nature* could hardly have been a corruption of "the secrets of *neighbour Pandar.*" Perhaps the alteration was made by the author, and that he wrote:

Good, good, my lord; the *secretest* of nature
Have not more gift in taciturnity.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——the *secretest* man of blood." MALONE.

107. *If ever she leaves Troilus. Time,* force, *and death*—] The second folio reads:

——*Time and death.* MALONE.

110. Distasted *with the salt of broken tears.*] Folio:
Distasting &c. MALONE.

111. ——————*The Grecian youths*
Are well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;] The folio reads:

The

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The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,
Flowing and swelling o'er &c.

I suppose the author wrote:

They're loving——

The quarto omits the middle line:

The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise— Malone.

133. To follow Steevens's note [6].] May we not rather suppose, that Shakspeare, who is so frequently licentious in his language, meant nothing more by this epithet than *horned*, the bull's horns being crooked or *oblique*? Malone.

143. *That cause sets up with and against itself* [7]] The folio reads:

——against *thyself*. Malone.

144. To follow Johnson's note [8].] So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, by Massinger, 1632:

"Your *fingers* tie my heart-strings with this touch,
"In true *knots*, which nought but death shall loose."

Malone.

CYMBELINE.

Cymbeline

175. *You speak him far.*] or as it stands in the old copy—*farre.* Surely we ought to read:

You speak him *fair.*

which was formerly written *faire.* Malone.

175. *I do extend him, Sir, within himself.*] To *extend* means here, as in many other places, to estimate, or appretiate.—*However highly I estimate him, my estimation is still short of his real value.* So, in a subsequent scene of this play: "The approbations of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to *extend* him."

The term is, originally, legal. Malone.

193. After note [7].] Dr. Warburton's alteration makes perfect sense, but the word *not* is not likely to have crept into the text without foundation. Printers sometimes omit, and sometimes misrepresent an author's words, but I believe, scarcely ever insert words without even the semblance of authority

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from the manuscript before them; and therefore, in my apprehension, no conjectural regulation of any passage ought to be admitted, that requires any word of the text to be expunged, without substituting another in its place. Omissions in the old copies of our author, are, I believe, more frequent than is commonly imagined. In the present instance, I suspect he wrote:

I could not *but* believe &c.

Thus the reasoning is exact and consequential.—*If she exceeded other women that I have seen, in the same proportion that your diamond surpasses others that I have beheld, I could not* but *acknowledge that she excelled* many, *but I have not seen the most valuable diamond, nor you the most beautiful woman; and, therefore, I cannot allow that she excels* all.

As the passage now stands, even with Mr. Steevens's explanation, the latter member of the sentence—*but I have not seen* &c. is not sufficiently opposed to the former. MALONE.

201. ——— *O that husband!*

My supreme crown of grief!] The completion of my distress. So, in *K. Lear*:

"This would have seem'd a period
"To such as love not sorrow; but another,
"To amplify too much, would make much more,
"And *top extremity*." MALONE.

Ibid. ——— *but most miserable*
Is the desire *that's* glorious: *blessed be those*
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which season's *comfort*.] To follow Steevens's note, p. 202.—Imogen's sentiment, is in my apprehension, simply this:—*Had I been stolen away in my infancy*, or (as she says in another place) *born a neat-herd's daughter, I had been happy. But instead of that, I am in a high*, and, *what is called*, a glorious *station; and most miserable is such a situation! Wretched is the wish of which the object is glory! Happier far are those, howsoever low their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumstance that gives an additional zest to comfort itself, and renders it something more*; or, (to borrow our author's words in another place) *which keeps comfort always* fresh and lasting.

A line in *Timon* may perhaps prove the best comment on the former part of this passage:

"O the fierce *wretchedness* that *glory* brings!"

Of the verb *to season*, as explained by Mr. Steevens, so many instances occur, that there can, I think, be no doubt

of

of the propriety of his interpretation. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, 1594:

"This that did *season* all my four of life——"

Again, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet*:

"How much salt water thrown away in haste,
"To *season* love, that of it doth not taste!"

Again, in *K. Richard III.*:

"——This suit of yours,
"So *season'd* with your faithful love to me——"

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"But being *season'd* with a gracious voice——"

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"——All this to *season*
"A brother's dead love, which she would keep *fresh*
"And *lasting* in her remembrance." MALONE.

203. *Upon the* number'd *beach*—] After Farmer's note, p. 204.—Theobald's conjecture is supported by a passage in *K. Lear*:

"——the murm'ring surge
"That on th' *unnumber'd* idle pebbles chafes——"

Th' unnumber'd, and *the number'd*, approach so nearly in sound, that it is difficult for the ear to distinguish one from the other. MALONE.

204. *Should make desire vomit emptiness*——] To follow Johnson's note, p. 205.—No one who has been ever sick at sea, can be at a loss to understand what is meant by *vomiting emptiness*. MALONE.

208. *The remedy then born*——] We should read, I think:

The remedy's then born—— MALONE.

Ibid. Fixing *it only here*] The folio, 1623, reads—*fiering*. The reading of the text is that of the second folio.

MALONE.

211. *He sits 'mongst men, like a* descended *God*.] The reading of the text, which was furnished by the second folio, is supported by a passage in *Hamlet*:

"——A station like the herald Mercury,
"*New lighted* on a heaven-kissing hill."

The first folio reads:

——like a *defended* God. MALONE.

216. ————*Tarquin thus*
Did softly *press the rushes*——] This shews that Shakspeare's idea was, that the *ravishing strides* of Tarquin were *softly* ones, and may serve as a comment on that passage in *Macbeth*. ——E.

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217. *Under these windows.*] i. e. her *eyelids.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"——Thy eyes' *windows* fall,
"Like death, when he shuts up the day of life."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;
"Her two blue *windows* faintly she up-heaveth——"

MALONE.

222. *To orderly* sollicits;] The oldest copy reads—*sollicity.* The reading of the text is that of the second folio.

MALONE.

232. *The roof of the chamber*
With golden cherubims is fretted.] It appears from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, that the roof of the stage in our author's time was termed the *heavens*, being probably decorated with *golden cherubims*. Shakspeare has very prudently furnished Imogen's chamber with such ornaments as his own stage could readily supply. MALONE.

237 *Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,*
And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it *with*
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn——] It certainly carries with it a very elegant sense, to suppose the lady's denial was so modest and delicate as even to inflame his desires: But may we not read it thus?

And pray'd me oft forbearance. *Did* it &c.

i. e. complied with his desires in the sweetest reserve, taking *Did* in the acceptation in which it is used by Jonson and Shakspeare in many other places. WHALLEY.

239 —*but to own such [illegible] arms, none*] The folio reads:

—— but to [illegible] ——

That is, to *p*[illegible] [illegible] charge. MALONE.

242 *Thy mind to he*[illegible] That is, thy mind *compared* to her's is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to her's. I believe the author [illegible]

Thy mind to *her's*—— MALONE.

Ibid. ——*Do't,—the letter*
That I have sent her by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity.] One is tempted to think that Shakspeare did not give himself the trouble to collate the several parts of his play, after he had composed it.—— These words are not found in the letter of Posthumus to Pisanio, (which is afterwards given at length,) though the substance of them is contained in it. MALONE.

243. Art

243. *Art thou a* feodary *for this act*—] *Feodary* is, I believe, here used for a *confederate*. It is, I think, used in the same sense, in *The Winter's Tale* MALONE. VOL. IX. CYMBELINE.

252. Add to my note [5]] *Paladour* was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury*. So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Chester, 1601:

"This noble king builded faire Caerguent,
"Now cleped Winchester of worthie fame;
"And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,
"That after-ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name."

STEEVENS.

Ibid. *The younger brother* Cadwall,] This name is likewise found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Arthur*, which is printed in the same collection with the *Meeting Dialogue-wise* &c in which, as Mr. Steevens has observed, our author might have found the name of *Paladour*:

"——Augisell king of stout Albania,
"And *Caduall* king of Vinedocia——" MALONE.

253. After note [7].] In *A Meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature, The Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R Chester, 1601, where Shakspeare perhaps found the name of *Paladour*, *Arviragus* is introduced, with the same neglect of quantity as in this play:

"Windsor, a castle of exceeding strength,
"First built by *Arviragus*, Britaine's king." MALONE.

254. *That drug damn'd Italy hath* out-crafted *him*,] Folio: ——out-*crafted*. MALONE.

255. To follow Steevens's note] In *All's Well that ends Well*, we have:

"——whose judgments are
"Mere *fathers of their garments*." MALONE.

Ibid. *Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion*;] This image occurs in *Westward for Smelts*, 1620, immediately at the conclusion of the tale on which our play is founded: "But (said the Brainford fish-wife) I like her *as a garment out of fashion*." STEEVENS

258. Note [4]] Dr. Johnson's conjecture may be supported by the following passage in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611: "—I'll ride to Oxford, and *watch out mine eyes*, but I'll hear the brazen head speak." STEEVENS.

282. After Steevens's note.] That Mr. Steevens's explanation of this phrase is the true one, appears from the present repetition of Cloten's speech, and also from the speech itself in the former part of this scene. He had not threatened

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to render these outlaws amenable to justice, but to kill them with his own hand:

" *Die the death &c.*" MALONE.

285. *Thou divine nature, thou thyself thou blazon'st In these two princely boys!*] I strongly suspect that the author wrote:

——*how* thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys!

The compositor inadvertently set the word *thou* twice. The second folio reads:

Thou divine Nature! thyself thou blazon'st &c.

MALONE.

289. At the end of note [1].] We may fairly conclude that Webster imitated Shakspeare; for in the same page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a passage taken almost literally from *Hamlet*. It is spoken by a distracted lady:

" ——you're very welcome;
" Here's rosemary for you, and rue for you;
" Heart's-ease for you; I pray make much of it;
" I have left more for myself."

The lines cited by Dr. Farmer stand thus in *The White Devil*:

" Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,
" Since o'er shady groves they hover,
" And with leaves and flowers do cover
" The friendless bodies of unburied men;
" Call unto his funeral dole
" The ant, the fieldmouse, and the mole,
" To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm."

The preface mentioned by Mr. Steevens is prefixed to the edition of this play printed in 1612. MALONE.

300. *I heard no letter from my master*——] Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epistle, but the elemental part of a syllable. This might have been a phrase in Shakspeare's time. We yet say—I have not *heard a syllable* from him. MALONE.

301. ——*we being not known*, nor *muster'd*——] Folio; ——*not* muster'd—— MALONE.

Ibid. After Steevens's note.] So again, in this play:

" My boon is, that this gentleman may *render*,
" Of whom he had this ring." MALONE.

302. *The* certainty *of this hard life*,] That is, the certain consequence of this hard life. MALONE.

304. *And make them* dread it——] I have no doubt that the author wrote: Vol. IX. Cymbeline.

And make them *dreaded* to the doer's thrift.

Dreaded, and *dread it* are so near in sound, that they are scarcely to be distinguished in pronunciation. Malone.

320 To follow Johnson's note [5].] The word has already occured in this sense, in a former scene:

"And though he came our enemy, remember
"He was *paid* for that." Malone.

344. *On whom Heavens justice*——] The old copy reads:

Whom *Heavens*, *injustice*, both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand. Malone.

Ibid. After Johnson's note.] A book entitled *Westward for Smelts, or the Waterman's fare of mad Merry Western Wenches, whose Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are sweet, and will much content you. Written by kinde Kitt of Kingstone*—was published at London in 1603; and again in 1620 To the second tale in that volume Shakspeare seems to have been indebted for part of the fable of *Cymbeline* It is told by the Fishwife of *Standon the Green*, and is as follows:

"In the troublesome raigne of king Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature most beautifull, so that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; so excellent were the gifts that Nature had bestowed on her. In body was she not onely so rare and unparalleled, but also in her gifts of minde, so that in this creature it seemed that Grace and Nature strove who should excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her husband, thought himselfe so happy in his choise, that he believed, in choosing her, he had tooke holde of that blessing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for currant; for in his height of love he began so to hate her, that he sought her death: the cause I will tell you

"Having businesse one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inne, and to be briefe, he went to supper amongst other gentlemen. Amongst other talke at table, one tooke occasion to speake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, so long as they continued loyal to man. To whom answered one, saying, This is truth, Sir; so is the divell good so long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodness

and

and womens' loyaltie will come both in one yeere; but it is so farre off, that none in this age shall live to see it.

"This gentleman loving his wife dearely, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalf, said, "Sir, you are too bitter against the sexe of women, and doe ill, for some one's sake that hath proved false to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightnesse; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongst these gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deserveth:—you know my meaning, Sir; construe my words as you please. Excuse me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I answere in the behalfe of one who is as free from disloyaltie as is the sunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, Sir, said the other, since wee are opposite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like souldiers, which end their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you answere for, is chaste, but yet against her will; for many women are honest, 'cause they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be dishonest: so is a thief true in prison, because he hath nothing to steale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this same saint you so adore, I would pawne my life and whole estate, in a short while to bring you some manifest token of her disloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of womens' slights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abused." This speech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, so that with much adoe he held himselfe from offering violence; but his anger beeing a little over, he said,—Sir, I doe verily beleeve that this vaine speech of yours proceedeth rather from a loose and ill-manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of womens' loosenes: and since you think yourselfe so cunning in that divellish art of corrupting womens' chastitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, against which you shall lay fifty pounds, and before these gentlemen I promise you, if that within a month's space you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's disloyaltie (for whose sake I have spoken in the behalfe of all women) I doe freely give you leave to enjoy the same; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, speake and I will acquaint you where she dwelleth: and besides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any such intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the same. So the money was delivered into the oast of

of the house his hands, and the sitters by were witnesses; so drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being assured of his wife's chastitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwise: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get some jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to persuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for hee deserved no better stile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came to the sight of her; at last he espyed her in the fields, to whom he went, and kissed her (a thing no modest woman can deny). After his salutation, he said, Gentlewoman, I pray pardon me, if I have beene too bold. I was intreated by your husband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and see you; by me he hath sent his commends to you, with a kind intreat that you would not be discontented for his long absence, it being serious business that keepes him from your sight. The gentlewoman very modestly bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her husband might command her patience so long as he pleased. Then intreated shee him to walke homeward, where she gave him such entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her husband's friend.

"In the time of his abiding at her house, he oft would have singled her in private talke, but she perceiving the same, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modest woman) would never come in his sight but at meales, and then were there so many at boord, that it was no time for to talke of love matters: therefore he saw he must accomplish his desire some other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her house, and perceiving her to bee free from lustful desires, the third night he fained himselfe to bee something ill, and so went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himselfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cause to think that he came for some ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the same: therefore he resolved to doe something that night, that might win him the wager, or utterly bring him in despaire of the same. With this resolution he went to her chamber, which was but a paire of staires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himself under

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under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who having been at prayers with her houshold, was going to bed. She preparing herselfe to bedward, laid her head-tyre and those jewels she wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a littel crucifix of gold, which dayly she wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fittest for his turne, and therefore observed where she did lay the same.

"At length the gentlewoman, having untyred her selfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, tooke the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely separated with arras. This villaine lay still under the bed, listening if hee could heare that the gentlewoman slept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought hee all sure, and like a cunning villaine rose without noise, going straight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted: all this performed he with so little noise, that neither the mistress nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wished for day that he might carry this jewell to her husband, as signe of his wife's disloyaltie; but seeing his wishes but in vaine, he laid him downe to sleepe: happy had she beene, had his bed proved his grave.

"In the morning so soone as the folkes were stirring, he rose and went to the horse-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horse, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his mistris the last night. Mounting his horse, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when she rose, attiring herselfe hastily ('cause one tarried to speake with her), missed not her crucifix. So passed she the time away, as she was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much sorrow was toward her; onely she seemed a little discontented that her ghest went away so unmanerly, she using him so kindely. So leaving her, I will speake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, hee asked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who seeing him return'd so suddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to release himselfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwise, for having saluted him, he said in this manner—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too yong in experience of woman's subtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till she had cause, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing so unlikely, that you

have

have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I speake, see heere (shewing him the crucifix); know you this? If this be not sufficient proofe, I will fetch you more.

"At the sight of this, his bloud left his face, running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the sight of this crucifix, which he knew she alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he must (as he thought) goe something neere, which stole so private a jewell. But remembering himselfe, he cheerd his spirits, seeing that was sufficient proofe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded should be given to him. Thus was the poore gentleman abused, who went into his chamber, and being weary of this world (seeing where he had put onely his trust he was deceived) he was minded to fall upon his sword, and so end all his miseries at once: but his better genius perswaded him contrary, and not so, by laying violent hand on himselfe, to leap into the divel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but resolving no one thing, at last he concluded to punish her with death, which had deceived his trust, and himselfe utterly to forsake his house and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he said—George, thou knowest I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou hast often told me that thou diddest owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldest be ready to render up to doe me good. True, Sir, answered his man, I said no more then, than I will now at any time, whensoever you please, performe. I believe thee, George, replied he; but there is no such need. I onely would have thee doe a thing for me, in which is no great danger, yet the profit which thou shalt have thereby will amount to my wealth. For the love that thou bearest to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, answered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes many men valiant), pray tell me what it is? George, said his master, this it is, thou must goe home, praying thy mistresse to meet me halfe the way to London, but having her by the way, in some private place kill her: I meane as I speake, kill her, I say; this is my command, which thou hast promised to performe; which if thou performest not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comest in my sight. Now for thy reward, it shall be this—Take my ring, and when thou hast

done

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done my command, by virtue of it, doe thou assume my place till my returne, at which time thou shalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole estate, and for thy mistress' absence and my own, make what excuse thou please; so be gone. Well, Sir, said George, since it is your will, though unwilling I am to do it, yet I will performe it. So went he his way toward Waltam; and his master presently rid to the court, where he abode with King Henry, who a little before was inlarged by the earle of Warwicke, and placed in the throne againe.

"George being come to Waltam, did his dutie to his mistris, who wondered to see him, and not her husband, for whom she demanded of George, he answered her, that he was at Enfield, and did request her to meet him there. To which shee willingly agreed, and presently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to speake to her in this manner—Mistris, I pray you tell me, what that wife deserves, who through some lewd behaviour of hers hath made her husband to neglect his estates, and meanes of life, seeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the shame which her wickednesse hath purchased him? Why, George, quoth shee, hast thou met with some such creature? Be it whomsoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How thinkest thou? 'Faith mistris, said he, I think so too, and am so fully persuaded that her offence deserves that punishment, that I purpose to be executioner to such a one myselfe: Mistris, you are this woman; you have so offended my master (you know it, how, yourselfe), that he hath left his house, vowing never to see the same till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore those words which you meane to utter, speake them presently, for I cannot stay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of these unkinde words (ill deserved at her hands) she looked as one dead, and uttering aboundance of teares, she at last spake these words—And can it be, that my kindnes and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death? It cannot be. I know thou onely tryest me, how patiently I would endure such an unjust command: I'le tell thee heere, thus with body prostrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preservation; those should be my worst words: for death's fearful visage shewes pleasant to that soule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourselfe, said George, for by heaven I doe

not

not jeſt. With that ſhe prayed him ſtay, ſaying,—And is it ſo? Then what ſhould I deſire to live, having loſt his favour, (and without offence) whom I ſo dearly loved, and in whoſe ſight my happineſſe did conſiſt? Come, let me die. Yet George, let me have ſo much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in theſe few words to him: Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwiſe but by a wife's obedience) ever ſince I called him huſband; but that I am guilty of the leaſt fault toward him, I utterly deny; and doe, at this hour of my death, deſire that Heaven would powre down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not ſpeake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deſerved none. Pray Heaven bleſſe him; I am prepared now, ſtrike pr'ithee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

"George, ſeeing this, could not with-hold himſelfe from ſhedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his ſword, ſaying,—Miſtris, that I have uſed you ſo roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded ſo by my maſter, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me. But I being perſwaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath than to ſtaine my hands with the bloud of your cleere and ſpotleſſe breſt: yet let me intreat you ſo much, that you would not come in his ſight, leſt in his rage he turne your butcher, but live in ſome diſguiſe, till time have opened the cauſe of his miſtruſt, and ſhewed you guiltleſſe; which, I hope, will not be long.

"To this ſhe willingly granted, being loth to die cauſeleſſe, and thanked him for his kindneſſe, ſo parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he ſhewed his maſter's ring, for the government of the houſe till his maſter and miſtris returne, which he ſaid lived a while at London, 'cauſe the time was ſo troubleſome, and that was a place where they were more ſecure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongſt whom hee uſed himſelfe ſo kindely that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (miſtris of the houſe) in ſhort time got man's apparell for her diſguiſe; ſo wand'red ſhe up and downe the countrey, for ſhe could get no ſervice, becauſe the time was ſo dangerous that no man knew whom he might truſt: onely ſhe maintained herſelſe with the price of thoſe jewels which ſhe had, all which ſhe ſold. At the laſt, being quite out of money, and having

nothing

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" In this time it chanced that king Edward, beeing come out of France, and lying there about with the small forces hee had, came that way with some two or three noblemen, with an intent to discover if any ambushes were laid to take him at an advantage. He seeing there this gentlewoman, whom he supposed to be a boy, asked her what she was, and what she made there in that private place? To whom shee very wisely and modestly withall, answered, that she was a poore boy, whose bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then shewed, but at that time she was both friendlesse and comfortlesse, by reason of the late warre. He beeing moved to see one so well featur'd as she was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages, to whom she shewed herselfe so dutifull and loving, that in short time she had his love above all her fellows. Still followed she the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at last (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her husband.

" After the battell at Barnet, where K. Edward got the best, she going up and downe amongst the slaine men, to know whether her husband, which was on K. Henrie's side, was dead or escaped, happened to see the other who had been her ghest, lying there wounded. She remembering him, and thinking him to be one whom her husband loved, went to him, and finding him not dead, she caused one to helpe her with him to a house there by; where opening his brest to dresse his wounds, she espied the crucifix, at sight of which her heart was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her disgrace: for she remembering herselfe, found that she had lost that crucifix ever since that morning he departed from her house so suddenly. But saying nothing of it at that time, she caused him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither she went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

On a time when he was a little recovered, she went to him, giving him the crucifix which she had taken from about his necke, to whom he said—" Good gentle youth, keep the same; for now in my misery of sicknes, when the sight of that picture should be most comfortable, it is to me

most

most uncomfortable; and breedeth such horrour in my conscience, when I think how wrongfully I got the same, that so long as I see it I shall never be in rest. Now knew she that he was the man that caused the separation 'twixt her husband and her selfe; yet said she nothing, using him as respectively as she had before: onely she caused the man in whose house he lay, to remember the words he had spoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, she being alone, attending on the king, beseeched his grace to doe her justice on a villain that had bin the cause of all the misery she had suffered. He loving her, above all his other pages, most dearly, said—" Edmund (for so had she named herselfe) thou shalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cause him to be sent for, and I will be thy judge myselfe." She being glad of this, with the king's authority sent for her husband, whom she heard was one of the prisoners that was taken at the battell of Barnet; she appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court the same time. They being both come, but not one seeing of the other, the king sent for the wounded man into the presence; before whom the page asked him how he came by the crucifix? He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denyed the words he had said before his oast, affirming he bought it. With that, she called in the oast of the house where he lay, bidding him boldly speake what he had heard this man say concerning the crucifix. The oast then told the king, that in the presence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his sight, for it did wound his conscience to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the same. These words did the page aver, yet he utterly denyed the same, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did speake such words in his sicknesse, they proceeded from the lightnesse of his braine, and were untruthes.

" She seeing this villain's impudency, sent for her husband in, to whom she shewed the crucifix, saying, Sir, doe you know, doe you know this? Yes, answered hee, but would God I ne're had knowne the owner of it. It was my wife's, a woman virtuous, till this divell (speaking to the other) did corrupt her purity,—who brought me this crucifix as a token of her inconstancie.

" With that the king said—" Sirra now are you found to be a knave. Did you not, even now, affirme you bought it?" To whom he answered with fearfull countenance—" And it like your grace, I said so, to preserve this gentle-

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man's honour, and his wife's, which by my telling of the truth would have been much indamaged; for indeed she, being a secret friend of mine, gave me this as a testimony of her love.

"The gentlewoman, not being able longer to cover herselfe in that disguise, said—"And it like your majesty, give mee leave to speake, and you shall see me make this villain confesse how he hath abused that good gentleman—The king having given her leave, she said, "First, Sir, you confessed before your oast and my selfe, that you had wrongfully got this jewell; then before his majestie you affirmed you bought it; so denying your former words: Now you have denyed that which you so boldly affirmed before, and said it was this gentleman's wife's gift.—With his majestie's leave I say, thou art a villaine, and this is likewise false." With that she discovered herselfe to be a woman, saying—"Hadst thou, villaine, ever any strumpet's favour at my hands? Did I, for any sinfull pleasure I received from thee, bestow this on thee? Speake, and if thou have any goodness left in thee, speake the truth."

"With that he being daunted at her sudden sight, fell on his knees before the king, beseeching his grace to be mercifull unto him, for he had wronged that gentlewoman. Therewith told he the king of the match betweene the gentleman and himselfe, and how he stole the crucifix from her, and by that meanes persuaded her husband, that she was a whore. The king wondered how he durst, knowing God to be just, commit so great a villainy; but much more admired he to see his page to turn a gentlewoman. But ceasing to admire, he said—"Sir, (speaking to her husband) you did the part of an unwise man to lay so foolish a wager, for which offence the remembrance of your folly is punishment inough; but seeing it concernes me not, your wife shall be your judge." With that *Mrs. Dowill*, thanking his majestie, went to her husband, saying—"Sir, all my anger to you I lay down with this kisse.' He wond'ring all this while to see this strange and unlooked-for change, wept for joy, desiring her to tell him how she was preserved; wherein she satisfied him at full. The king was likewise glad that he had preserved this gentlewoman from wilfull famine, and gave judgment on the other in this manner.—That he should restore the money treble which he had wrongfully got from him; and so was to have a yeere's imprisonment. So this gentleman and his wife went, with the king's

king's leave, lovingly home, where they were kindely welcomed by George, to whom for recompence he gave the money which he received: so lived they ever after in great content." MALONE. Vol. IX. CYMBELINE.

KING LEAR.

355. To follow Steevens's note [8].] Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593: K. LEAR.

" The *third* and *last*, not *least*, in our account."

MALONE.

367. Add at the beginning of my note [1].] I once thought that the author wrote *plated*:—cunning *superinduced*, thinly spread over. So, in this play:

" *Plate* sin with gold,
" And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

But the word &c. MALONE.

370. To follow Steevens's note [7].] *Curiosity* is used before in the present play, in this sense: " For *equalities* are so weighed, that *curiosity* in neither can make choice of either's moiety." MALONE.

372. At the end of Steevens's note [2].] So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——Not in the legions
" Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
" To *top* Macbeth." MALONE.

386. Add to my note [6].] So, in *K. Richard III.*:

" His apparent open guilt omitted,
" I mean his *conversation* with Shore's wife."

MALONE.

396. Note [6].] It is also used by Marston in his *Insatiate Countess*, 1603: " Go to then; and the better to avoid suspition, we must insist, they must come up *darkling*."

MALONE.

Ibid. Note [8].] *Whoop Jug, I'll do thee no harm*, occurs in *The Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

419. ——sooth *every passion*] *Sooth* is the reading of neither the folio nor the quarto; in both of which we find *smooth*, which is, I think, the true reading. So, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600:

" Traitor unto his country! how he *smooth'd*,
" And seem'd as innocent as truth itself!"

 Again,

VOL. IX. K. LEAR.

Again, in our author's *Pericles*, 1609:

"The sinful father
"Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*."

Sooth was first introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Ibid. After note [9] add] Mr. Blake observes that in an ancient map of Ensield chace &c. the name of *Camelot* is given to a large pond which in all probability was once a place where *geese* were bred. MALONE.

449. *Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main*,] I once thought that the poet wrote:

Or swell the curled waters 'bove the *moon*—

So, in a subsequent scene:

"The sea in such a storm as his bare head
"In hell-black night endur'd, wou'd have buoy'd up,
"And quench'd the *stelled fires*."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*: "——Now the *ship* boring the *moon* with her main-mast——"

But the old reading, and Mr. Steevens's explanation of it, are strongly confirmed by a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——The *bounded waters*
"Should lift their bosoms higher than the *shores*,
"And make a sop of all this *solid globe*."

The main is again used for *the land*, in *Hamlet*:

"Goes it against *the main* of Poland, Sir?"

MALONE.

464. ———*Take physick, pomp!*
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.] A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

"O let those cities that of plenty's cup
"And her prosperities so largely taste,
"With their superfluous riots—hear these tears;
"The misery of Tharsus may be theirs." MALONE.

472. To follow Farmer's note [3]] Both the quarto and the folio have *old*, and not *olds*. MALONE.

479. *Come o'er the bourn*, Bessy, *to me*:] There is a peculiar propriety in this address that has not, I believe, been hitherto observed. *Bessy* and poor *Tom*, it seems, usually travelled together. The author of *The Court of Conscience, or Dick Whippers Sessions*, 1607, describing *beggars*, *idle rogues*, and *counterfeit madmen*, thus speaks of these associates:

"Another sort there is among you; they
"Do rage with furie as if they were so frantique

"They

"They knew not what they did, but every day
"Make sport with stick and flowers like an antique;
"Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme,
"One calls herself poor *Besse*, the other *Tom*."

MALONE.

493 *And, in the end, meet the old course of death,*] That is, *die a natural death.* MALONE.

518. Add to my note] So, in *A wonderful, strange, and miraculous Astrologicall Prognostication for this Year* &c. 1591: "Maidens this winter shall have strange stitches and gripings of the collic-e, which diseases proceed from lying too much *upright*." STEEVENS.

528. ——— ——— ———*to shoe*
A troop of horse with felt.] So, in *Hay any worke for a Cooper*, an ancient pamphlet, no date: "Their adversaries are very eger . the saints in heaven have *felt* o' their tongues."

STEEVENS

563. Add to my note [7] *Poor fool* was an expression of tenderness in the age of Shakspeare. So, in his *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"———*poor* venomous *fool*,
"Be angry, and dispatch."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"And *pretty fool*, it stinted and said—ay."

Again, in *K. Henry VI*. P. III.:

"So many weeks ere the *poor fools* will yean."

STEEVENS.

VOLUME X.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

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Page 7. After Steevens's firſt note.] Breval ſays in his *Travels*, that, on a ſtrict enquiry into the hiſtories of Verona, he found that Shakſpeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumſtances of his play.

I believe that Shakſpeare formed his drama on the poem entitled *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, (which very rare piece the reader will find at the end of the notes on this tragedy,) rather than on Painter's Novel, for theſe reaſons:

1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Eſcalus*; ſo alſo in the play.—In Painter's tranſlation from Boiſteau he is named *Signor* Eſcala, and ſometimes *Lord Bartholomew of* Eſcala. 2. The meſſenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's tranſlation called *Anſelme*. In the poem, and in the play, fryar *John* is employed in this buſineſs. 3. The circumſtance of Capulet's writing down the names of the gueſts whom he invites to ſupper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter. 4. Several paſſages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furniſhed by the poem, and ſome expreſſions are borrowed from thence.

With reſpect to the name of *Romeo*, this alſo Shakſpeare might have had from the poem*; for in one place that name is given to him. MALONE.

8. *Here comes of the houſe of the Montagues.*] I believe the author wrote:

Here comes *two* of the houſe of the Montagues.

The word *two* was inadvertently omitted in the quarto of 1599, from which the ſubſequent impreſſions were printed: but in the firſt edition of 1597 the paſſage ſtands thus:

"Here comes *two* of the Montagues——"

which confirms the emendation. The diſregard of grammar is in character, and was probably intended.

It

It should be observed, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats in order to distinguish them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a distance. This circumstance is mentioned by Gascoigne, in a *Devise of a Masque*, written for the right honourable viscount Mountacute, 1575:

" And for a further proofe he shewed in hys hat
" Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that
" They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they pass,
" For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene these houses was." MALONE.

11. *To old* Freetown, *our common judgment-place.*] This name the poet found in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there said to be the castle of the Capulets. MALONE.

21. *Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel, When well-apparel'd April* &c.] After Steevens's note.—Our authors 98th *Sonnet* may also serve to confirm the reading of the text:

" From you have I been absent in the spring,
" When *proud-pied April*, dress'd in all his trim,
" Hath put a spirit of *youth* in ev'ry thing."

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:

" Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,
" Then in the *April* of her *springing age*——"

MALONE.

Ibid. *Such, amongst view of many, mine being one, May stand in number, though in reckoning none.*] After Steevens's note *, p. 22.——The reading of the text, on which Mr. Steevens has founded a very probable conjecture, is that of the first quarto. MALONE.

22. ——*find those persons out, Whose names are written there.*] Shakspeare has here closely followed the poem already mentioned:

" No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,
" No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,
" But Capilet himself hath bid unto his feast,
" Or by *his name, in paper sent, appointed as a guest.*"

Ibid. *Tut man! one fire burns out another's burning—— Take thou some new infection to thy eye,*

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And the rank poison of the old will die.] Thus, in the same poem:

"Ere long the townish dames together will resort;
"Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely port,
"With so fast fixed *eye* perhaps thou may'st behold,
"That thou shalt quite forget thy *love* and *passions past of old.*
"As out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
"So *novel love* out of the mind the *ancient love* doth rive." MALONE.

56. ——————*for our judgment sits*
Five times in that ere once in our fine *wits*] Shakspeare is on every occasion so fond of antithesis, that I am persuaded he wrote:

Five times in that ere once in our *five* wits.

We meet in *K. Lear*:

"Bless thy *five* wits!"

So, in a subsequent scene in this play: "Thou hast more of the wild goose in one of thy *wits*, than I am sure I have in my whole *five*."

The same mistake happened in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, where in all the old copies we meet:

"Of all these *fine* the sense——"

instead of——"all these *five*——"

In the first quarto the line stands;

"*Three* times in that, ere once in our *right* wits."

When the poet altered "*three* times" to "*five* times," he probably for the sake of the jingle, discarded the word *right*, and substituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, seems to have been made merely to obtain the antithesis. MALONE.

45. *What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand*
Of yonder knight?] Here is another proof that our author had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the latter we are told—"A certain *lord* of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance."

In the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a *knight*:

"With torch in hand a comely *knight* did fetch her forth to dance." MALONE.

52. *The ape is dead*——] This phrase appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our author's time, without any reference to the mimickry of that animal. Nashe, in one

one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lilly's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge MALONE.

56. *Thou art thyself, though not a Mountague.*] A slight change of punctuation would give an easy sense:

Thou art thyself, though,—not a Mountague.

So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act III sc. last:

"My legs are longer *though*, to run away."

Other writers frequently use *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Massinger, 1632:

"Would you have him your husband that you love,
"And can it not be?—He is your servant, *though*,
"And may perform the office of a husband."

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preserved*:

"I thank thee for thy labour, *though*, and him too."

MALONE.

57. *With love's light wings did I* o'erperch these walls,] Here also we find Shakspeare following the steps of the author of *The History of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,
"So light he wox, he *leap'd the wall*, and there he spy'd his wife,
"Who in the *window* watch'd the coming of her lord——" MALONE.

60. *If that thy* bent *of love be honourable* &c.] In *The Tragicall History* already quoted Juliet uses nearly the same expressions:

"——if your thought be chaste, and have on virtue ground,
"If wedlock be the end and *mark* which your desire hath found,
"Obedience set aside, unto my parents due,
"The quarrel eke that long ago between our housholds grew,
"*Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,*
"And *following you where so you go*, my father's house forsake;
"But if by wanton love and by unlawful suit
"You think in ripest years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit,
"You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you beseeks,
"To *cease your suit*, and suffer her to live among her likes." MALONE.

67. The

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67. *The very* pin *of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-shaft*;] The allusion is to archery. The clout or white mark at which the arrows were directed, was fastened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the highest ambition of every marksman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"They have shot two arrows without heads,
"They cannot stick i' the but yet: hold out knight,
"And I'll *cleave* the black *pin* i' the midst of the *white*."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591:

"For kings are clouts that every man shoots at,
"Our crown the *pin* that thousands seek to cleave."

MALONE.

68. *O their* bons, *their* bons.] Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a passage in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, from which we learn that *bon* jour was the common salutation of those who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our author's time: "No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has" MALONE.

77. ——*Here is for thy pains.*] So, in *The Tragical Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,
"And gave them her—a slight reward, quoth he;—and so adieu." MALONE.

Ibid. *Well sir*; *my mistress is the sweetest lady*:
Lord, lord! *when 'twas a little* prating *thing*,—] So, in the poem:

"And how she gave her suck in youth, she leaveth not to tell.
"A pretty babe, quoth she, it was, when it was young,
"*Lord*, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue, &c"

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Romeo and Julietta*.

MALONE.

80. *Fie how my bones ache!——What a* jaunt *have I had?*] This is the reading of the folio. The quartos read:

——what a *jaunce* have I had?

The two words appear to have been formerly synonymous. See *K. Rich. II* Vol. V. p. 255.:

"Spur-gall'd and tir'd by *jauncing* Bolingbroke."

MALONE.

81. *No,*

81. *No, no. but all this did I know before;*
What says he of our marriage? *what of that?*] So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Tell me else what, quoth she, this evermore I thought,
"But of *our marriage*, say at once, what answer have you brought?" MALONE.

89. To follow Steevens's note.] Middleton, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, 1657, uses this word as our author has done:

"Why 'tis not possible, madam, that man's happiness
"Should take a greater height than mine *aspires*."

So also, Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1591:

"Until our bodies turn to elements,
"And both our souls *aspire* celestial thrones."

MALONE.

9[illegible]. To follow Steevens's note] *That* seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night, for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures;

"That runaway eyes *may* wink, and Romeo
"Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen."

——E.

99. *Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife have mangled it?*] So, in the poem already quoted:

"Ah cruel *murd'ring tongue*, murderer of others' fame,
"How durst thou once attempt to touch the honour of his *name*?
"Whose deadly foes do yield him due and earned praise,
"For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.
"Why blam'st thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt?
"Since he is guiltless quite, and Tybalt bears the fault.
"Whither shall he, alas! poor banish'd man, now fly?
"What place of succour shall he seek beneath the starry sky?
"Since she pursueth him, and him defames of wrong,
"That in distress should be his fort, and only rampire strong." MALONE.

Ibid. *Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring*; &c.] To follow Steevens's note.—Juliet's reasoning, as the text now stands, appears to me perfectly correct.—*Back* (says she) *to your native source, you foolish tears! Properly you ought to flow only*

VOL. X. ROM. AND JULIET. *only on melancholy occasions; but now you erroneously shed your tributary drops for an event* [the death of Tybalt and the subsequent escape of my beloved Romeo] *which is in fact to me a subject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have slain my husband; but my husband is alive, and has slain Tybalt. This is a source of joy, not of sorrow: wherefore then do I weep?* MALONE.

102. ——*more* courtship *lives*
In carrion flies, *than Romeo*.] To follow Johnson's note.—By *courtship*, the author seems rather to have meant the state of a lover; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or wooes a lady is sometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the subsequent lines:

"——They may seize
"On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
"And steal immortal blessings from her lips——
"——*Flies* may do this." MALONE.

Ibid. *Who, even in pure and vestal modesty*——] This and the next line were not in the first copy. MALONE.

Ibid. *But Romeo may not; he is banished*.] To follow Steevens's note.—It ought, without doubt, to be placed there. In the first edition it is inserted immediately before—*Flies may do this.* MALONE.

105. *Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;*
Thy tears are womanish; &c.] Shakspeare has here closely followed his original.

"*Art thou*, quoth he, *a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;*
"*Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.*
"For manly reason is quite from off thy mind out-chased,
"And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly placed;
"So that I stood in doubt this hour at the least
"*If thou a man or woman wert, or else a brutish beast.*"
Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet, 1562.
MALONE.

Ibid. *Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth?*] Romeo has not here railed on his birth &c. though in his interview with the fryar as described in *The Tragicall History of Romeus and Juliet*, he is made to do so:

"First *Nature* did he blame the author of his life,
"In which his joys had been so scant, and sorrows aye so rife;
"The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove,
"He cryed out with open mouth against the *stars above*,
"——On

"——On Fortune eke he rail'd——"

Shakspeare copied the remonstrance of the fryar, without reviewing the former part of his scene. MALONE.

109. SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The stage-direction in the first edition is—"*Enter Romeo and Juliet at the window.*" In the second quarto——"*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*" They appeared probably in the balcony which appears to have been erected on the old English stage. See the *Account of the Antient Theatres*, ante, p. 15. MALONE.

113. *Is she not down so late, or up so early?*] Is she not laid down in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from bed at so early an hour of the morn? MALONE.

Ibid. *Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?* &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"——time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget;
"Of whom since God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,
"He is in bliss, ne is there cause why you should thus lament:
"*You cannot call him back with tears and shriekings shrill*;
"It is a fault thus still to grudge at God's appointed will." MALONE.

118. ————*and having now provided*
A gentleman of princely parentage——
——*And then to have a wretched* puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
Answer—I'll not wed—I cannot love——] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Such care thy mother had, so dear thou wert to me,
"That I with long and earnest suit *provided* have for thee
"One of the greatest lords that wonnes about this town,
"And for his many virtues' sake a man of great renown;——
"————and yet thou playest in this case
"The *dainty fool* and stubborn girl; for want of skill,
"Thou dost refuse thy offer'd weal, and disobey my will." MALONE.

119. *'Faith, here it is: Romeo*
Is banished, and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you; &c.] To follow Steevens's note [2]. This picture, however, is not an

VOL. X. ROM. AND JULIET. an original. In *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the Nurse exhibits the same readiness to accomodate herself to the present conjuncture:

"The flattering nurse did praise the friar for his skill,
"And said that she had done right well, by wit to order will;
"She setteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
"And eke she praiseth much to her *the second marriage*;
"*And County Paris now she praiseth ten times more*
"*By wrong, than she herself by right had Romeus prais'd before:*
"Paris shall dwell there still; *Romeus shall not return*;
"What shall it boot her all her life to languish still and mourn?" MALONE.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in the *Relapse*, has copied in this respect the character of his Nurse from Shakspeare. [illegible]E.

125. *Then (as the manner of our country is)*
In thy best robes, uncover'd *on the bier*——] The Italian custom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face *uncovered*, (which is not mentioned by Painter) our author found particularly described in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*:

"Another use there is, that whosoever dies,
"Borne to their church *with open face upon the bier he lies*,
"In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-sheet——" MALONE.

126. *If no* unconstant toy nor womanish fear
Abate thy valour in the acting it.] These expressions are borrowed from the poem:

"Cast off from thee at once the weed of *womanish dread*,
"With manly courage arm thyself from heel unto the head——
"God grant he so confirm in thee thy present will,
"That no *inconstant toy* thee let thy promise to fulfill!"
MALONE.

128. ——*this reverend holy friar,*
All our whole city is much bound to him] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"——this is not, wife, the friar's first desert,
"In all our commonweal scarce one is to be found
"But is, for some good turn, unto this *holy father bound*." MALONE.

Ibid.

Ibid. *'Tis now near night.*] It appears in a foregoing scene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tuesday* morning. *Immediately afterwards* she went to Friar Lawrence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week, [" *Wednesday is to-morrow.*"] She could not well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and she is now just returned from shrift;—yet lady Capulet says, "'tis near *night,*" and this same night is ascertained to be *Tuesday.* This is one out of many instances of our author's inaccuracy in the computation of time. MALONE.

129. *For I have need of many* orisons——] To follow Johnson's note.—This pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the nurse, was suggested by *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, and some of the expressions of this speech borrowed from thence:

" Dear friend, quoth she, you know to-morrow is the day
" Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpose is to pray*
" Unto the *heavenly minds* that dwell above the skies,
" And order all the course of things as they can best devise,
" That they so *smile* upon the doings of to-morrow,
" That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from sorrow;
" Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night,*
" But see that you to-morrow come before the dawning light,
" For you must curl my hair, and set on my attire—"

MALONE.

Ibid. *What if this* mixture *do not* work *at all?*] To follow Steevens's note [6]. p. 130.—Shakspeare appears, however, to have followed the poem:

" —— to the end I may my name and conscience save,
" I must devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have;
" Whose *working* and whose force as yet I do not know:——
" And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow——
" What do I know, (quoth she) if that this powder shall
" Sooner or later than it should, or else *not work at all?*
" ——Or how shall I that always have in so fresh air been bred,

En-

" Endure the loathſome ſtink of ſuch a heaped ſtore
" Of carcaſes not yet conſum'd, and bones that long before
" Intombed were, where I my ſleeping place ſhall have,
" Where all my anceſtors do reſt, my kindred's common grave.
" Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,
" Find me, if I awake before, *y-ſtifled in the tomb?*"
MALONE.

130 *Let thee there!*——] To follow Steevens's note [8]—In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not neceſſary to have recourſe to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent ſoever the cuſtom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been; for Juliet appears to have furniſhed herſelf with this inſtrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris.

" If all fail elſe, myſelf have power to die."

Accordingly, in the very next ſcene, when ſhe is at the friar's cell, and before ſhe could have been furniſhed with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then conſented to marry the count) ſhe ſays:

" Give me ſome preſent counſel, or behold,
" 'Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*
" Shall play the umpire." MALONE.

134. *Ay, let the county take you in your bed;*] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*:

" Firſt ſoftly did ſhe call, then louder ſhe did cry,
" Lady, you ſleep too long, *the earl will raiſe you by and by.*" MALONE.

135. *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail, Ties up my tongue, and* will not let me ſpeak.] Our author has here followed the poem cloſely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this ſcene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet* Juliet's mother makes a long ſpeech, but the old man utters not a word:

" But more than all the reſt the father's heart was ſo
" Smit with the heavy news, and ſo ſhut up with ſudden woe,
" That he ne had the pow'r his daughter to beweep,
" *Ne yet to ſpeak*, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep." MALONE.

136. To

136. To follow Steevens's note *.] Decker seems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

" ——I'll to my wedding bed,
" And *Death*, not Romeo, *take my maidenhead*."

MALONE.

138. *All things, that we ordained festival*, &c] So, in the poem already quoted:

" Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,
" And now to sorrow is return'd the joy of every one;
" And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds* they change,
" And *Hymen* to *a dirge*:—alas! it seemeth strange.
" Instead of marriage gloves now funeral gowns they have,
" And, whom they should see married, they follow to the grave;
" The *feast* that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
" Hath every dish and cup fill'd full of sorrow and annoy." MALONE.

141. To follow Steevens's note [9]] It is mentioned by Milton, as an instrument of mirth:

" When the merry bells ring round,
" And the jocond *rebecks* sound——"

MALONE.

144. *I do remember an apothecary*, &c] It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for he has borrowed an expression from thence:

" An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,
" Whom by his heavy countenance he guessed to be poor;
" And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,
" And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew,
" Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
" What by no friendship could be got, with money should be bought;
" For needy lack is like the poor man to compel
" To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to sell——
" Take fifty crowns of gold (quoth he)——
" —— Fair Sir, (quoth he) be sure this is the *speeding geer*,
" And more there is than you shall need; for half of that is there

Vol. X. Rom. and Juliet.

"Will serve, I undertake, in less than half an hour
"To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poison's
pow'r." Malone.

145. *Upon thy* back *hangs ragged* misery,] Perhaps from Kyd's *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

"Upon thy *back* where *misery doth sit*,
"O Rome &c. Malone.

147. *Going to find a bare-foot brother out,*
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town
Suspecting &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;
"And, for because in Italy it is a wonted guise
"That friars in the town should seldom walk alone,
"But of their convent aye *should be accompanied with one*
"*Of his profession*, straight a house he findeth out
"In mind to take some friar with him, to walk the town about."

Our author having occasion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and supposed the pestilence to rage at Verona, instead of Mantua.

Perhaps the third and fourth lines are misplaced, and that this passage ought to be regulated thus.

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
And finding him, the searchers of the town
Here in the city visiting the sick,
Suspecting &c.

Friar John sought for a brother merely for the sake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of visiting the sick; whereas, on the other hand, it was the business of the *searchers* to visit the sick, and to mark those houses in which the pestilence raged.

The phrase of *visiting the sick* might have deceived the transcriber, and perhaps induced him to misplace this line, in order that it might apply to the friar. The error however (if it be one) is in the quarto, from which the folio is manifestly printed. Malone.

156. *A dateless bargain to* engrossing *Death!*] *Engrossing* seems to be used here in its clerical sense. Malone.

157. Note [9]. add] Again, in the first edition of this play:

"Which

"Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
"Must be my *conduct* in the secret night."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.:

"Although thou hast been *conduct* of my shame"

MALONE.

Ibid. *It burneth in the* Capulets' *monument.*] Both the folio and the quarto read:

It burneth in the *Capels'* monument MALONE.

163 To follow Johnson's note.] Shakspeare was led into this uninteresting narrative by following too closely *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet.* MALONE.

166. After Johnson's note.] In the preliminary observations on this play it has been mentioned, that our author seems to have been more indebted to the poem entitled *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, printed at London in 1562, than to Painter's *Palace of Pleasure.* That piece being extremely rare, it is here reprinted entire. From the following lines in *An Epitaph on the Death of Master* Arthur Brooke *drownde in passing to New Haven*, by George Tuberville, [*Epitaphes, Epigrammes*, &c 1567,] we learn that the former was the author of this poem:

"Apollo lent him lute, for solace sake,
"To sound his verse by touch of stately string,
"And of the never-fading baye did make
"A lawrell crowne, about his browes to cling.
"In proufe that he for myter did excell,
"As may be judge by *Julyet and her mate*;
"For there he shewde his cunning passing well,
"When he the tale to English did translate.
"But what? as he to forraigne realm was bound,
"With others moe his soveraigne queene to serve,
"Amid the seas unluckie youth was drownd,
"More speedie death than such one did deserve—"

MALONE.

THE TRAGICALL HYSTORY

OF

ROMEUS AND JULIET:

Contayning in it a rare Example of true Constancie;

With the subtill Counsels and practises of an old Fryer, and their ill Event.

Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.

TO THE READER.

Amid the desert rockes the mountaine beare
Bringes forth unformd, unlyke herselfe, her yonge,
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten heare;
In tract of time, her often lycking tong
Geves them such shape, as doth, ere long, delight
The lookers on; or, when one dogge doth shake
With moosled mouth the joyntes too weake to fight,
Or, when upright he standeth by his stake,
(A noble creast!) or wylde in savage wood
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,
With gaping mouth and stayned jawes with blood;
Or els, when from the farthest heavens, they
The lode starres are, the wery pilates marke,
In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke;——
Right so my muse
Hath now, at length, with travell long, brought forth
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle

May

May better ſhape. The eldeſt of them loe
I offer to the ſtake; my youthfull woorke,
Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrowe:
The reſt, unlickt as yet, a whyle ſhall lurke,
Tyll Tyme geve ſtrength, to meete and match in fight
With Slaunder's whelpes. Then ſhall they tell of ſtryfe,
Of noble trymphes, and deedes of martial might;
And ſhall geve rules of chaſt and honeſt lyfe.
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,
Or rather not reprove the laughing game
Of this my muſe.

THE ARGUMENT.

Love hath inflamed twayne by ſodayn ſight,
And both do graunt the thing that both deſyre;
They wed in ſhrift, by counſell of a frier;
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliet's bower by night.
Three monthes he doth enjoy his cheefe delight:
By Tybalt's rage provoked unto yre,
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.
A baniſht man, he ſcapes by ſecret flight:
New mariage is offred to his wyfe;
She drinkes a drinke that ſeemes to reve her breath;
They bury her, that ſleping yet hath lyfe.
Her huſband heares the tydinges of her death
He drinkes his bane; and ſhe, with Romeus' knyfe,
When ſhe awakes, herſelfe, alas! ſhe ſleath.

ROMEUS AND JULIET*.

There is beyond the Alps a towne of ancient fame,
Where bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men it name;
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile soyle,
Maynteined by the heavenly fates, and by the townish toyle.
The fruitefull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,
The silver streame with chanel depe, that through the towne doth flow,

The

* The original relater of this story was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till some years after his death, being first printed at Venice, in octavo, in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta* A second edition was published in 1539 And it was again reprinted at the same place in 1553, (without the author's name) with the following title: *Historia nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietosa morte, intervenuta gia nella Citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo dalla Scala Nuovamente Stampata*—There are same variations in the editions. In an epistle prefixed to this work, which is addressed *Alla bellissima e leggiadra Madonna Lucina Savorgnana*, the author gives the following account of the manner in which he became acquainted with this story:

"Siccome voi stessa vedeste, mentre il cielo verso me in tutto ogni suo sdegno rivolto non ebbe, nel bel principio di mia giovanezza al mestier dell'arme mi diedi, e in quella molti grandi et valorosi uomini seguendo, nella dilettevole vostra patria del Frioli alcun anno mi essercitai; per la quale, secondo i casi, quando privatamente or quinci or quindi serven lo, m'era bisogno di andare Aveva io per continuo uso cavalcando di menar meco uno mio arciero, uomo di forse cinquanta anni, pratico nell' arte e piacevolissimo, e come quasi tutti que' di Verona (ov' egli nacque) sono, parlante molto, et chiamato Peregrino. Questi oltra che animoso et esperto soldate fusse, leggiadro & forse piu di quello che agli anni suoi si saria convenuto, innamorato sempre si ritrovava, il che al suo valore doppio valore aggiugneva: onde le più belle novelle & con miglior ordine e grazia si dilettava di raccontare, e massimamente quelle che di amore parlavano, che alcun altro, ch' io udissi giammai Per la qual cosa partendo io da Gradisca, ove in alloggiamenti mi stava, & con costui e due altri miei, forse d'amore sospinto, verso Udine venendo; la quale strada molto solinga, e tutta per la guerra arsa e distrutta in quel tempo era, e molto dal pensiero sopppresso e lontano dagli altri venendomi, accostatomisi il detto Peregrino, come quello che i miei pensieri indovinava, così mi disse: Volete voi sempre in trista vita vivere, perchè una bella crudele, altramente mostrando, poco vi ami? E benchè contro a me stesso dica, pure perchè meglio si danno, che non si ritengono, i consigli, vi dirò,

Patron

The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for ease,
And other moe commodities, which profit may and please;
Eke many certayne signes of thinges betyde of olde,
To fyll the houngry eyes of those that curiously beholde;
Doe make this towne to be be preferde above the rest
Of Lombard townes, or, at the least, compared with the best.
In which whyle Escalus as prince alone did raygne,
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde with payne,
Alas! I rewe to thinke, an heavy happe befell,
Which Boccace skant, not my rude tonge, were able foorth to tell.
Within my trembling hande my penne doth shake for feare,
And, on my colde amazed head, upright doth stand my heare.
But sith shee doeth commaunde, whose hest I must obeye,
In moorning verse a wotul chaunce to tell I will assaye.
Helpe learned Pallas, helpe ye Muses with your art,
Help all ye damned feends, to tell of joyes retourn'd to smart:
Help eke, ye sisters three, my skillesse pen tindyte,
For you it caus'd which I alas! unable am to wryte.
There were two auncient stocks, which Fortune hygh did place
Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their race;
Lov'd of the common sorte, lov'd of the prince alike,
And lyke unhappy were they both, when Fortune list to stryke;
Whose prayse with equal blast Fame in her trumpet blew;
The one was clyped Capelet, and thother Mountague.
A wonted use it is, that men of likely sorte,
(I wot not by what furye fors'd) envye eache others porte.
So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,
And then of grudging envie's roote blacke hate and rancor grew;
As of a littel sparke oft ryseth mighty fyre,
So, of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flash oute their eyre:
And then theyr deadly foode, first hatch'd of trifling stryfe,
Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes,—it reved breth and lyfe.
No legend lye I tell; scarce yet theyr eyes be drye,
That did behold the grisly sight with wet and weeping eye.
But when the prudent prince who there the scepter helde,
So great a new disorder in his commonweale behelde,
By jentyl meane he sought their choler to asswage,
And by perswasion to appease their blameful furious rage;

Patron mio, che oltra che a voi nell' essercizio, che siete, lo star molto nella prigion d' amore si disdica; sì tristi son quasi tutti i fini, a'quali egli ci conduce, ch' è uno pericolo il seguirlo: E in testimonianza di ciò, quando a voi piacesse, potre' io una novella nella mia città avvenuta, che la strada men solitaria, e men rincrescevole vi faria, raccontarvi; nella quale sentireste come due nobili amanti a misera e piatosa morte guidati fossero. E già avendo io fatto segno di udirlo volontieri, egli così cominciò."

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But both his woords and tyme the prince hath spent in vayne
So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his buysy payne.
When frendly sage advise ne gentyll woords avayle,
By thondring threats and princely powre their courage gan he quayle;
In hope that when he had the wasting flame supprest,
In time he should quyte quench the sparke that boornd within their brest.

Now whylst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,
And eche with outward frendly shew doth hyde his inward hate,
One Romeus, who was of race a Mountague,
Upon whose tender chyn as yet no manlyke beard there grewe,
Whose beauty and whose shape so faire the rest dyd stayne,
That from the cheef of Veron youth he greatest fame dyd gayne,
Hath founde a mayde so fayre (he founde so foule his happe)
Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his heart entrappe,
That from his owne affayres his thought she did remove;
Onely he sought to honor her, to serve her and to love.
To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,
At length, in hope of better spede, himselfe the lover went;
Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not founde,
And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.
But she that from her youth was fostred evermore
With vertue's foode, and taught in schole of wisdome's skilfull lore,
By aunswere did cutte off thaffections of his love,
That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to move
So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)
That, in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly looke;
And yet how much she did with constant mind retyre,
So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth by desyre.
But when he, many monthes, hopeless of his recure,
Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did endure,
At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove
If chaunge of place might chaunge away his ill-bestowed love;
And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone:
"What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthankfull one,
Sith that my humble sute, and labour sowde in vayne,
Can reape none other fruite at all but scorne and proude disdayne?
What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to runne,
But she the path wherein I treade with spedy flight doth shunne.
I cannot live except that nere to her I be;
She is ay best content when she is farthest of from me.
Wherefore henceforth I will farre from her take my flight;
Perhaps, mine eye once banished by absence from her sight,
This fyre of myne, that by her pleasant eyne is fed,
Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded."

But

But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,
A contrary repugnant thought sanke in his brest so depe,
That doutefull is he now which of the twayne is best.
In syghs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorow and unrest,
He mones the daye, he wakes the long and werey night;
So depe hath love, with pearcing hand, ygrav'd her bewty bright
Within his brest, and hath so mastred quyte his hart,
That he of force must yelde as thrall;—no way is left to start.
He cannot staye his steppe, but forth styll must he ronne,
He languisheth and melts awaye, as snowe agaynst the sonne.
His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,
And eche of them in frendly wyse his heavy hap bewayles.
But one emong the rest, the trustiest of his feeres,
Farre more then he with counsel fild, and ryper of his yeeres,
Gan sharply him rebuke; such love to him he bare,
That he was fellow of his smart, and partner of his care.
"What meanst thou Romeus, quoth he, what doting rage
Doth make thee thus consume away the best part of thyne age,
In seking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy sight,
Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor bright,
Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unspotted truth,
Which are of force, I weene, to move the hardest hart to ruthe?
Now, for our frendship's sake, and for thy health, I pray
That thou henceforth become thine owne;—O give no more away
Unto a thankles wight thy pretious free estate:
In that thou lovest such a one thou seemst thyself to hate.
For she doth love els where, and then thy time is lorne;
Or els (what booteth thee to sue?) Love's court she hath forsworne.
Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortune's grace:
What man is better shapd than thou? who hath a sweeter face?
By painfull studie's meane great learning hast thou wonne,
Thy parents have none other heyre, thou art theyr onely sonne.
What greater greefe, trowst thou, what wofull dedly smart,
Should so be able to distraine thy seely father's hart,
As in his age to see thee plonged deepe in vice,
When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertue's fame arise?
What shall thy kinsmen think, thou cause of all their ruthe?
Thy dedly foes doe laugh to skorne thy yll-employed youth.
Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth beginne
To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou livedst in.
Remove the veale of love that kepes thine eyes so blynde,
That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers fynde.
But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,
Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandring hart.
Choose out some woorthy dame, her honor thou, and serve,
Who will give eare to thy complaint, and pitty ere thou sterve.
But sow no more thy paynes in such a barraine soyle
As yelds in harvest time no crop, in recompence of toyle.

Ere

Ere long the townish dames together will resort,
Some one of beauty, favour, shape, and of so lovely porte,
With so fast fixed eye perhaps thou mayst beholde,
That thou shalt quite forget thy love and passions past of olde."
The yong man's listning eare receiv'd the holsome sounde,
And reason's truth y-planted so, within his head had grounde;
That now with healthy coole y-tempred is the heate,
And piece meale weares away the greefe that erst his heart did freate.
To his approved frend a solemne othe he plight,
At every feast y-kept by day, and banquet made by night,
At pardons in the churche, at games in open streate,
And every where he would resort where ladies wont to mete;
Eke should his savage heart like all indifferently,
For he would vew and judge them all with unallured eye.
How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne!
But twice as happy had he been, had he been never borne.
For ere the moone could thrise her wasted hornes renew,
False Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a mischiefe newe to brewe.
The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas games,
And now the seson doth invite to banquet townish dames.
And fyrst in Capel's house, the chiefe of all the kyn
Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to begin.
No lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,
No knight or gentelman of high or lowe renowne,
But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,
Or, by his name in paper sent, appointed as a geast.
Yong damsels thither flocke, of bachelers a rowte,
Not so much for the banquet's sake, as bewties to serche out.
But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,
(For, as you heard, the Capilets and they were at debate)
Save Romeus, and he in maske, with hydden face,
The supper done, with other five did prease into the place.
When they had maskd a while with dames in courtly wise,
All did unmaske; the rest did shew them to theyr ladies eyes;
But bashfull Romeus with shamefast face forsooke
The open prease, and him withdrew into the chamber's nooke.
But brighter than the sunne the waxen torches shone,
That, maugre what he could, he was espyd of every one,
But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe,
To woonder at his sightly shape, and bewtie's spotles hewe;
With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,
That ladies, thought the fayrest dames, were fowle in his respect.
And in theyr head besyde an other woonder rose,
How he durst put himselfe in throng among so many foes:
Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to procede,
And women love an hardy hart, as I in stories rede.

The

The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe,
Yet they suppresse theyr styred yre; the cause I doe not knowe:
Perhaps toffend theyr gestes the courteous knights are loth;
Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreadyng the prince's wroth;
Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage
Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender age.
They use no taunting talke, ne harme him by theyr deede,
They neyther say, what makst thou here, ne yet they say, God speede.
So that he freely might the ladies view at ease,
And they also behelding him their chaunge of fansies please;
Which Nature had hym taught to doe with such a grace,
That there was none but joyed at his being there in place.
With upright beame he weyed the beauty of eche dame,
And judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought in nature's frame.
At length he saw a mayd, right fayre, of perfect shape,
(Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their rape)
Whom erst he never sawe, of all she pleasde him most;
Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee boste
Of perfit shape's renowne and beautie's sounding prayse,
Whose like ne hath, ne shall be seene, ne liveth in our dayes.
And whilst he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,
His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,
Is nowe as quite forgotte as it had never been:
The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are unseene.
And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,
So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.
This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,
That only death and both theyr blouds might quench the fiery heate.
When Romeus saw himselfe in this new tempest tost,
Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger to be lost,
He doubtefull skasely knew what countenance to keepe;
In Lethie's floud his wonted flames were quenchd and drenched deepe.
Yea he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde
To aske her name that without force hath him in bondage folde;
Ne how tunloose his bondes doth the poore foole devise,
But onely seeketh by her sight to feede his houngry eyes;
Through them he swalloweth downe Love's sweete empoysonde baite:
How surely are the wareles wrapt by those that lye in wayte!
So is the poyson spred throughout his bones and vaines,
That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly paines.
Whilst Juliet, for so this gentle damsell hight,
From syde so syde on every one dyd cast about her sight,

At last her floting eyes were ancored fast on him,
Who for her sake dyd banish health and fredome from eche limme.
He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest, as farre
As Phœbus' shining beames do passe the brightnes of a starre.
In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and shaft,
And to his eare with steady hand the bowstring up he raft:
Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte,
Till now he listed not assaulte her yong and tender hart.
His whetted arrow loosde, so touchd her to the quicke,
That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the hedde did sticke.
It booted not to strive. For why?—she wanted strength;
The weaker aye unto the strong, of force, must yeld at length.
The pomps now of the feast her h[illegible]gyns to despyse;
And onely joyeth whan her eyen [illegible] with her lover's eyes.
When theyr new smitten heartes had fed on loving gleames,
Whild, passing too and fro theyr eyes, ymingled were theyr beames,
Eche of these lovers gan by other's lookes to knowe,
That frendship in theyr brest had roote, and both would have it grow.
When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his breache,
And eche of them had sought the meane to end the warre by speach,
Dame Fortune did assent, theyr purpose to advaunce.
With torche in hand a comely knight did fetch her foorth to daunce;
She quit herselfe so well and with so trim a grace
That she the cheefe prayse wan that night from all Verona race:
The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,
Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once beyng donne,
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasant cheere,
And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.
At thone syde of her chayre her lover Romeo,
And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio;
A courtier that eche where was highly had in price,
For he was courteous of his speeche, and pleasant of devise.
Even as a lyon would emong the lambes be bolde,
Such was emong the bashful maydes Mercutio to beholde.
With frendly gripe he ceasd fayre Juliet's snowish hand:
A gyft he had, that Nature gave him in his swathing band,
That frosen mountayne yse was never halfe so cold,
As were his handes, though nere so neer the fire he did them hold.
As soon as had the knight the virgin's right hand raught,
Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus caught,
For he wist well himselfe for her abode most payne,
And well he wist she lovd him best, unless she list to fayne.

Then

Then she with slender hand his tender palm hath prest;
What joy, trow you, was graffed so in Romeus' cloven brest?
The sodayne sweete delight hath stopped quite his tong,
Ne can he clame of her his right, ne crave redresse of wrong.
But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe
From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale anewe,
That vehment love was cause why so his tong did stay,
And so much more she longd to heare what Love could teach him saye.
When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,
And her desyre of hearing him by sylence did increase,
At last, with trembling voyce and shamefast chere, the mayde
Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him she sayde:
"O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here!—"
But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her Love drewe so nere,
And so within her mouth her tongue he glewed fast,
That no one woord could scape her more then what already past.
In great contented ease the yong man straight is rapt:
What chaunce (quoth he) unware to me, O lady mine, is hapt?
That geves you worthy cause my cumming here to blesse?
Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this,
First ruthfully she lookd, then sayd with smyling chere:
"Mervayle no whit, my hearte's delight, my only knight and feere,
Mercutio's ysy hande had all to-frosen myne,
And of thy goodnes thou agayne hast warmed it with thyne."
Whereto with stayed brow gan Romeus replye:
"If so the Gods have graunted me suche favor from the skye,
That by my being here some service I have donne
That pleaseth you, I am as glad as I a realme had wonne.
O wel-bestowed tyme that hath the happy hyre,
Which I woulde wish if I might have my wished hart's desire!
For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,
To serve, obey and honor you, so long as lyfe shall last
As proofe shall teache you playne, if that you like to trye
His faltles truth, that nill for ought unto his lady lye.
But if my touched hand have warmed yours some dele,
Assure your selfe the heate is colde which in your hand you fele,
Compard to suche quicke sparks and glowing furious gleade,
As from your bewtie's pleasant eyne Love caused to proceade;
Which have so set on fyre eche feling parte of myne,
That lo! my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utward parts do pyne.
And, but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne;
Wherefore, alas! have ruth on him, whom you do force to boorne."

Even with his ended tale, the torches-daunce had ende,
And Juliet of force must part from her new-chosen frend.

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His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes dyd shake,
When layfureles with whispring voyce thus did she aunswer make:
" You are no more your owne, deare frend, then I am yours;
My honour savd, prest tobey your will, while life endures "
Lo! here the lucky lot that sild true lovers finde,
Eche takes away the other's hart, and leaves the owne behinde.
A happy life is love, if God graunt from above
That hart with hart by even waight do make exchaunge of love.
But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde;
He hath forgot to ask her name, that hath his hart in holde.
With forged carteles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,
Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him enchaunted so.
So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no geast,
Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.
Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him life or death,
That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively breath.
Wherefore with pitious plaint fierce Fortune doth he blame,
That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her laughing game.
And he reproveth love cheefe cause of his unrest,
Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youthfull brest:
Twise hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde;
Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene, the choyse were harde.
Fyrst to a ruthles one he made him sue for grace,
And now with spurre he forceth him to ronne an endles race.
Amid these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,
He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde;
And therefore is content and chooseth still to serve,
Though hap should sweare that guerdonles the wretched wight should sterve.
The lot of Tantalus is, Romeus, like to thine;
For want of foode, amid his foode, the myser still doth pyne.
As carefull was the mayde what way were best devise,
To learne his name that intertaind her in so gentle wise;
Of whom her hart receivd so depe, so wyde, a wound.
An ancient dame she calde to her, and in her eare gan rounde:
(This old dame in her youth had nurst her with her mylke,
With slender nedel taught her sow, and how to spyn with sylke.)
What twayne are those, quoth she, which prease unto the doore,
Whose pages in their hand do beare two torches light before?
And then, as eche of them had of his houshold name,
So she him nam'd.—Yet once again the young and wyly dame—
" And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,
That yonder dooth in masking weede besyde the window stand."

His

His name is Romeus, said shee, a Montegewe,
Whose father's pryde first styrd the stryfe which both your hous-
holds rewe.
The word of Montegew her joyes did overthrow,
And straight instead of happy hope despayre began to growe.
What hap have I, quoth she, to love my father's foe?
What, am I wery of my wele? what, doe I wysh my woe?
But though her grevouse paynes distraind her tender hart,
Yet with an outward show of joye she cloked inward smart;
And of the courtlike dames her leave so courtly tooke,
That none did gesse the sodein change by changing of her looke.
Then at her mother's hest to chamber she her hyed,
So wel she faynde, mother ne nors the hidden harme descride.
But when she shoulde have slept as wont she was in bed,
Not half a wynke of quyet slepe could harber in her hed;
For loe, an hugy heape of dyvers thoughtes arise,
That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber from her eyes.
And now from syde to syde she tosseth and she turnes,
And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love she burnes.
And now she lykes her choyse, and now her choyse she blames,
And now eche houre within her head a thousand fansyes frames.
Sometime in mynde to stop amyd her course begonne,
Sometime she vowes, what so betyde, thattempted race to ronne.
Thus danger's dred and love within the mayden fought;
The fight was feerse, continuyng long by their contrary thought.
In tourning mase of love she wandreth too and fro,
Then standeth doutful what to doo; last, overprest with woe,
How so her fansies ceased, her teares did never blin,
With heavy cheere and wringed hands thus doth her plaint begin.
" Ah silly foole, quoth she, y-cought in soottill snare!
Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe! ah caytife clad with
care
Whence come these wandring thoughts to thy unconstant brest,
By straying thus from raison's lore, that reve thy wonted rest?
What if his suttel brayne to fayne have taught his tong,
And so the snake that lurkes in grasse thy tender hart hath stong?
What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte,
As oft the poysond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant bayte?
Oft under cloke of truth hath Falshood served her lust;
And toorn'd their honor into shame, that did to slightly trust.
What, was not Dido so, a crowned queene, defamd?
And eke, for such an heynous cryme, have men not Theseus
blamd?
A thousand stories more, to teache me to beware,
In Boccace and in Ovid's bookes too plainely written are.
Perhaps, the great revenge he cannot woorke by strength,
By suttel sleight (my honour stayned) he hopes to woorke at length.
So

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So shall I seeke to find my father's foe, his game;
So (I detylde) Report shall take her trompe of blacke defame,
Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so thrill
Of my disprayse, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.
Then I, a laughing stocke through all the towne becomme,
Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an hollowe toombe."
Straight underneath her foote she treadeth in the dust
Her troublesom thought, as wholy vaine, y-bred of fond distrust.
"No, no, by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,
Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,
That where such perfet shape with pleasant bewty restes,
There crooked craft and trayson blacke should be appoynted gestes.
Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the eyne;
Then sure I am, as Cupid raigne, that Romeus is myne.
The tong the messenger eke call they of the mynd;
So that I see he loveth me:—shall I then be unkynd?
His face's rosy hew I saw full oft to seeke;
And straight again it flashed foorth, and spred in eyther cheeke.
His fixed heavenly eyne that through me quyte did perce
His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts they semed to reheatce.
What ment his foltring tunge in telling of his tale?
The trimbling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen pale?
And whilst I talke with him, himselt he hath exylde
Out of himselt, as seemed me; ne was I sure begylde.
Those arguments of love Craft wrate not on his face,
But Nature's hand, when all deceyte was banishd out of place.
What other certayn signes seke I of his good wil?
These doo suffice; and stedfast I will love and serve him styll,
Till Attropos shall cut my fatall thread of lyfe,
So that he mynde to make of me his lawful wedded wyfe.
For so perchaunce this new alliance may procure
Unto our houses such a peace as ever shall indure."
Oh how we can perswade ourself to what we like!
And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mind mislyke!
Weake arguments are stronge, our fansies streight to frame
To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislyke the same.
The mayde had scarcely yet ended the wery warre,
Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every shining starre
Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus spred in skies
His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is to rise.
And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,
Where restles he a thousand thoughts had forged in his hed.
And while with lingring step by Juliet's house he past,
And upwards to her windowes high his greedy eyes did cast,
His love that lookd for him there gan he straight espye.
With pleasant cheere eche greeted is; she followeth with her eye
His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,
But not so oft as he desyres; warely he doth refrayne.

What

What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Y-sowred not the sweete; if love were free from jelosy!
But she more sure within, unseene of any wight,
When so he comes, lookes after him till he be out of sight.
In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.
In happy houre he doth a garden plot espye,
From which, except he warely walke, men may his love descrye;
For lo! it fronted full upon her leaning place,
Where she is wont to shew her heart by cheerefull frendly face.
And lest the arbors might theyr secret love bewraye,
He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing there by daye;
But when on earth the Night her mantel blacke hath spred,
Well-armde he walketh foorth alone, ne dreadful foes doth dred.
Whom maketh Love not bold, naye whom makes he not blinde?
He driveth daungers dread oft times out of the lover's minde.
By night he passeth here a weeke or two in vayne;
And for the missing of his marke his greefe hath hym nye slaine.
And Juliet that now doth lacke her heart's releefe,—
Her Romeus' pleasant eyen I mean—is almost dead for greefe.
Eche day she chaungeth howres, for lovers keepe an howre,
When they are sure to see theyr love, in passing by their bowre.
Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night
Within her windowe, and anon the moone did shine so bright
That she espyde her loove; her hart revived sprang;
And now for joy she clips her handes, which erst for wo she wrang.
Eke Romeus, when he sawe his long desyred sight,
His moorning cloke of mone cast of, hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more:
His care was great, hers twise as great was, all the time before;
For whilst she knew not why he did himselfe absent,
In douting both his health and life, his death she did lament.
For love is fearful oft where is no cause of feare,
And what love feares, that love laments, as though it chaunced weare.
Of greater cause alway is greater woorke y-bred;
While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest he be ded.
When onely absence is the cause of Romeus' smart,
By happy hope of sight againe he feedes his fainting hart.
What wonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye?
What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater joye?
His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove;
Ne, for she passed him in both, did she him passe in love:
But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,
The wel-beloving knight and eke the wel-beloved dame.
Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaines ronne,
With whispering voyce, y-broke with sobs, thus is her tale begonne:

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"Oh Romeus, of your life too lavas sure you are,
That in this place, and at this tyme, to hazard it you dare.
What if your dedly foes, my kinsmen, saw you here?
Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would they teare.
In ruth and in disdayne, I, wery of my life,
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with bloudy knyfe.
For you, myne own, once dead, what joy should I have heare?
And eke my honor staynd, which I then lyfe do holde more deare."
"Fayre lady myne, dame Juliet, my lyfe (quod hee)
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters three.
They may in spyte of foes draw foorth my lively threed;
And they also (who so sayth nay) asonder may it shreed.
But who, to reave my life, his rage and force would bende,
Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it could defende.
Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes, for your sake,
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.
If my mishappe were such, that here before your sight,
I should restore agayn to death, of lyfe my borrowed light,
This one thing and no more my parting sprite would rewe,
That part he should before that you by certain trial knew
The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,
And how I dread to loose the gayne which I do hope to win;
And how I wish for lyfe, not for my proper ease,
But that in it you might I love, you honor, serve and please,
Till dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall send:"
And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had ende.
Now love and pitty boyle in Juliets ruthfull brest;
In windowe on her leaning arme her weary head doth rest;
Her bosome bath'd in teares (to witnes inward payne),
With dreary chere to Romeus thus aunswered she agayne:
"Ah my deere Romeus, kepe in these words, (quod she)
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce already maketh me
For pity and for dred well nigh to yeld up breath;
In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.
For so my heart is knit, yea made one selfe with yours,
That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your mynd endures,
But as you suffer payne, so I doo beare in part
(Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all your smart.
But these thinges overpast, if of your health and myne
You have respect, or pity ought my tear-y-weeping eyen,
In few unfained woords your hidden mynd unfolde,
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may beholde.
For if you do intende my honor to defile,
In error shall you wander still, as you have done this while:
But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be the end and marke which your desyre hath found,

Obedience

Obedience set asyde, unto my parents dewe,
The quarrel eke that long agoe betwene our housholdes grewe,
Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake,
And following you where so you goe, my father's house forsake.
But if by wanton love and by unlawfull sute
You thinke in ripest yeres to plucke my maydenhood's dainty frute,
You are begylde; and now your Juliet you beseekes
To cease your sute, and suffer her to live emong her likes."
Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle desyre,
And to the top of vertue's haight did worthely aspyre,
Was fild with greater joy then can my pen expresse,
Or, tyll they have enjoyd the like, the hearer's hart can gesse *.
And then with joyned hands, heav'd up into the skies,
He thankes the Gods, and from the heavens for vengeance down he cries,
If he have other thought but as his Lady spake,
And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did answere make:
"Since, lady, that you like to honor me so much
As to accept me for your spouse, I yeeld myself for such.
In true witnes wherof, because I must depart,
Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in pawne my hart.
Tomorrow eke betimes, before the sunne arise,
To Fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage advise.
He is my gostly syre, and oft he hath me taught
What I should doe in things of wayght, when I his ayde have sought.
And at this selfe same houre, I plyte you here my fayth,
I will be here, if you thinke good, to tell you what he sayth."
She was contented well, els favour found he none
That night, at lady Juliet's hand, save pleasant woords alone.
This barefoote fryer gyrt with cord his grayish weede,
For he of Francis' order was a fryer, as I reede.
Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,
But doctor of divinetie proceded he in schoole.
The secrets eke he knew in Nature's woorks that loorke;
By magick's arte most men supposed that he could wonders woorke.
Ne doth it ill beseeme devines those skils to know,
If on no harmefull deede they do such skilfulnes bestow;
For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,
But right and reason's lore crye out agaynst the lewd abuse.
The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne
The towne's folks harts, that wel nigh all to fryer Lawrence ronne,
To shrive themselfe, the olde, the young, the great and small;
Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.

* —*the* hearer's *hart can gesse.*] From these words it should seem that this poem was formerly sung or recited to casual passengers in the streets. See also p. 294. l. 34. "If any man *be here* &c."

And, for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,
The prince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at time of neede.
Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,
A secret and assured frend unto the Montague.
Lovd of this yong man more than any other geste,
The fryer eke of Verone youth aye liked Romeus best;
For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,
As earst you heard, by skilfull love found out his harme's redresse.
To him is Romeus gonne, ne stayeth he till the morrowe;
To him he painteth all his case, his passed joy and sorrow.
How he hath her espide with other dames in daunce,
And how that fyrst to talke with her him selfe he dyd advaunce;
Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him declare,
And how so fast by fayth and troth they both y-coupled are,
That neyther hope of lyfe, nor dread of cruel death,
Shall make him false his fayth to her, while lyfe shall lend him breath.
And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly syre
To further and accomplish all their honest hartes' desyre.
A thousand doutes and moe in thold man's hed arose,
A thousand daungers like to comme the old man doth disclose,
And from the spousall rites he readeth him refrayne,
Perhaps he shall be bet advisde within a weeke or twayne.
Advise is banisht quite from those that folowe love,
Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynd do move.
As well the father might have counseld him to stay
That from a mountaine's top thrown downe is falling halfe the waye,
As warne his frend to stop amid his race begonne,
Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth foorth to ronne.
Part wonne by earnest sute, the frier doth graunt at last;
And part, because he thinkes the stormes, so lately overpast,
Of both the housholds wrath, this marriage might appease;
So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever cease.
The respite of a day he asketh to devise
What way were best, unknown, to ende so great an enterprise.
The wounded man that now doth dedly paynes endure,
Scarce patient tarieth whilst his leeche doth make the salve to cure:
So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,
Yet nedes he must, els must he want his onely harte's delight.
 You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare;
Thinke, that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of care.
Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap
Into the frier's brest;—but where shall Juliet unwrap
The secrets of her hart? to whom shall she unfolde
Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and care so colde.
The nurse of whom I spake, within her chamber laye,
Upon the mayde she wayteth still;—to her she doth bewray
Her new-received wound, and then her ayde doth crave,
In her, she saith, it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.

Not

Not eaſily ſhe made the froward nurce to bowe,
But wonne at length with promeſt hyre, ſhe made a ſolemne vowe
To do what ſhe commaundes, as handmayd of her heſt;
Her miſtres' ſecrets hide ſhe will, within her covert breſt.
 To Romeus ſhe goes, of hym ſhe doth deſyre
To know the meane of marriage, by counſell of the fryre.
On Saturday (quod he) if Juliet come to ſhrift,
She ſhall be ſhrived and married :—how lyke you, noorſe, this drift?
Now by my truth, (quod ſhe) God's bleſſing have your hart,
For yet in all my life I have not heard of ſuch a part.
Lord, how you yong men can ſuch crafty wiles deviſe,
If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the mother's eyes!
An eaſy thing it is with cloke of holines
To mocke the ſely mother, that ſuſpecteth nothing leſſe.
But that it pleaſed you to tell me of the caſe,
For all my many yeres perhaps I ſhould have found it ſcarſe.
Now for the reſt let me and Juliet alone;
To get her leave, ſome [illegible] excuſe I will deviſe anone;
For that her golden lockes by ſloth have been unkempt,
Or for unawares ſome wanton dreame the youthfull damſell
 drempt,
Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time ſhe ſpent,
Or otherwiſe within her hart deſerved to be ſhent.
I know her mother will in no caſe ſay her nay;
I warrant you, ſhe ſhall not fayle to come on Saterday.
And then ſhe ſweares to him, the mother loves her well;
And how ſhe gave her ſucke in youth, ſhe leaveth not to tell.
A prety babe (quod ſhe) it was when it was yong;
Lord how it could full pretely have prated with it tong!
A thouſand times and more I laid her on my lappe,
And clapt her on the buttocke ſoft, and kiſt where I did clappe.
And gladder then was I of ſuch a kiſſe forſooth,
Then I had been to have a kiſſe of ſome old lecher's mouth.
And thus of Juliet's youth began this prating noorſe,
And of her preſent ſtate to make a tedious long diſcourſe.
For though he pleaſure tooke in hearing of his love,
The meſſage' aunſwer ſeemed him to be of more behove.
But when theſe beldames ſit at eaſe upon theyr tayle,
The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke ſhall fayle.
And part they ſay is true, and part they do deviſe,
Yet boldly do they chat of both, when no man checkes theyr lyes.
Then he vi crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,
And gave them her;—a ſlight reward (quod he) and ſo adiew.
In ſeven yeres twice tolde ſhe had not bowd ſo lowe
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe: ſhe ſweares ſhe will be-
 ſtowe
Her crafty wit, her time, and all her buſy payne,
To help him to his hoped bliſſe; and, cowring downe agayne,

She takes her leave, and home she hyes with spedy pace;
The chaumber doore she shuts, and then she saith with smyling face:
Good newes for thee, my gyrle, good tydinges I thee bring,
Leave of thy woonted song of care, and now of pleasure sing.
For thou mayst hold thyselfe the happiest under sonne,
That in so little while so well so worthy a knight hast wonne.
The best y-shapde is he and hath the fayrest face,
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good a grace;
So gentle of his speeche, and of his counsell wise:—
And still with many prayses more she heaved him to the skies.
Tell me els what, (quod she) this evermore I thought;
But of our marriage, say at once, what answere have you brought?
Nay, soft, (quod she) I feare your hurt by sodain joye;
I list not play (quod Juliet), although thou list to toye.
How glad, trow you, was she, when she had heard her say,
No farther of then Saturday differred was the day.
Again the auncient nurce doth speake of Romeus,
And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake him thus.
Nothing was done or sayd that she hath left untold,
Save only one that she forgot, the taking of the golde.
"There is no losse (quod she) sweete wench, to losse of time,
Ne in thine age shall thou repent so much of any crime.
For when I call to mynd my former passed youth,
One thing there is which most of all doth cause my endless ruth.
At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,
And I was fully rype before, I dare well say, a yere.
The pleasure that I lost, that yeare so overpast,
A thousand times I have bewept, and shall, whyle life doth last.
In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were, I wisse,
When thou maist live in happy joy, to set light by thy blisse."
She that this morning could her mistres mynd disswade,
Is now become an oratresse, her lady to perswade.
If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,
To him I speake; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou must not spare.
Two sorts of men there are, seeld welcome in at doore,
The welthy sparing nigard, and the sutor that is poore.
For glittring gold is wont by kynd to moove the hart;
And oftentimes a slight rewarde doth cause a more desart.
Y-written have I red, I wot not in what booke,
There is no better way to fishe then with a golden hooke.
Of Romeus these two do sitte and chat awhyle,
And to them selfe they laugh how they the mother shall begyle.
A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,
And leave for her to go to shrift on Saterday, she got.
So well this Juliet, this wily wench, did know
Her mother's angry houres, and eke the true bent of her bowe.

The

The Saterday betimes, in sober weed y-clad,
She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage grave and sad.
With her the nurce is sent, as brydle of her lust,
With her the mother sends a mayd almost of equall trust.
Betwixt her teeth the bytte the jenet now hath cought,
So warely eke the vyrgin walks, her mayde perceiveth nought.
She gaseth not in churche on yong men of the towne,
Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she kneleth downe
Upon an alter's step, where she devoutly prayes,
And thereupon her tender knees the wery lady stayes;
Whilst she doth send her mayde the certayn truth to know,
If frier Lawrence leysure had to heare her shrift, or no.
Out of his shriving place he commes with pleasant cheere;
The shamfast mayde with bashfull brow to himward draweth neere.
Some great offence (quod he) you have committed late,
Perhaps you have displeas'd your frend by geving him a mate.
Then turning to the nurce and to the other mayde,
Go heare a masse or two, (quod he) which straightway shall be sayde.
For, her confession heard, I will unto you twayne
The charge that I receiv'd of you restore to you agayne.
What, was not Juliet, trow you, right well apayde,
That for this trusty tryse hath chaungd her yong mistrusting mayde?
I dare well say, there is in all Verona none,
But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.
Thus to the fryer's cell they both forth walked byn;
He shuts the doore as soon as he and Juliet were in.
But Romeus, her frend, was entered in before,
And there had wayted for his love, two houres large and more.
Eche minute seemd an houre, and every howre a day,
Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of stay.
Now wavering hope and feare are quite fled out of sight,
For, what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant cheefe delight.
And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,
For now the rest of all her parts have found her straying hart.
Both theyr confessions first the fryer hath heard them make,
And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence spake:
Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly daughter deere,
As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you stondeth here,
Twixt you it is agreed, that you shal be his wyfe,
And he your spouse in steady truth, till death shall end your life.
Are you both fully bent to kepe this great behest?
And both the lovers said, it was theyr onely hart's request.
When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,
When in the prayse of wedlock's state somme skilfull talke was past,

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When he had told at length the wyfe what was her due,
His duty eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband knew;
How that the wyfe in love must honour and obey,
What love and honor he doth owe, a dette that he must pay,—
The woords pronounced were which holy church of olde
Appoynted hath for mariage, and she a ring of golde
Received of Romeus; and then they both arose.
To whom the frier then said: Perchaunce apart you will disclose,
Betwixt your selfe alone, the bottome of your hart;
Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should depart.
Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to part so soone)
" Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurce thys afternoone.
Of corde I will bespeake a ladder by that time;
By which, this night, while other sleepe, I will your windowe clime.
Then will we talke of love and of our old dispayres,
And then with longer laysure had di[illegible] our great affayres."
These sayd, they kisse, and then part to theyr father's house,
The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke go'th the spouse;
Contented both, and yet both uncontented still,
Till Night and Venus' child geve leave the wedding to fulfill.
The painfull souldiour, sore y-bet with wery warre,
The merchant eke that nedefull thinges doth dred to fetch from farre,
The plowman that, for doute of feerce invading foes,
Rather to sit in ydle ease then sowe his tilt hath chose,
Rejoice to hear proclaymd the tydings of the peace;
Not pleasurd with the sound so much, but, when the warres do cease,
Then ceased are the harmes which cruel warre bringes foorth:
The merchant then may boldly fetch his wares of precious woorth;
Dredeless the husbandman doth till his fertile feeld.
For welth, her mate, not for her selfe, is peace so precious held:
So lovers live in care, in dred, and in unrest,
And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within their brest;
But wedlocke is the peace whereby is freedome wonne
To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els be donne.
The newes of ended warre these two have heard with joy,
But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure to enjoy.
In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,
Thy stearles ship, O Romeus, hath been long while betost:
The seas are now appeasd, and thou, by happy starre,
Art come in sight of quiet haven; and, now the wrackfull barre
Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort
Unto thy wedded ladie's bed, thy long-desyred port.
God graunt, no follie's mist so dymme thy inward sight,
That thou do misse the channel that doth leade to thy delight!

God

God graunt, no daunger's rocke, y-lurking in the darke,
Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy sea-beaten barke.
A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,
That with his lyfe, if nede requierd, his maister would him trust.
His faithfulnes had oft our Romeus proved of olde;
And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he tolde.
Who straight, as he was charged, a corden ladder lookes,
To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked yron hookes.
The bryde to send the nurce at twylight fayleth not,
To whom the brydegrome geven hath the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him appoynted her an howre,
For, whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to lowre,
He will not misse to come to hys appoynted place,
Where wont he was to take by stelth the view of Juliet's face.
How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,
Let other judge that woonted are lyke passions to assay:
For my part, I do gesse each howre seemes twenty yere;
So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we heare)
The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens might gyde,
Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight all overhyde.

Th' appointed howre is comme; he, clad in riche araye,
Walkes toward his desyred home:—good fortune gyde his way!
Approaching nere the place from whence his hart had lyfe,
So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he spyde his wyfe,
Who in the window watcht the comming of her lord;
Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of corde,
That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window climes,
Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thousand tymes.
The windowes close are shut; els looke they for no gest;
To light the waxen quariers, the auncient nurce is prest,
Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,
That she at pleasure might behold her husband's bewty bright.
A carchef white as snowe ware Juliet on her hed,
Such as she wonted was to weare, atyre meete for the bed.
As soon as she hym spide, about his necke she clong,
And by her long and slender armes a great while there she hong.
A thousand times she kist, and him unkist againe,
Ne could she speake a woord to him, though would she nere so fayne.
And lyke betwixt his armes to faynt his lady is;
She fets a sigh and clappeth close her closed mouth to his:
And ready then to sownde, she looked ruthfully,
That lo, it made him both at once to live and eke to dye.
These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,
And she unto herselfe againe retorned home at last.
Then, through her troubled brest, even from the farthest part,
An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.

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O Romeus, (quod she) in whom all vertues shine,
Welcome thou art into this place, where from these eyes of mine
Such teary streames did flowe, that I suppose wel ny
The source of all my bitter teares is altogether drye.
Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,
And of thy safety and thy health so much I stood in dred.
But now what is decreed by fatall desteny,
I force it not; let Fortune do and death their woorst to me.
Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,
In that the Gods have graunted me to claspe thee in mine armes.
The chrystall teares began to stand in Romeus' eyes,
When he unto his ladie's woordes gan aunswere in this wise:
" Though cruell Fortune be so much my deadly foe,
That I ne can by lively proofe cause thee, fayre dame, to know
How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,
Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast, by thy desert, on me
Ne torments that for thee I did ere this endure,
Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well assure;
The least of many paines which of thy absence sproong,
More painfully than death it selfe my tender hart hath wroong.
Ere this, one death had reft a thousand deathes away,
But life prolonged was by hope of this desyred day;
Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,
That I as well contented am as if my selfe alone
Did from the ocean reigne unto the sea of Ynde.
Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our mynde;
For, as the wretched state is now redrest at last,
So is it skill behind our backe the cursed care to cast.
Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time assynde,
Where we with pleasure may content our uncontented mynde,
In Lethes hyde we depe all greefe and all annoy,
Whilst we do bathe in blisse, and fill our hungry harts with joye.
And, for the time to comme, let be our busy care
So wisely to direct our love, as no wight els be ware;
Lest envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,
And us threw backe from happy state to more unhappy plight."
Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayde,
But foorth in hast the old nurce stept, and so her aunswere stayde,
Who takes not time (quoth she) when time well offred is,
An other time shall seeke for tyme, and yet of time shall misse,
And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,
Is worthy sure, if I might judge, of lashes with a whippe.
Wherefore if eche of you hath harmde the other so,
And eche of you hath ben the cause of other's wayled woe,
Lo here a field (she shewd a field-bed ready dight)
Where you may, if you list, in armes revenge yourself by fight.
Whereto these lovers both gan easely assent,
And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant cheere they went,

Where

Where they were left alone—(the nurce is gone to rest)
How can this be? they restless lye, ne yet they feele unrest.
I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in;
O that I might have found the like! I wish it for no sin,
But that I might as well with pen their joyes depaynt,
As heretofore I have displayd their secret hidden playnt.
Of shivering care and dred I have felt many a fit,
But Fortune such delight as theyrs dyd never graunt me yet.
By proofe no certain truth can I unhappy write,
But what I gesse by likelihod, that dare I to endyte.
The blindfold goddesse that with frowning face doth fraye,
And from theyr seate the mighty kinges throwes downe with hedlong sway,
Begynneth now to turne to these her smyling face;
Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in Fortune's grace.
If Cupid, god of love, be god of pleasant sport,
I think, O Romeus, Mars himselfe envies thy happy sort.
Ne Venus justly might (as I suppose) repent,
If in thy stead, O Juliet, this pleasant time she spent.
Thus passe they foorth the night, in sport, in joly game;
The hastines of Phœbus' steeds in great despyte they blame.
And now the virgin's fort hath warlike Romeus got,
In which as yet no breache was made by force of canon shot,
And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place
How glad was he, speake you, that may your lovers' parts embrace.
The mariage thus made up, and both the parties pleasd,
The nigh approche of daye's retourne these sely foles diseasd.
And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr time,
Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty morning's crime,
With frendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,
And every other night, to come, a solemn othe he makes,
By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe howre:
And so he doth, till Fortune list to sawse his sweete with sowre.
But who is he that can his present state assure?
And say unto himselfe, thy joyes shall yet a day endure?
So wavering Fortune's whele, her chaunges be so straunge;
And every wight y-thralled is by Fate unto her chaunge:
Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his part,
Although not aye, perchaunce, alike of pleasure and of smart.
For after many joyes some feele but little paine,
And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy againe.
But other some there are, that living long in woe,
At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not so;
Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went before,
Because the sodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it seeme the more.
Of this unlucky sorte our Romeus is one,
For all his hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to mone.

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And joyfull Juliet another leafe must toorne;
As wont she was, (her joyes bereft) she must begin to moorne.
The summer of their blisse doth last a month or twayne,
But winter's blast with spedy foote doth bring the fall agayne.
Whom glorious Fortune erst had heaved to the skies,
By envious Fortune overthrowne, on earth now groveling lyes.
She payd theyr former greefe with pleasure's doubled gayne,
But now, for pleasure's usury, ten folde redoubleth payne.
The prince could never cause those housholds so agree,
But that some sparcles of theyr wrath as yet remayning bee;
Which lye this while raaked up in ashes pale and ded,
Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame may spred.
At holiest times, men say, most heynous crimes are donne;
The morrowe after Easter-day the mischiefe new begonne.
A band of Capilets dyd meet (my hart it rewes)
Within the walles, by Purser's gate, a band of Montagewes.
The Capilets as cheefe a yong man have chose out,
Best exercisd in feates of armes, and noblest of the rowte,
Our Juliet's unkle's sonne, that cleped was Tibalt;
He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.
They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the charge,
So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth out stretched large:
"Now, now, quoth he, my friends, our selfe so let us wreake,
That of this daye's revenge and us our children's heyres may speake.
Now once for all let us their swelling pryde asswage;
Let none of them escape alive."— Then he with furious rage,
And they with him, gave charge upon theyr present foes,
And then forthwith a skirmish great upon this fray arose.
For loe the Montagewes thought shame away to flye,
And rather then to live with shame, with prayse did choose to dye.
The woords that Tybalt usd to styrre his folke to yre,
Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious fyre.
With lyons harts they fight, warely them selfe defend;
To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one doth bend.
This furious fray is long on eche side stoutly fought,
That whether part had got the woorst, full doutfull were the thought.
The noyse hereof anon throughout the towne doth flye,
And parts are taken on every side; both kindreds thether hye.
Here one doth gaspe for breth, his frend bestrydeth him;
And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lym:
His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,
And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath cleft his cracked skull.

Theyr

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the grounde;
With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and doutfull wounde.
Thus foote by foote long while, and shylde to shylde set fast,
One foe doth make another faint, but makes him not agast.
And whilst this noyse is rife in every townesman's eare,
Eke, walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull Romeus heare.
With spedy foote he runnes unto the fray apace;
With him, those fewe that were with him he leadeth to the place.
They pitie much to see the slaughter made so greate,
That wet shod they might stand in blood on eyther side the streate.
Part frendes, said he, part frendes, help, frendes, to part the fray,
And to the rest, enough, (he cryes) now time it is to staye.
Gods farther wrath you styrre, beside the hurt you feele,
And with this new uprore confounde all this our common wele.
But they so busy are in fight, so egar, fierce,
That through theyr eares his sage advise no leysure had to pearce.
Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the blowes
As well of those that were his frends, as of his dedly foes.
As soon as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,
He threw a thrust at him, that would have past from side to side;
But Romeus ever went, douting his foes, well armde,
So that the swerd, kept out by mayle, had nothing Romeus harmde.
Thou doest me wrong, quoth he, for I but part the fraye;
Not dread, but other weighty cause my hasty hand doth stay.
Thou art the chiefe of thine, the noblest eke thou art,
Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these folke to part.
Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye. —
No, coward, traytor boy, quoth he, straight way I mind to trye,
Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smoothly fylde,
Against the force of this my swerd shall serve thee for a shylde.
And then at Romeus' hed a blow he strake so hard,
That might have clove him to the braine but for his cunning ward.
It was but lent to hym that could repay againe,
And geve him deth for interest, a well-forborne gayne.
Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,
Pinched with dog, or els with speare y-pricked to the quicke,
His bristles styffe upright upon his backe doth set,
And in his fomy mouth his sharp and crooked tuskes doth whet;
Or as a lyon wilde, that rampeth in his rage,
His whelps bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast asswage;—
Such seemed Romeus in every other's sight,
When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge himselfe by fight.
Even as two thunderboltes throwne downe out of the skye,
That through the ayre, the massy earth, and seas, have powre to flye;

So

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So met these two, and whyle they chaunge a blowe or twayne,
Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is Tybalt flayne.
Loe here the end of those that styrre a dedly stryfe!
Who thrysteth after other's death, him selfe hath lost his lyfe.
The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalt's overthrowe,
The courage of the Montagewes by Romeus' fight doth growe.
The townesmen waxen strong, the Prince doth send his force;
The fray hath end. The Capilets do bring the brethles corce
Before the prince, and crave that cruell dedly payne
May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath theyr kinsman slayne.
The Montagewes do pleade theyr Romeus voyde of falt;
The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.
The prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a while,
That Romeus, for sleying him, should goe into exyle.
His foes woulde have him hangde, or sterve in prison strong;
His frends do think, but dare not say, that Romeus hath wrong.
Both housholds straight are charged on payne of losing lyfe,
Theyr bloudy weapons layd aside, to cease the styrred stryfe.
This common plage is spred through all the towne anon,
From side to side the towne is fild with murmur and with mone.
For Tybalt's hasty death bewayled was of somme,
Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for, in time to comme
He should, had this not chaunced, been riche and of great powre,
To helpe his frends, and serve the state; which hope within an howre
Was wasted quite, and he, thus yelding up his breath,
More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde it by his death.
And other somme bewayle, but ladies most of all,
The lookeles lot by Fortune's gylt that is so late befall,
Without his falt, unto the seely Romeus;
For whilst that he from natife land shall live exyled thus,
From heavenly bewtie's light and his well shaped parts,
The sight of which was wont, fayre dames, to glad your youthfull harts,
Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,
What hope have you to joy, what hope to cease to moorne?
This Romeus was borne so much in heaven's grace,
Of Fortune and of Nature so beloved, that in his face
(Beside the heavenly bewty glistring ay so bright,
And seemely grace that wonted so to glad the seer's sight)
A certain charme was graved by Nature's secret arte,
That vertue had to draw to it the love of many a hart.
So every one doth wish to beare a part of payne,
That he released of exyle might straight retoorne agayne.
But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet!
How doth she bathe her brest in teares! what depe sighes doth she fet!

How

How doth she tear her heare! her weede how doth she rent!
How fares the lover hearing of her lover's banishment!
How wayles she Tybalt's death, whom she had loved so well!
Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want to tell.
For delving depely now in depth of depe dyspayre,
With wretched sorrowe's cruell sound she fils the empty ayre;
And to the lowest hell downe falls her heavy crye,
And up unto the heaven's haight her piteous plaint doth flye.
The waters and the woods of sighes and sobs resounde,
And from the hard resounding rockes her sorrowes do rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne downe rayned many a showre,
That in the garden where she walkd might water herbe and flowre.
But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,
Unto her chaumber straight she hide; there, overcharged with woe,
Upon her stately bed her painfull parts she threw,
And in so wondrous wise began her sorrowes to renewe,
That sure no hart so hard (but it of flynt had byn,)
But would have rude the piteous playnt that she did languishe in.
Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side
Did cast her restles eye, at length the windowe she espide,
Through which she had with joy seene Romeus many a time,
Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliet's sake to clyme.
She cryde, O cursed windowe! acurst be every pane,
Through which, alas! to sone I raught the cause of life and bane.
If by thy meane I have some slight delight receaved,
Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight was reaved,
Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous
Of heaped greefe and lasting care, and sorowes dolorous?
That these my tender parts, which nedeful strength do lacke
To bear so great unweldy lode upon so weake a backe,
Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorowes rife,
At length must open wide to death the gates of lothed lyfe;
That so my wery sprite may somme where els unlode
His deadly loade, and free from thrall may seeke els where abode;
For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,
Which I as yet could never finde but for my more unrest?
O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,
When to thy painted promises I lent my listning eare,
Which to the brinkes you fild with many a solemne othe,
And I then judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full of troth,
I thought you rather would continue our good will,
And seeke tappease our father's strife, which daily groweth still.
I little wend you would have sought occasion how
By such an heynous act to breake the peace and eke your vowe;
Whereby your bright renoune all whole yclipsed is,
And I unhappy, husbandles, of cumfort robde and blisse.

But

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But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrst,
Why have you often spared myne? myne might have quencht it fyrst.
Synce that so many times and in so secret place,
Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your hatred's face,
My doutful lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to stand
In mercy of your cruel hart, and of your bloudy hand.
What! seemde the conquest which you got of me so small?
What! seemde it not enough that I, poor wretch, was made your thrall?
But that you must increase it with that kinsman's blood,
Which for his woorth and love to me, most in my favour stood?
Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and seeke an other whyle
Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.
And, where I comme, see that you shonne to [illegible] face,
For your excuse within my hart shall finde no resting place.
And I that now, too late, my former fault repent,
Will so the rest of wery life with many teares lament,
That soon my joyceles corps shall yeld up banishd breath,
And where on earth it restles lived, in earth seeke rest by death.
These sayd, her tender hart, by payne oppressed sore,
Restraynd her teares, and forced her tong to kepe her talke in store;
And then as still she was, as if in sownd she lay,
And then againe, wroth with herselfe, with feble voyce gan say:
"Ah cruell murdering tong, murdrer of others fame,
How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of his name?
Whose dedly foes do yeld him dew and earned prayse;
For though his freedom be berest, his honour not decayes.
Why blamst thou Romeus for slaying of Tybalt,
Since he is gyltles quite of all, and Tibalt beares the falt?
Whether shall he, alas! poore banishd man, now flye?
What place of succour shall he seeke beneth the starry skye?
Since she pursueth hym, and him defames by wrong,
That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier strong.
Receve the recompence, O Romeus, of thy wife,
Who, for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her life,
In flames of yre, in sighes, in sorow and in ruth,
So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy truth."
These said, she could no more; her senses all gan fayle,
And dedly panges began straightway her tender hart assayle;
Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her breath:
Who had been there might well have seen the signes of present death.
The nurce that knew no cause why she absented her,
Did doute lest that somme sodayn greefe too much tormented her.
Eche where but where she was, the carefull beldam sought,
Last, of the chamber where she lay she happly her bethought;
Where

Where ſhe with piteous eye her nurce-child did beholde,
Her limmes ſtretched out, her utward parts as any marble colde.
The nurce ſuppoſde that ſhe had payde to death her det,
And then, as ſhe had loſt her wittes, ſhe cryde to Juliet:
Ah! my dere hart, quoth ſhe, how greveth me thy death!
Alas! what cauſe haſt thou thus ſone to yeld up living breath?
But while ſhe handled her, and chafed every part,
She knew there was ſome ſparke of life by beating of her hart,
So that a thouſand times ſhe cald upon her name;
There is no way to helpe a traunce but ſhe hath tride the ſame:
She openeth wyde her mouth, ſhe ſtoppeth cloſe her noſe,
She bendeth downe her breſt, ſhe wringeth her fingers and her toes,
And on her boſome cold ſhe layeth clothes hot;
A warmed and a holeſome juyce ſhe powreth down her throte.
At length with Juliet heave faintly up her eyes,
And then ſhe ſtretcheth forth her arme, and then her nurce ſhe ioyes.
But when ſhe was awakde from her unkindly traunce,
"Why doſt thou trouble me, quoth ſhe, what drave thee, with miſchaunce,
To come to ſee my ſprite forſake my bretheles corſe?
Go hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my ſmart remorſe.
For who would ſee her frend to live in dedly payne?
Alas! I ſee my greefe begonne for ever will remayne.
Or who would ſeeke to live, all pleaſure being paſt?
My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like to laſt.
Wherefore ſince that there is none other remedy,
Comme gentle death, and ryve my heart at once, and let me dye."
The nurce with trickling teares, to witnes inward ſmart,
With holow ſigh fetchd from the depth of her appauled hart,
Thus ſpake to Juliet, y-clad with ougly care:
Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you thus to fare;
Ne yet the cauſe of your unmeaſurde heavineſs.
But of this one I you aſſure, for care and ſorowe's ſtreſſe,
This hower large and more I thought, ſo God me ſave,
That my dead corps ſhould wayte on yours to your untimely grave.
Alas, my tender nurce, and truſty frende, (quoth ſhe)
Art thou ſo blinde that with thine eye thou can'ſt not eaſely ſee
The lawfull cauſe I have to ſorow and to moorne,
Since thoſe the which I hyld moſt deere, I have at once forlorne.
Her nurce then aunſwered thus—"Methinkes it ſits you yll
To fall in theſe extremities that may you gyltles ſpill.
For when the ſtormes of care and troubles do aryſe,
Then is the time for men to know the fooliſh from the wiſe.
You are accounted wiſe, a foole am I your nurce;
But I ſee not how in like caſe I could behave me wurſe.

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Tybalt your frend is ded; what, weene you by your teares
To call him backe againe? thinke you that he your crying heares?
You shall perceve the falt, if it be justly tryde,
Of his so sodayn death was in his rashnes and his pryde.
Would you that Romeus him selfe had wronged so,
To suffer him selfe causeles to be outraged of his foe,
To whom in no respect he ought a place to geve?
Let it suffice to thee, fayre dame, that Romeus doth live,
And that there is good hope that he, within a while,
With greater glory shall be calde home from his hard exile.
How well y-born he is, thyselfe I know canst tell,
By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.
With patience arme thyselfe, for though that Fortune's cryme,
Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for a tyme,
I dare say, for amendes of all your present payne,
She will restore your owne to you, within a month or twayne,
With such contented ease as never erst you had;
Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be no more so sad.
And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,
A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I spare,
To learne his present state, and what in time to comme
He mindes to doe; which knowne by me, you shall know all and somme.
But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you quell,
Straight would I hye where he doth lurke, to fryer Lawrence' cell.
But if you gyn eft sones, as erst you did, to moorne,
Whereto goe I? you will be ded, before I thence retoorne.
So I shall spend in waste my time and busy payne,
So unto you, your life once lost, good aunswere commes in vayne;
So shall I ridde my selfe with this sharpe pointed knyfe,
So shall you cause your parents deere wax wery of theyr life;
So shall your Romeus, despising lively breath,
With hasty foote, before his time, ronne to untimely death.
Where, if you can a while by reason rage suppresse,
I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your distresse.
Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,
Or promise me to feede on hope till I retorne agayne.
Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave behest
With reason's rayne to rule the thoughts that rage within her brest.
When hugy heapes of harmes are heaped before her eyes,
Then vanish they by hope of scape; and thus the lady lyes
Twixt well-assured trust, and doutfull lewd dyspayre:
Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts; now seeme they white and fayre.
As oft in summer tide blacke cloudes do dimme the sonne,
And straight againe in clearest skye his restles steedes do ronne;

So

So Juliet's wandring mind y-clouded is with woe,
And by and by her haſty thought the woes doth overgoe.
But now is tyme to tell, whilſt ſhe was toſſed thus,
What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover Romeus.
When he had ſlayne his foe that gan this dedly ſtrife,
And ſaw the furious fray had ende by ending Tybalt's life,
He fled the ſharpe revenge of thoſe that yet did live,
And douting much what penal doome the troubled prince might gyve,
He ſought ſomewhere unſeene to lurke a littel ſpace,
And truſty Lawrence' ſecret cell he thought the ſureſt place.
In doutfull happe aye beſt a truſty frend is tryde;
The frendly frier in this diſtreſſe doth graunt his frend to hyde.
A ſecret place he hath, well ſeeled round about,
The mouth of which ſo cloſe is ſhut, that none may finde it out;
But roome there is to walke, and place to ſit and reſt,
Beſide a bed to ſleape upon, full ſoft, and trimly dreſt.
The flowre is planked ſo, with mattes it is ſo warme,
That neither winde nor ſmoky damps have powre him ought to harme.
Where he was wont in youth his fayre frends to beſtowe,
There now he hydeth Romeus, whilſt forth he go'th to knowe
Both what is ſaid and donne, and what appoynted payne
Is publiſhed by trumpet's ſound; then home he hyes agayne.
By this unto his cell the nurce with ſpedy pace
Was comme the nereſt way; ſhe ſought no ydel reſting place.
The fryer ſent home the newes of Romeus' certain helth,
And promiſe made (what ſo befell) he ſhould that night by ſtelth
Comme to his wonted place, that they in nedefull wiſe
Of theyr affayres in time to comme might thoroughly deviſe.
Thoſe joyfull newes the nurce brought home with merry joy;
And now our Juliet joyes to thinke ſhe ſhall her love enjoy.
The fryer ſhuts faſt his doore, and then to him beneth,
That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of life or elſe of death,
Thy hap (quoth he) is good, daunger of death is none,
But thou ſhalt live, and do full well, in ſpite of ſpitefull fone.
This only payne for thee was erſt proclaymde aloude,
A baniſhd man, thou mayſt thee not within Verona ſhrowde.
These heavy tidinges heard, his golden lockes he tare,
And like a franticke man hath torne the garments that he ware.
And as the ſmitten deere in brakes is waltring found,
So waltreth he, and with his breſt doth beate the troden grounde.
He riſeth eft, and ſtrikes his hed againſt the wals,
He falleth downe agayne, and lowde for haſty death he cals.
" Come ſpedy death, quoth he, the readieſt leache in love,
Synce nought can els beneth the ſunne the ground of greefe remove.

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Of lothſome life breake downe the hated ſtaggering ſtayes,
Deſtroy, deſtroy at once the life that fayntly yet decayes.
But you, fayre dame, in whom dame Nature did deviſe
With cunning hand to woorke that might ſeeme wondrous in our eyes,
For you, I pray the gods, your pleaſures to increaſe,
And all miſhap, with this my death, for evermore to ceaſe.
And mighty Jove with ſpeede of juſtice bring them lowe,
Whoſe lofty pryde, without our gylt, our bliſſe doth overblowe.
And Cupid graunt to thoſe theyr ſpedy wrongs' redreſſe,
That ſhall bewayle my cruell death and pity her diſtreſſe."
Therewith a cloude of ſighes he breathd into the ſkies,
And two great ſtreames of bitter teares ran from his ſwowlen eyes.
Theſe thinges the auncient fryer with ſorrow ſaw and heard,
Of ſuch beginning eke the end the wiſeman greatly feard.
But lo! he was ſo weake by reaſon of his age,
That he ne could by force repreſſe the rigour of his rage.
His wiſe and frendly woordes he ſpeaketh to the ayre,
For Romeus ſo vexed is with care, and with diſpayre,
That no advice can perce his cloſe forſtopped eares,
So now the fryer doth take his part in ſhedding ruthfull teares.
With colour pale and wan, with armes full hard y-fold,
With wofull cheere his wayling frende he ſtandeth to beholde.
And then our Romeus with tender handes y-wrong,
With voyce with plaint made horce, with ſobs, and with a faltring tong,
Renewd with novel mone the dolors of his hart;
His outward dreery cheere bewrayde his ſtore of inward ſmart.
Fyrſt Nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,
In which his joyes had been ſo ſcant, and ſorowes ay ſo rife;
The time and place of byrth he fiercly did reprove,
He cryed out with open mouth againſt the ſtarres above:
The fatall ſiſters three, he ſaid, had donne him wrong,
The threed that ſhould not have been ſponne, they had drawne forth too long.
He wiſhed that he had before his time been borne,
Or that as ſoone as he wan light, his lyfe he had forlorne.
His nurce he curſed, and the hand that gave him pappe,
The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in her lappe;
And then did he complaine on Venus' cruell ſonne,
Who led him firſt unto the rockes which he ſhould warely ſhonne:
By meane whereof he loſt both lyfe and libertie,
And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never dye.
Love's troubles laſten long, the joyes he gives are ſhort;
He forceth not a lover's payne, theyr erneſt is his ſport.
A thouſand thinges and more I here let paſſe to write
Which unto love this wofull man dyd ſpeake in great deſpite.

On

On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and blynde,
Unconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and unkynd.
And to himselfe he layd a great part of the falt,
For that he slewe and was not slaine, in fighting with Tibalt.
He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,
But Juliet for whom he lived, for whom eke would he dye.
When after raging fits appeased was his rage,
And when his passions, powred forth, gan partly to asswage,
So wisely did the fryre unto his tale replye,
That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care to dye.
" Art thou (quoth he) a man? thy shape saith, so thou art;
Thy crying, and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's hart.
For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd out-chased,
And in her stead affections lewd and fancies highly placed:
So that I stoode in doute, this howre at the least,
If thou a man or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.
A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres
Still standes not wayling present harme, but seekes his harme's redies.
As when the winter flawes with dredful noyse arise,
And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the stary skyes,
So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,
Despayreth of the happy haven, in daunger to be lost,
The pilate bold at helme, cryes, mates strike now your sayle,
And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly her assayle;
Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackefull shore,
In greater daunger to be wrackt than he had been before,
He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to ronne,
But yet he doth what lyeth in him the perlous rocke to shonne;
Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,
The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle spent,
The roder smitten of, and over-boord the mast,
Doth win the long-desyred porte, the stormy daunger past:
But if the master dread, and overprest with woe
Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder goe,
The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,
And eke the coward drenched is:—So, if thou still beweepe
And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do chaunce,
Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy mischaunce.
Other account thee wise, prove not thyself a foole;
Now put in practise lessons learned of old in wisdome's schoole.
The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy payne,
For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer twayne.
As well we ought to seeke thinges hurtfull to decrease,
As to indevor helping thinges by study to increase.
The prayse of trew fredom in wisdome's bondage lyes,
He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although his woords be wise.

 Sickenes

VOL. X.
ROM. AND JULIET.

Sicknes the bodie's gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;
If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true freedome shalt thou finde.
Fortune can fill nothing so full of hearty greefe,
But in the same a constant mynd finds solace and releefe.
Vertue is alwaies thrall to troubles and annoye,
But wisdom in adversitie findes cause of quiet joye.
And they most wretched are that know no wretchednes,
And after great extremity mishaps ay waxen lesse.
Like as there is no weale but wastes away somtime,
So every kynd of wayled woe will weare away in time.
If thou wilt master quite the troubles that thee spill,
Endeavor first by reason's help to master witles will.
A sondry medson hath eche sondry faynt disease,
But patience, a common salve, to every wound geves ease.
The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,
Wherefore the chaunge of chance must not seem to a wise man straunge.
For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging, but her kind,
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge a steady constant mynd.
Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling face,
And sorow seke to set himselfe in banishd pleasure's place,
Yet may thy marred state be mended in a whyle,
And she eftsones that frowneth now, with pleasant cheere shall smyle.
For as her happy state no long while standeth sure,
Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth endure.
What nede so many words to thee that art so wyse?
Thou better canst advise thy selfe, then I can thee advise.
Wisdome, I see, is vayne, if thus in time of neede
A wiseman's wit unpractised doth stand him in no steede.
I know thou hast some cause of sorow and of care,
But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantickly to fare.
Affection's foggy mist thy febled sight doth blynd;
But if that reason's beames againe might shine into thy mynd,
If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye,
I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, thy sighing, and thy crye.
With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his breth,
Thou hast escaped his sword and eke the lawes that threaten death.
By thy escape thy frendes are fraughted full of joy,
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.
Wilt thou with trusty frendes of pleasure take some part?
Or els to please thy hatefull foes be partner of theyr smart?
Why cryest thou out on love? why dost thou blame thy fate?
Why dost thou so crye after death? thy life why dost thou hate?
Dost thou repent the choyse that thou so late dydst choose?
Love is thy lord; thou oughtst obey and not thy prince accuse.

For

For thou hast found, thou knowest, great favour in his sight,
He graunted thee, at thy request, thy onely hart's delight.
So that the gods invyde the blisse thou livedst in;
To geve to such unthankfull men is folly and a sin.
Methinke I hear thee say, the cruell banishment
Is onely cause of thy unre ; onely thou dost lament
That from thy natife land and frendes thou must depart,
Enforsd to flye from her that hath the keping of thy hart:
And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost feele,
Thou dost complaine of Cupid's brand, and Fortune's turning
wheele.
Unto a valiant hart there is no banyshment,
All countreys are his native soyle beneath the firmament.
As to the fish the sea, as to the fowle the ayre,
So is like pleasant to the wise eche place of his repayre.
Though forward Fortune chase thee hence into exile,
With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a while.
Admit thou shouldst abyde abrode a year or twayne,
Should so short absence cause so long and eke so greevous payne?
Though thou ne mayst thy frendes here in Verona see,
They are not banishd Mantua, where safely thou mayst be.
Thether they may resort, though thou resort not hether,
And there in suretie may you talke of your affayres together.
Ay, but this while, alas! thy Juliet must thou misse,
The only piller of thy health, and ancor of thy blisse.
Thy heart thou leavest with her, when thou doest hence depart,
And in thy brest inclosed bear'st her tender frendly hart.
But if thou rew so much to leave the rest behinde,
With thought of passed joyes content thy uncontented minde;
So shall the mone decrease wherewith thy mind doth melt,
Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often felt.
He is too nyse a weakeling that shrinketh at a showre,
And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the sowre.
Call now agayne to mynd thy fyrst consuming flame;
How didst thou vainely burne in love of an unloving dame?
Hadst thou not wel nigh wept quite out thy swelling eyne?
Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe away and pyne?
Those greeses and others like were happly overpast,
And thou in haight of Fortune's wheele well placed at the last;
From whence thou art now falne, that, raysed up agayne,
With greater joy a greater whyle in pleasure mayst thou raigne.
Compare the present while with times y-past before,
And thinke that fortune hath for thee great pleasure yet in store.
The whilst, this little wrong receve thou patiently,
And what of force must needes be done, that do thou willingly.
Folly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,
And madnes to desyre it much that cannot be enjoyde.

Vol. X. Rom. and Juliet.

To geve to Fortune place, not aye deserveth blame,
But skill it is, according to the times thy selfe to frame."
Whilst to this skilfull lore he lent his listning eares,
His sighes are stopt, and stopped are the conduyts of his teares.
As blackest cloudes are chased by winter's nimble wynde,
So have his reasons chaced care out of his carefull mynde.
As of a morning fowle ensues an evening fayre,
So banisht hope returneth home to banish his despayre.
Now is affection's veale removed from his eyes,
He seeth the path that he must walke, and reason makes him wise.
For very shame the blood doth flashe in both his cheekes,
He thankes the father for his love, and farther ayde he seekes.
He sayth, that skilles youth for counsell is unfitte,
And anger oft with hastines are joynd to want of witte;
But sound advise aboundes in hides with horie heares,
For wisdom is by practise wonne, and perfect made by yeares.
But aye from this time forth his ready-bending will
Shal be in awe and governed by fryer Lawrence' skill.
The governor is now right carefull of his charge,
To whom he doth wisely discourse of his affayres at large.
He tells him how he shall depart the towne unknowne,
(Both mindful of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne)
How he shall gyde himselfe, how he shall seeke to winne
The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in
The favour of the Mantuan prince, and how he may
Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away;
The choller of his foes by gentle meanes t'assuage,
Or els by force and practises to bridle quite theyr rage:
And last he chargeth him at his appoynted howre
To goe with manly mery cheere unto his ladie's bowre;
And there with holesome woordes to salve her sorowe's smart,
And to revive, if nede require, her faint and dying hart.
The old man's woords have fill'd with joy our Romeus' brest,
And eke the old wyve's talke hath set our Juliet's hart at rest.
Whereto may I compare, o lovers, thys your day?
Like dayes the painefull mariners are wonted to assay;
For, beat with tempest great, when they at length espye
Some little beame of Phoebus' light, that perceth through the skie,
To cleare the shadowde earth by clearenes of his face,
They hope that dreadles they shall ronne the remnant of theyr race;
Yea they assure them selfe, and quite behind theyr backe
They cast all doute, and thanke the gods for scaping of the wracke;
But straight the boysterous windes with greater fury blowe,
And over boord the broken mast the stormy blastes doe throwe;
The heavens large are clad with cloudes as darke as hell,
And twice as hye the striving waves begin to roare and swell;

With

With greater daunger's dred the men are vexed more,
In greater perill of theyr lyfe then they had been before.
The golden sonne was gonne to lodge him in the west,
The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest;
When restles Romeus and restles Juliet
In woonted sort, by woonted meane, in Juliet's chaumber met.
And from the windowe's top downe had he leaped scarce,
When she with armes outstretched wide so hard did him embrace,
That wel nigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly force)
Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the corce.
Thus muet stoode they both the eyght part of an howre,
And both would speake, but neither had of speaking any powre;
But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,
And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull Romeus stay.
Theyr scalding sighes ascend, and by theyr checkes downe fall
Theyr trickling teares, a christall cleare, but bitterer far then gall.
Then he, to end the greefe which both they lived in,
Dyd kisse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd begin:
"My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,
To you I purpose not as now with length of woordes declare
The diverseness and eke the accidents so straunge
Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth still in chaunge;
Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height
Of her swift-turning slippery wheele, then fleetes her frendship straight.
O wondrous chaunge! even with the twinkling of an eye
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set in pleasant place so hye,
The same in great despyte downe hedlong doth she throwe,
And while she treades, and spurneth at the lofty state layde lowe,
More sorow doth she shape within an hower's space,
Than pleasure in an hundred yeares; so geyson is her grace.
The proofe whereof in me, alas! too playne apperes,
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fosterd with my feeres,
In prosperous hygh degree, mayntained so by fate,
That, as your selfe dyd see, my foes envyde my noble state.
One thing there was I did above the rest desyre,
To which as to the sovereign good by hope I would aspyre,
That by our mariage meane we might within a while
(To work our perfect happenes) our parents reconcile:
That safely so we might, not stopt by sturdy strife,
Unto the bounds that God hath set, gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.
But now, alacke! too soone my blisse is over-blowne,
And upside downe my purpose and my enterprise are throwne.
And driven from my frendes, of straungers must I crave
(O graunt it God!) from daunger's dread that I may suretie have.
For loe, henceforth I must wander in landes unknowne,
(So hard I finde the prince's doome) exyled from myne owne.

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Which thing I have thought good to ſet before your eyes,
And to exhort you now to proove yourſelfe a woman wiſe;
That patiently you beare my abſent long abod,
For what above by fatall doome decreed is, that God——"
And more than this to ſay, it ſeemed, he was bent,
But Juliet in dedly greefe, with brackiſh teares beſprent,
Brake of his tale begonne, and whilſt his ſpeech he ſtayde,
Theſe ſelfe ſame woordes, or like to theſe, with dreery cheere ſhe ſayde:
"Why Romeus, can it be, thou haſt ſo hard a hart,
So farre removed from ruth, ſo farre from thinking on my ſmart,
To leave me thus alone, thou cauſe of my diſtreſſe,
Beſeged with ſo great a campe of mortall wretchedneſſe;
That every howre now and moment in a day
A thouſand times Death bragges, as he would reave my lyfe away?
Yet ſuch is my miſhap, O cruell deſtinye!
That ſtill I lyve, and wiſh for death, but yet can never dye.
So that juſt cauſe I have to thinke, as ſeemeth me,
That froward Fortune did of late with cruell Death agree,
To lengthen lothed lyfe, to pleaſure in my payne,
And triumph in my harme, as in the greateſt hoped gayne.
And thou, the inſtrument of Fortune's cruell will,
Without whoſe ayde ſhe can no way her tyrans luſt fulfill,
Art not a whit aſhamde (as farre as I can ſee)
To caſt me of, when thou haſt culld the better part of me.
Whereby alas! to ſoone, I, ſeely wretch, do prove,
That all the auncient ſacred laws of frendſhip and of love
Are quelde and quenched quite, ſince he on whom alway
My cheefe hope and my ſteady truſt was woonted ſtill to ſtay,
For whom I am becomme unto myſelfe a foe,
Diſdayneth me, his ſtedfaſt frend, and ſkornes my frendſhip ſo.
Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayſt of two thinges chooſe the one,
Eyther to ſee thy caſtaway, as ſoone as thou art gone,
Hedlong to throw her ſelfe downe from the windowe's haight,
And ſo to breake her ſlender necke with all the bodie's waight,
Or ſuffer her to be companion of thy payne,
Where ſo thou go (Fortune thy gyde), tyll thou retourne agayne.
So wholy into thine transformed is my hart,
That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I ſhall part,
So oft, methinkes, my lyfe withdrawes it ſelfe awaye,
Which I retaine to no end els but to the end I may
In ſpite of all thy foes thy preſent partes enjoye,
And in diſtres to beare with thee the halfe of thine annoye.
Wherefore, in humble ſort, Romeus, I make requeſt,
If ever tender pity yet were lodgde in gentle breſt,
O, let it now have place to reſt within thy hart;
Receve me as thy ſervant, and the fellow of thy ſmart:

Thy

Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me lyfe.
But if perhaps thou stand in dred to lead me as a wyfe,
Art thou all counsellesse? canst thou no shift devise?
What letteth but in other weede I may my selfe disguyse?
What, shall I be the first? hath none done so ere this,
To scape the bondage of theyr frends? thyselfe can aunswer, yes.
Or dost thou stand in doute that I thy wife ne can
By service pleasure thee as much, as may thy hyred man?
Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse?
Perhaps thou fear'st lest I for gayne forsake thee in distresse.
What! hath my bewty now no powre at all on you,
Whose brightnes, force, and prayse, sometime up to the skyes you blew?
My teares, my frendship and my pleasures donne of olde,
Shall they be quite forgote in dede?"—When Romeus dyd beheld
The wildnes of her looke, her cooller pale and ded,
The woorst of all that might betyde to her, he gan to dred;
And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,
And kist her with a loving kysse, and thus to her he spake:
Ah Juliet, (quoth he) the mistres of my hart,
For whom, even now, thy servant doth abyde in dedly smart,
Even for the happy dayes which thou desyrest to see,
And for the fervent frendship's sake that thou dost owe to mee,
At once these fansies vayne out of thy mynd roote out,
Except, perhaps, unto thy blame, thou fondly go about
To hasten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,
Which Nature's law and wisdom's lore teach every wight to shonne.
For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the end)
Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for aye, and me thy trusty frend.
For why?—thy absence knowne, thy father will be wroth,
And in his rage so narowly he will pursue us both,
That we shall trye in vayne to scape away by flight,
And vainely seeke a loorking place to hyde us from his sight.
Then we, found out and caught, quite voyde of strong defence,
Shall cruelly be punished for thy departure hence;
I as a ravisher, thou as a careles childe,
I as a man that doth defile, thou as a mayde defilde;
Thinking to lead in ease a long contented life,
Shall short our dayes by shamefull death:—but if, my loving wife,
Thou banish from thy mynde two foes that counsell hath,
(That wont to hinder sound advise) rashe hastines and wrath,
If thou be bent to obey the love of reason's skill,
And wisely by her princely powre suppresse rebelling will,
If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine owne delight,
(Since suretie standes in parting, and thy pleasures growe of sight,)

Forbeare

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Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,
So shall I safely live abrode, and safe torne from exile:
So shall no slander's blot thy spotles life distayne,
So shall thy kinsmen be unstyrd, and I exempt from payne.
And thinke thou not, that aye the cause of care shall last,
These stormy broyles shall over-blowe, much like a winter's blast.
For Fortune chaungeth more then fickel fantasie;
In nothing Fortune constant is save in unconstancie.
Her hasty ronning wheele is of a restles coorse,
That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better to the woorse,
And those that are beneth she heaveth up agayne:
So we shall rise to pleasure's mount, out of the pit of payne.
Ere foure monthes overpasse, such order will I take,
And by my letters and my frendes such meanes I mynd to make,
That of my wandring race ended shal be the toyle,
And I cald home with honor great unto my native soyle.
But if I be condemnd to wander still in thrall,
I will returne to you, mine owne, befall what may befall.
And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty hand,
From Verone will I carry thee into a foreign lande;
Not in man's weede disguysd, or as one scarcely knowne,
But as my wife and onely feere, in garment of thyne owne.
Wherefore represse at once the passions of thy hart,
And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to heale thy smart.
For of this one thyng thou may'st well assured bee,
That nothing els but onely death shall sunder me from thee."
The reasons that he made did seeme of so great waight,
And had with her such force, that she to him gan aunswere straight.
"Deere Syr, nought els wish I but to obey your will;
But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall tarry still,
As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you see,
Of all the powre that over you your selfe did graunt to me;
And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good will.—
One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me to fulfill;
Fayle not to let me have, at fryer Laurence hand,
The tydinges of your health, and howe your doutfull case shall stand
And all the wery whyle that you shall spend abrode,
Cause me from time to time to know the place of your abode."
His eyes did gush out teares, a sigh brake from his brest,
When he did graunt and with an othe did vowe to kepe the hest.
Thus these two lovers passe awaye the wery night,
In payne and plaint, not, as they wont, in pleasure and delight.
But now, somewhat too soone, in farthest east arose
Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre that lady Venus chose;

Whose

Whose course appoynted is with spedy race to ronne,
A messenger of dawning daye, and of the rysing sonne.
Then fresh Aurora with her pale and silver glade
Did cleare the skies, and from the earth had chased ougly shade.
When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou winke,
When Phœbus from our hemisphere in westerne wave doth sinke,
What cooller then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,
The same, or like, saw Romeus in farthest easterne skies.
As yet he saw no day, ne could he call it night,
With equall force decreasing darke fought with increasing light.
Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,
With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight beholde.
With solemne othe they both theyr sorowfull leave do take;
They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady frendship shake.
Then carefull Romeus agayne to cell retoornes,
And in her chaumber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.
Now hugy cloudes of care, of sorow, and of dread,
The clearnes of theyr gladsome harts hath wholy overspread.
When golden-crested Phœbus bosteth him in skye,
And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth flye,
Then hath these lovers' day an ende, theyr night begonne,
For eche of them to other is as to the world the sonne.
The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,
But black-faced night with winter rough ah! beaten over sore.
The wery watch discharged did hye them home to slepe,
The warders, and the skowtes were charged theyr place and course to kepe,
And Verone gates awide the porters had set open,
When Romeus had of hys affayres with frier Lawrence spoken.
Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,
Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the toe.
He spurd apace, and came, withouten stoppe or stay,
To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his man away
With woordes of comfort to his olde afflicted syre;
And straight, in mynde to sojourne there, a lodging doth he hyre.
And with the nobler sort he doth himselfe acquaynt,
And of his open wrong receaved the duke doth heare his playnt.
He practiseth by frendes for pardon of exile;
The whilst, he seeketh every way his sorowes to begyle.
But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest?
Alas! his cares denye his hart the sweete desyred rest.
No time findes he of myrth, he fyndes no place of joy,
But every thing occasion gives of sorowe and annoye.
For when in toorning skyes the heavens' lamps are light,
And from the other hemisphere fayre Phœbus chaseth night,
When every man and beast hath rest from paynefull toyle,
Then in the brest of Romeus his passions gin to boyle.

Then

Then doth he wet with teares the cowche whereon he lyes,
And then his ſighes the chaumber fill, and out aloude he cryes
Againſt the reſtles ſtarres in rolling ſkies that raunge,
Againſt the fatall ſiſters three, and Fortune full of chaunge.
Eche night a thouſand times he calleth for the day,
He thinketh Titan's reſtles ſteedes of reſtines do ſtay;
Or that at length they have ſome bayting place found out,
Or, gyded yll, have loſt theyr way and wandred farre about.
While thus in ydell thoughts the wery time he ſpendeth,
The night hath end, but not with night the plaint of night he endeth.
Is he accompanied? is he in place alone?
In cumpany he wayles his harme, apart he maketh mone.
For if his feeres rejoyce, what cauſe hath he to joy,
That wanteth ſtill his cheefe delight, while they theyr loves enjoye?
But if with heavy cheere they ſhew their inward greefe,
He wayleth moſt his wretchedneſs that is of wretches cheefe.
When he doth heare abrode the prayſe of ladies blowne,
Within his thought he ſcorneth them, and doth prefer his owne.
When pleaſant ſonges he heares, wheile others do rejoyce,
The melody of muſicke doth ſtyrre up his mourning voyce.
But if in ſecret place he walke ſome where alone,
The place it ſelfe and ſecretnes redoubleth all his mone.
Then ſpeakes he to the beaſtes, to feathered fowles and trees,
Unto the earth, the cloudes, and what ſo beſide he ſees.
To them he ſheweth his ſmart, as though they reaſon had,
Eche thing may cauſe his heavines, but nought may make him glad.
And wery of the world agayne he calleth night,
The ſunne he curſeth, and the howre when firſt his eyes ſaw light.
And as the night and day theyr courſe do enterchaunge.
So doth our Romeus nightly cares for cares of day exchaunge.
In abſence of her knight the lady no way could
Kepe trewce betweene her greefes and her, though nere ſo fayne ſhe would;
And though with greater payne ſhe cloked ſorowe's ſmart,
Yet did her paled face diſcloſe the paſſions of her hart.
Her ſighing every howre, her weeping every where,
Her recheles heede of meate, of ſlepe, and wearing of her geare,
The carefull mother markes; then of her health afrayde,
Becauſe the greefes increaſed ſtill, thus to her child ſhe ſayde:
Deere daughter, if you ſhoulde long languiſhe in this ſort,
I ſtand in doute that over-ſoone your ſorowes will make ſhort
Your loving father's life and myne, that love you more
Then our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel henceforth therefore

Your

Your greefe and payne, yourselfe on joy your thought to set,
For time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget.
Of whom since God hath claymd the life that was but lent,
He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus lament;
You cannot call him backe with teares and shrikinges shrill;
It is a falt thus still to grudge at God's appoynted will."
The seely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,
No longer could she hide her harme, but aunswered thus agayne,
With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded:
"Madame, the last of Tybalt's teares a great while since I shed;
Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,
That empty quite and moystureles I gesse it now to be.
So that my payned hart by conduytes of the eyne
No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth dropping bryne.
The wofull mother knew not what her daughter ment,
And loth to vexe her chylde by woordes, her pace she warely hent.
But when from howre to howre, from morow to the morow,
Still more and more she saw increast her daughter's wonted sorrow,
All meanes she sought of her and houshold folke to know
The certain roote whereon her greefe and booteles mone doth growe.
But lo, she hath in vayne her time and labor lore,
Wherefore without all measure is her hart tormented sore.
And sith herselfe could not fynde out the cause of care,
She thought it good to tell the syre how ill his childe did fare.
And when she saw her time, thus to her feere she sayde:
"Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance of the mayde,
And how she fareth since that Tybalt unto death
Before his time, forst by his foe, did yeld his living breath,
Her face shall seeme so chaunged, her doynges eke so straunge,
That you will greatly wonder at so great and sodain chaunge.
Not onely she forbeares her meate, her drinke and sleepe,
But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and weepe.
No greater joy hath she, nothing contents her hart
So much, as in the chaumber close to shut her selfe apart:
Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted mynde,
That much in daunger standes her lyfe, except some help she finde.
But, out alas! I see not how it may be founde,
Unlesse that fyrst we might fynd whence her sorowes thus abounde.
For though with busy care I have employde my wit,
And used all the wayes I have to learne the truth of it,
Neither extremitie ne gentle meanes could boote;
She hydeth close within her brest her secret sorowe's roote.

VOL. X. ROM. AND JULIET.

This was my fyrst conceite,—that all her ruth arose
Out of her coosin Tybalt's death, late slayne of dedly foes.
But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought;
Somme greater thing, not Tybalt's death, this chaunge in her hath wrought.
Her selfe assured me that many days agoe
She shed the last of Tybalt's teares; which woords amasd me so
That I then could not gesse what thing els might her greeve:
But now at length I have bethought me; and I do beleve
The only crop and roote of all my daughter's payne
Is grudging envie's faynt disease; perhaps she doth disdayne
To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her feeres,
Whilst only she unmaried doth lose so many yeres.
And more, perchaunce she thinkes you mynd to kepe her so;
Wherefore dispayring doth she weare her selfe away with woe.
Therefore, deere Syr, in tyme, take on your daughter ruth;
For why? a brickle thing is glasse, and frayle is skillesse youth.
Joyne her at once to somme in linke of mariage,
That may be meete for our degree, and much about her age.
So shall you banish care out of your daughter's brest,
So we her parentes, in our age, shall live in quiet rest."
Whereto gan easely her husband to agree,
And to the mother's skilfull talke thus straightway aunswered he.
"Oft have I thought, deere wife, of all these thinges ere this,
But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be amisse
By farther leysure had a husband to provyde;
Scarce saw she yet full sixteen yeres,—too yong to be a bryde.
But since her state doth stande on termes so perilous,
And that a mayden daughter is a treasure daungerous,
With so great speede I will endeavour to procure
A husband for our daughter yong, her sicknes faynt to cure,
That you shall rest content, so warely will I choose,
And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to loose.
The whilst seeke you to learne, if she in any part
Already hath, unware to us, fixed her frendly hart;
Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,
Then to our daughter's quiet lyfe, and to her happy helth:
Whom I do hold as deere as thapple of myne eye,
And rather wish in poore estate and daughterles to dye,
Then leave my goodes and her y-thrald to such a one,
Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her cause of mone.

This pleasant aunswer heard, the lady partes agayne,
And Capilet, the mayden's syre, within a day or twayne,
Conferreth with his frendes for mariage of his daughter,
And many gentilmen there were, with busy care that sought her;
Both, for the mayden was well-shaped, yong and fayre,
As also well brought up, and wise; her father's onely heyre.

Emong

Emong the rest was one inflamde with her desyre,
Who county Paris cleeped was; an earle he had to syre.
Of all the suters hym the father lyketh best,
And easely unto the earle he maketh his behest,
Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,
To win his wyfe unto his will, and to persuade the mayde.
The wyfe dyd joy to heare the joyful husband say
How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found out that day;
Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,
But straight she hyeth to Juliet; to her she telles, apart,
What happy talke, by meane of her, was past no rather
Betwene the woing Paris and her careful loving father.
The person of the man, the featers of his face,
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port, and seemely grace,
With curious wordes she payntes before her daughter's eyes,
And then with store of vertue's prayse she heaves him to the skyes.
She vauntes his race, and gyftes that Fortune did him geve,
Whereby she sayth, both she and hers in great delight shall live.
When Juliet conceved her parente's whole entent,
Whereto both love and reason's right forbod her to assent,
Within herselfe she thought rather than be forsworne,
With horses wilde her tender partes asunder should be torne.
Not now, with bashful brow, in wonted wise, she spake,
But with unwonted boldnes straight into these wordes she brake:
" Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are
Of me your childe, your jewell once, your onely joy and care,
As thus to yelde me up at pleasure of another,
Before you know if I do lyke or els mislike my lover.
Doo what you list; but yet of this assure you still,
If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.
For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I choose
My part of all your goodes and eke my breath and lyfe to loose,
Then graunt that he possess of me the smallest part:
Fyrst, weary of my painefull lyfe, my cares shall kill my hart;
Els will I perce my brest with sharpe and bloody knife;
And you, my mother, shall becomme the murdresse of my lyfe,
In geving me to him whom I ne can, ne may,
Ne ought, to love: wherefore, on knees, deere mother, I you pray,
To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore;
Cease all your troubles for my sake and care for me no more;
But suffer Fortune feerce to worke on me her will,
In her it lyeth to do me boote, in her it lyeth to spill.
For whilst you for the best desyre to place me so,
You hast away my lingring death, and double all my woe."
So deepe this aunswere made the sorrowes downe to sinke
Into the mother's brest, that she ne knoweth what to thinke

Vol. X. Rom. and Juliet.

Of these her daughter's woords, but all appalde she standes,
And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring head and
    handes.
And, nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she sought;
She telles him all; she doth forget ne yet she hydeth ought.
The testy old man, wroth, disdainfull without measure,
Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, and byds them take no
    leysure;
Ne on her teares or plaint at all to have remorse,
But, if they cannot with her will, to bring the mayde perforce.
The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,
And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.
Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,
Of whom, as much as duety would, the daughter stoode in awe,
The servantes sent away (the mother thought it meete),
The wofull daughter all bewept fell groveling at his feete,
Which she doth wash with teares as she thus groveling lyes;
So fast and eke so plenteously distill they from her eyes:
When she to call for grace her mouth doth thinke to open,
Muet she is; for sighes and sobs her fearefull talke have broken.
  The syre, whose swelling wroth her teares could not asswage,
With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her in his rage
(Whilst ruthfully stood by the mayden's mother mylde):
Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient childe;
Hast thou so soone let slip out of thy mynde the woord,
That thou so often times hast heard rehearsed at my boord?
How much the Romayne youth of parentes stoode in awe,
And eke what powre upon theyr seede the parentes had by lawe?
Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and sell,
(When so they stood in neede) but more, if children did rebell,
The parentes had the power of lyfe and sodayn death.
What if those good men should agayne receve the living breth?
In how straight bondes would they thy stubborne body bynde?
What weapons would they seeke for thee? what torments would
    they fynde,
To chasten, if they saw the lewdness of thy lyfe,
Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and shamefull sturdy stryfe?
Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to mee,
That I with long and earnest sute provyded have for thee
One of the greatest lordes that wonnes about this towne,
And for his many vertues' sake a man of great renowne.
Of whom both thou and I unworthy are too much,
So rich ere long he shal be left, his father's welth is such,
Such is the noblenes and honor of the race
From whence his father came: and yet thou playest in this case
The dainty foole and stubborne gyrle; for want of skill
Thou dost refuse thy offered weale, and disobey my will.

Even

Even by his strength I sweare, that fyrst did geve me lyfe,
And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on my wyfe,
Onlesse by Wensday next thou bend as I am bent,
And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely do assent
To Countie Paris' sute, and promise to agree
To whatsoever then shall passe 'twixt him, my wife, and me,
Not only will I geve all that I have away
From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and obay,
But also to so close and to so hard a gayle
I shall thee wed, for all thy life, that sure thou shalt not fayle
A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,
And curse the day and howre when fyrst thy lunges did geve thee breath.
Advise thee well, and say that thou are warned now,
And thinke not that I speake in sporte, or mynde to break my vowe.
For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave
My fayth, which I must keepe unfalst, my honor so to save,
Ere thou goe hence, my selfe would see thee chastned so,
That thou shouldst once for all be taught thy duetie how to knowe;
And what revenge of olde the angry syres did fynde
Agaynst theyr children that rebeld, and shewd them selfe unkinde."
These sayde, the olde man straight is gone in haste away;
Ne for his daughter's aunswere would the testy father stay.
And after him his wyfe doth follow out of doore,
And there they leave theyr chidden childe kneeling upon the floore.
Then she that oft had seene the fury of her syre,
Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther styrre his yre.
Unto her chaumber she withdrew her selfe aparte,
Where she was wonted to unlode the sorowes of her hart.
There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,
As (overprest with restles thoughts) in piteous booteles weeping.
The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,
Ne, by the powring forth of playnt, the cause of plaint to cease.
So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,
The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the cause away.
Her wery bed betyme the woful wight forsakes,
And to sainct Fraunces' church, to masse, her way devoutly takes.
The fryer forth is calde; she prayes him heare her shrift;
Devotion is in so yong yeres a rare and pretious gyft.
When on her tender knees the daynty lady kneeles,
In mynde to powre foorth all the greefe that inwardly she feeles,
With sighes and salted teares her shriving doth beginne,
For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not of sinne."

Her voyce with pitëous playnt was made already horce,
And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her woordes perforce.
But as she may, peace meale, she powreth in his lappe
The mariage newes, a mischefe new, prepared by mishappe;
Her parentes' promisse erst to Counte Paris past,
Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus concludes at last:
" Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed againe;
For since I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of twaine,
(For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one make,)
My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my jorney take,
With these two handes, which joynde unto the heavens I stretch,
The hasty death which I desyre, unto my selfe to reach.
This day, O Romeus, this day, thy wofull wife
Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull lyfe.
So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,
And eke my blood unto the earth beare record, how that I
Have kept my fayth unbroke, stedfast unto my frend."
When thys her heavy tale was told, her vowe eke at an ende,
Her gasing here and there, her feerce and staring looke,
Did witnes that some lewd attempt her hart had undertooke.
Whereat the fryer astonde, and gastfully afrayde
Lest she by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to her he sayde:
" Ah! lady Juliet, what nede the wordes you spake?
I pray you, graunt me one request, for blessed Marie's sake.
Measure somewhat your greefe, hold here a while your peace,
Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and sorowes' cease.
Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from hence,
And for thassaults of Fortune's yre prepare so sure defence,
So holesome salve will I for your afflictions fynde,
That you shall hence depart againe with well contented mynde."
His wordes have chased straight out of her hart despayre,
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are waxen fayre.
So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in haste is to the chaumber gonne;
Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head aryse;
The old man's foresight divers doutes hath set before his eyes.
His conscience one while condemns it for a sinne
To let her take Paris to spouse, since he him selfe hath byn
The chefest cause that she unknown to father or mother,
Not five monthes past, in that selfe place was wedded to another.
An other while an hugy heape of daungers dred
His restles thoughts hath heaped up within his troubled hed.
Even of itselfe thattempte he judgeth perilous;
The execution eke he demes so much more daungerous,
That to a woman's grace he must him selfe commit,
That yong is, simple and unware, for waighty affayres unfit.

For,

For, if she fayle in ought, the matter published,
Both she and Romeus were undonne, him selfe eke punished.
When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had cast,
With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at last;
He thought he rather would in hazard set his fame,
Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,
Out of his closet straight he tooke a little glasse,
And then with double hast retornde where woful Juliet was;
Whom he hath found wel nigh in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.
Of whom he did enquire of the appoynted day;
"On Wensday next, (quoth Juliet) so doth my father say,
I must geve my consent; but, as I do remember,
The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of September.
Deere daughter, (quoth the fryer) of good cheere see thou be,
For loe! sainct Fraunces of his grace hath shewde a way to me,
By which I may both thee and Romeus together,
Out of the bondage which you feare, assuredly deliver.
Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,
And, since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as myne owne.
For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,
And often have I cured him of anguish and of smart.
I know that by desert his frendship I have wonne,
And him do holde as deere, as if he were my propre sonne.
Wherefore my frendly hart can not abyde that he
Should wrongfully in oughte be harmde, if that it lay in me
To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,
Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.
And sith thou art his wyfe, thee am I bound to love,
For Romeus' friendship sake, and seeke thy anguish to remove,
And dredful torments, which thy hart besegen rounde;
Wherefore, my daughter, geve good eare unto my counsels
　　sounde.
Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,
Not to the nurce thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy knight.
For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy lyfe,
My fame or shame, his weale or woe that chose thee to his wyfe.
Thou art not ignorant, because of such renowne
As every where is spred of me, but chefely in this towne,
That in my youthfull dayes abrode I travayled,
Through every lande found out by men, by men inhabited;
So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne a gest,
I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest,
But, in the deserte woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,
Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the winde,
I have committed them, to ruth of rovers' hand,
And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by lande.

But

But not, in vayne, my childe, hath all my wandring byn;
Beside the great contentednes my sprete abydeth in,
That by the pleasant thought of passed thinges doth grow,
One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou shalt shortly know:
What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to worke,
And divers other thinges that in the bowels of earth do loorke,
With care I have sought out, with payne I did them prove;
With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my behove,
(Although the science be against the lawes of men)
When sodayn daunger forceth me; but yet most cheefly when
The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God
(Not helping to do any sin that wrekefull Jove forbode).
For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,
But now am comme unto the brinke of my appoynted grave,
And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may not shonne,
But shall be calde to make account of all that I have donne,
Now ought I from henceforth more depely print in mynde
The judgment of the Lord, then when youthes folly made me blynde;
When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,
Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had banishd frendly rest.
Know therefore, daughter, that with other gyftes which I
Have well attained to, by grace and favour of the skye,
Long since I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,
Of certain rootes and savory herbes to make a kynd of dowe,
Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fyne,
And dranke with conduite water, or with any kynd of wine,
It doth in halfe an howre astone the taker so,
And mastreth all his sences, that he feeleth weale nor woe:
And so it burieth up the sprite and living breath,
That even the skilful leche would say, that he is slayne by death.
One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this;
The taker, by receiving it, at all not greeved is;
But painelesse as a man that thinketh nought at all,
Into a sweete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall;
From which, according to the quantitie he taketh,
Longer or shorter is the time before the sleper waketh;
And thence (theffect once wrought) againe it doth restore
Him that receaved unto the state wherein he was before.
Wherefore, marke well the ende of this my tale begonne,
And thereby learne what is by thee herafter to be donne.
Cast of from thee at once the weede of womannish dread,
With manly courage arme thyselfe from heele unto the head;
For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest
The happy happe or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth rest.

Receve

Receve this vyoll small and kepe it as thine eye;
And on the mariage day, before the sunne doe cleare the skye,
Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele throughout eche vayne and lym
A pleasant slumber slyde, and quite dispred at length
On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly strength;
Withouten moving thus thy ydle partes shall rest,
No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy hollow brest,
But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce:
Thy kinsmen and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the sodayne chaunce;
Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this churchyarde,
Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe preparde,
Both for them selfe and eke for those that should come after,
(Both depe it is, and long and large) where thou shalt rest, my daughter,
Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight;
Out of the tombe both he and I will take thee forth that night.
And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,
Then mayst thou goe with him from hence; and, healed of thy payne,
In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant lyfe;
And yet perhaps in tyme to comme, when cease shall all the stryfe,
And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his foes,
My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to disclose,
Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes' joy,
That dangerles, without reproche, thou shalt thy love enjoy.
When of his skilfull tale the fryer had made an ende,
To which our Juliet so well her eare and wits did bend,
That she hath heard it all and hath forgotten nought,
Her fainting hart was comforted with hope and pleasant thought.
And then to him she sayd—"Doubt not but that I will
With stout and unapauled hart your happy hest fulfill.
Yea, if I wist it were a venemous dedly drinke,
Rather would I that through my throte the certaine bane should sinke,
Then I, not drinking it, into his handes should fall,
That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.
Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart
To greatest daunger yeld my selfe, and to the dedly smart,
To come to him on whom my lyfe doth wholly stay,
That is my onely hart's delight, and so he shall be aye."
Then goe, quoth he, my childe, I pray that God on hye
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee gye.
God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,
That no inconstant toy thee let thy promise to fulfill."

Vol. X. Rom. and Juliet.

A thousand thankes and more our Juliet gave the frier,
And homeward to her father's house joyfull she doth retyre;
And as with stately gate she passed through the streate,
She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there would meete,
In mynde to aske if she her purpose yet dyd hold,
In mynde also, apart 'twixt them, her duety to have tolde;
Wherefore with pleasant face, and with wonted chere,
As soone as she was unto her approched sumwhat nere,
Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begyn:
"Madame, at sainct Frauncis' churche have I this morning byn,
Where I did make abode a longer while, percase,
Then dewty would; yet have I not been absent from this place
So long a while, without a great and just cause why;
This frute have I receaved there;—my hart, erst lyke to dye,
Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest,
Released from affliction, restored is to rest.
For lo! my troubled gost, alas too sore diseasde,
By gostly counsell and advise hath fryer Lawrence easde;
To whom I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,
And in confession did I tell of all our passed stryfe;
Of Counte Paris' sute, and how my lord, my syre,
By my ungrate and stubborne stryfe I styrred unto yre.
But lo, the holy fryer hath by his gostly lore
Made me another woman now than I had been before.
By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,
That, though I sought, no sure defence my searching thought could finde.
So forced I was at length to yeld up witles will,
And promist to be ordered by the fryer's praysed skill.
Wherefore, albeit I had rashely, long before,
The bed and rytes of mariage for many yeres forswore,
Yet mother, now behold your daughter at your will,
Ready, if you commaunde her aught, your pleasure to fulfill.
Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam, I you pray,
To go unto my lord and syre, withouten long delay;
Of him fyrst pardon crave of faultes already past,
And shew him, if it pleaseth you, his child is now at last
Obedient to his just and to his skilfull hest,
And that I will, God lending lyfe, on Wensday next, be prest
To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,
Where I will, in your hearing, and before my father's face,
Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole assent,
And take him for my lord and spouse; thus fully am I bent:
And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,
Unto my closet fare I now, to searche and to choose out
The bravest garmentes and the richest jewels there,
Which, better him to please, I mynde on Wensday next to weare.

For if I did excell the famous Grecian rape,
Yet might attyre helpe to amende my beauty and my shape."
The simple mother was rapt into great delight,
Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this joyfull plight
With nimble foote she ran, and with unwonted pace,
Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant face
She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the fryer;
And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this gray-berded fryer.
With hands and eyes heaved-up he thankes God in his hart,
And then he sayth: "This is not, wyfe, the fryer's first desart;
Oft hath he shewde to us great frendship heretofore,
By helping us at nedefull times with wisdome's pretious lore.
In all our common weale scarce one is to be founde
But is, for somme good torne, unto this holy father bounde.
Oh that the thyrd part of my goodes (I doe not fayne)
But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him agayne!
So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,
So much, in fayth, his extreme age my frendly hart doth greeve.
These said, the glad old man from home goeth straight abrode,
And to the stately palace hyeth where Paris made abode;
Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geast,
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a costly feast.
But loe, the earle saith, such feasting were but lost,
And counsels him till mariage time to spare so great a cost.
For then he knoweth well the charges will be great;
The whilst, his hart desyreth still her sight, and not his meate.
He craves of Capilet that he may straight goe see
Fayre Juliet; wherto he doth right willingly agree.
The mother, warnde before, her daughter doth prepare;
She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she spare
Her courteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and commely grace,
But liberally to geve them forth when Paris comes in place;
Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shew,
As cunning craftsmen to the sale do set theyr wares on rew;
That ere the County dyd out of her sight depart,
So secretly unwares to him she stale away his hart,
That of his lyfe and death the wily wench hath powre;
And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr appoynted howre,
And with importune sute the parents doth he pray
The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the mariage day.
The woer hath past forth the fyrst day in this sort,
And many other more then this, in pleasure and disport.
At length the wished time of long hoped delight
(As Paris thought) drew nere; but nere approched heavy plight.

Agaynst

Agaynſt the brydall day the parentes did prepare
Such rich attyre, ſuch furniture, ſuch ſtore of dainty fare,
That they which did behold the ſame the night before,
Did thinke and ſay, a man could ſcarcely wiſh for any more.
Nothing did ſeeme to deere; the deereſt thinges were bought;
And, as the written ſtory ſayth, in dede there wanted nought,
That longd to his degree, and honor of his ſtocke:
But Juliet, the whilſt, her thoughts within her breſt did locke;
Even from the truſty nurce, whoſe ſecretnes was tride,
The ſecret counſell of her hart the nurce-childe ſeekes to hyde.
For ſith, to mocke her dame, ſhe did not ſticke to lye,
She thought no ſinne with ſhew of truth to blear her nurce's eye,
In chaumber ſecretly the tale ſhe gan renew,
That at the doore ſhe told her dame, as though it had been trew.
The flatt'ring nurce dyd prayſe the fryer for his ſkill,
And ſaid that ſhe had done right well by wit to order will.
She ſetteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
And eke ſhe prayſeth much to her the ſecond mariage;
And County Paris now ſhe prayſeth ten times more,
By wrong, then ſhe her ſelfe by right had Romeus prayſde before.
Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill, Romeus ſhall not retourne;
What ſhall it boote her all her lyfe to languiſhe ſtill and mourne
The pleaſures paſt before ſhe muſt account as gayne;
But if he doe retorne—what then?—for one ſhe ſhall have twayne.
The one ſhall uſe her as his lawful wedded wyfe;
In wanton love with equal joy the other leade his lyfe;
And beſt ſhall ſhe be ſped of any towniſh dame,
Of huſband and of paramour to fynde her chaunge of game.
Theſe wordes and like the nurce did ſpeake, in hope to pleaſe,
But greatly did theſe wicked wordes the ladie's mynde diſeaſe;
But ay ſhe hid her wrath, and ſeemed well-content,
When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes invent.
But when the bryde perceved her howre aproched nere,
She ſought, the beſt ſhe could, to fayne, and temper'd ſo her cheere,
That by her outward looke no living wight could geſſe
Her inward woe; and yet anew renewde is her diſtreſſe.
Unto her chaumber doth the penſive wight repayre,
And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up the ſtayre.
In Juliet's chaumber was her wonted uſe to lye;
Wherefore her miſtres, dreading that ſhe ſhould her work deſcrye,
As ſoone as ſhe began her pallet to unfold,
Thinking to lye that night where ſhe was wont to lye of olde,
Doth gently pray her ſeeke her lodgeing ſomewhere els;
And, leſt the crafty ſhould ſuſpect, a ready reaſon telles.
"Dere frend, quoth ſhe, you knowe, tomorow is the day
Of new contract; wherefore, this night, my purpoſe is to pray
Unto

Unto the heavenly myndes that dwell above the skyes,
And order all the course of thinges as they can best devyse,
That they so smyle upon the doinges of tomorow,
That all the remnant of my lyfe may be exempt from sorow:
Wherefore, I pray you, leave me here alone this night,
But see that you tomorow comme before the dawning light,
For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre;"—
"And easely the loving nurce did yelde to her desyre.
For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute;
She little knew the close attempt her nurce-child went about.
The nurce departed once, the chamber doore shut close,
Assured that no living wight her doing might disclose,
She powred forth into the vyoll of the fryer,
Water, out of a silver ewer, that on the boorde stoode by her.
The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde
Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed:
Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,
And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,
That what before she had resolved undoubtedly
That same she calleth into doute; and lying doutefully
Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,
With handes y-wrong, and weeping eyes, thus gan she to complaine:
"What, is there any one, beneth the heavens hye,
So much unfortunate as I? so much past hope as I?
What, am I not my selfe, of all that yet were borne,
The depest drenched in dispayre, and most in Fortune's skorne?
For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,
Beside mishap and wretchednes and anguish of the mynde;
Since that the cruell cause of my unhapines
Hath put me to this sodayne plonge, and brought to such distres,
As, to the end I may my name and conscience save,
I must devowre the mixed drinke that by me here I have,
Whose working and whose force as yet I do not know.——"
And of this piteous plaint began an other doute to growe:
"What do I know (quoth she) if that this powder shall
Sooner or later then it should or els not woorke at all?
And then my craft descryde as open as the day,
The people's tale and laughing stocke shall I remayne for aye.
And what know I, quoth she, if serpentes odious,
And other beastes and wormes that are of nature venemous,
That wonted are to lurke in darke caves under grounde,
And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men's tombes are found,
Shall harme me, yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded?—
Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been bred,
Endure the loathsome stinke of such an heaped store
Of carcases, not yet consumde, and bones that long before

Intombed were, where I my sleping place shall have,
Where all my ancestors do rest, my kindred's common grave?
Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,
Fynd me, if I awake before, y-stifled in the tombe?"
And whilst she in these thoughts doth dwell somwhat too long,
The force of her ymagining anon did waxe so strong,
That she surmisde she saw, out of the hollow vaulte,
A grisly thing to looke upon, the carkas of Tybalt;
Right in the selfe same sort that she few dayes before
Had seene him in his blood embrewed, to death eke wounded sore.
And then when she agayne within her selfe had wayde
That quicke she should be buried there, and by his side be layde,
All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,
But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked bone;
Her daynty tender partes gan shever all for dred,
Her golden heares did stande upright upon her chillish hed.
Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,
A sweat as colde as mountayne yse pearst through her slender skin,
That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers:
And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainly thus she feares,
A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,
And lest they will dismember her she greatly standes in doute.
But when she felt her strength began to weare away,
By little and little, and in her heart her feare encreased ay,
Dreading that weaknes might, or foolish cowardise,
Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,
As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,
And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten farther thought.
Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,
And so, her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.
And when that Phœbus bright heaved up his seemely hed,
And from the East in open skies his glistring rayes dispred,
The nurce unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,
And douting she had slept to long, she thought to breake her slepe:
Fyrst softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,
"Lady, you slepe to long, the earle will rayse you by and by."
But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,
She thinkes to speak to Juliet, but speaketh to the walles.
If all the dredfull noyse that might on earth be found,
Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunder's sound,
Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not make
The sleping wight before the time by any meanes awake;
So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald;
Wherewith the seely carefull nurce was wondrously apalde.

She

She thought to daw her now as ſhe had donne of olde,
But loe, ſhe found her parts were ſtiffe and more than marble colde;
Neither at mouth nor noſe found ſhe recourſe of breth;
Two certaine argumentes were theſe of her untimely death.
Wherefore as one diſtraught ſhe to her mother ranne,
With ſcratched face, and heare betorne, but no word ſpeake ſhe can.
At laſt with much adoe, "Dead (quoth ſhe) is my childe;"
Now, "Out alas," the mother cryde;—and as a tyger wilde,
Whoſe whelpes, whilſt ſhe is gonne out of her den to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game doth kill or cary away;
So raging forth ſhe ran unto her Juliet's bed,
And there ſhe found her derling and her onely comfort ded.
Then ſhriked ſhe out as lowde as ſerve her would her breth,
And then, that pity was to heare, thus cryde ſhe out on death:
"Ah cruell death (quoth ſhe) that thus againſt all right,
Haſt ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worſt to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,
Even in deſpite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou fall.
Wherto ſtay I, alas! ſince Juliet is gonne?
Wherto live I ſince ſhe is dead, except to wayle and mone.
Alacke, dere chylde, my teares for thee ſhall never ceaſe;
Even as my dayes of lyfe increaſe, ſo ſhall my plaint increaſe:
Such ſtore of ſorow ſhall afflict my tender hart,
That deadly panges, when they aſſayle, ſhall not augment my ſmart."
Then gan ſhe ſo to ſobbe, it ſeemde her hart would braſt;
And while ſhe cryeth thus, behold, the father at the laſt,
The County Paris, and of gentlemen a route,
And ladies of Verona towne and country round about,
Both kindreds and alies thether apace have preaſt,
For by theyr preſence there they ſought to honor ſo the feaſt;
But when the heavy newes the byden geaſtes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who had ſeene theyr count'nance and theyr cheere,
Might eaſely have judgde by that that they had ſeene,
That day the day of wrath and eke of pity to have beene.
But more then all the reſt the father's hart was ſo
Smit with the heavy newes, and ſo ſhut up with ſodayn woe,
That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to ſpeake, but long is forſd his teares and plaint to kepe.
In all the haſt he hath for ſkilfull leaches ſent;
And, hearing of her paſſed life, they judge with one aſſent
The cauſe of this her death was inward care and thought;
And then with double force againe the doubled ſorowes wrought.
If ever there hath been a lamentable day,
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate and fatall, then I ſay,

The

The ſame was it in which through Veron town was ſpred
The wofull newes how Juliet was ſterved in her bed.
For ſo ſhe was bemonde both of the young and olde,
That it might ſeeme to him that would the common plaint behold,
That all the common welth did ſtand in jeopardy;
So univerſal was the plaint, ſo piteous was the cryе.
For lo, beſide her ſhape and native bewtie's hewe,
With which, like as ſhe grew in age, her vertue's prayſes grew,
She was alſo ſo wiſe, ſo lowly, and ſo mylde,
That, even from the hory head unto the witles chylde,
She wan the hartes of all, ſo that there was not one,
Ne great, ne ſmall, but did that day her wretched ſtate bemone.
Whilſt Juliet ſlept, and whilſt the other wepen thus,
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this ſent one to Romeus,
A frier of his houſe, (there never was a better,
He truſted him even as himſelfe) to whom he gave a letter,
In which he written had of every thing at length,
That paſt 'twixt Juliet and him, and of the powder's ſtrength;
The next night after that, he willeth him to comme
To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,
For by that time, the drinke, he ſaith, will ceaſe to woorke,
And for one night his wife and he within his cell ſhall loorke;
Then ſhall he cary her to Mantua away,
(Till fickell Fortune favour him,) diſguyſde in man's aray.
This letter cloſde he ſendes to Romeus by his brother;
He chargeth him that in no caſe he geve it any other.
Apace our frier John to Mantua him hyes;
And, for becauſe in Italy it is a wonted gyſe
That friers in the towne ſhould ſeeldome walke alone,
But of theyr covent aye ſhould be accompanide with one,
Of his profeſſion ſtraight a houſe he fyndeth out,
In mynde to take ſome fryer with him, to walke the towne about:
But entred once, he might not iſſue out agayne,
For that a brother of the houſe a day before or twayne
Dyed of the plague, a ſicknes which they greatly feare and hate:
So were the brethren charged to kepe within their covent gate,
Bard of theyr fellowſhip that in the towne do wonne;
The towne folke eke commaunded are the fryers' houſe to ſhonne,
Till they that had the care of health theyr fredome ſhould renew;
Whereof, as you ſhall ſhortly heare, a miſcheefe great there grewe.
The fryer by this reſtraint, beſet with dred and ſorow,
Not knowing what the letters held, differed untill the morowe;
And then he thought in time to ſend to Romeus.
But whilſt at Mantua, where he was, theſe doinges framed thus,

The

The towne of Juliet's byrth was wholy busied
About her obsequies, to see theyr darling buried.
Now is the parentes' myrth quite chaunged into mone,
And now to sorow is retornde the joy of every one;
And now the wedding weades for mourning weades they chaunge,
And Hymene into a dyrge; —alas! it seemeth straunge.
Insteade of mariage gloves, now funerall gownes they have,
And whom they should see married, they follow to the grave.
The feast that should have been of pleasure and of joy,
Hath every dish and cup fild full of sorow and annoye.
Now throughout Italy this common use they have,
That all the best of every stocke are earthed in one grave;
For every houshold, if it be of any fame,
Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the housholde's name;
Wherein, if any of that kyndred hap to dye,
They are bestowde; els in the same no other corps may lye.
The Capilets her corps in such a one did lay,
Where Tybalt slaine of Romeus was layde the other day.
An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,
Borne to their church with open face upon the beere he lyes,
In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheet.
So, as by chaunce he walked abrode, our Romeus' man did meete
His master's wife; the sight with sorow straight did wounde
His honest heart; with teares he saw her lodged under ground.
And, for he had been sent to Verone for a spye,
The doinges of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,
And, for he knew her death dyd tooch his maister most,
Alas! too soone, with heavy newes, he hyed away in post;
And in his house he found his maister Romeus,
Where he, besprent with many teares, began to speake him thus:
"Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,
That sure, except with constancy you seeke yourselfe to arme,
I feare that straight you will breathe out your latter breath,
And I, most wretched wight, shall be thoccasion of your death.
Know syr, that yesterday, my lady and your wife,
I wot not by what sodain greefe, hath made exchaunge of life;
And for because on earth she found nought but unrest,
In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet rest;
And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her layde
Within the tombe of Capilets:"—and herewithall he stayde.
This sodayne message' sounde, sent forth with sighes and teares,
Our Romeus receaved too soone with open listening eares;
And therby hath sonke such sorow in his hart,
That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and with smart,
Was like to break out of his prison-house perforce,
And that he might flye after hers, would leave the massy corce:

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But earnest love that will not fayle him till his ende,
This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd sende;
That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,
That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious were his death:
Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be eased,
And more also, he vainely thought, his lady better pleased.
Wherefore when he his face hath washt with water cleane,
Lest that the staynes of dryed teares might on his cheekes be seene,
And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,
Which he with all his care did seeke from every one to hyde,
Straight, wery of the house, he walketh forth abrode;
His servant, at the master's hest, in chaumber still abode:
And then fro streate to streate he wandreth up and downe,
To see if he in any place may fynde, in all the towne,
A salve meet for his sore, an oyle fit for his wounde;
And seeking long, alac too soone! the thing he sought, he founde.
An apothecary sate unbusied at his doore,
Whom by his heavy countenaunce he gessed to be poore.
And in his shop he saw his boxes were but few,
And in his window of his wares there was so small a shew;
Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
What by no frendship could be got, with money should be bought;
For nedy lacke is like the poor man to compell
To sell that which the citie's lawe forbiddeth him to sell.
Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,
And with the sight of glittring gold inflamed hath his hart:
"Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them thee,
So that, before I part from hence, thou straight deliver me
Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe an howre
Kill him whose wretched hap shall be the potion to devowre."
The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent
To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late, he doth repent.
In haste he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,
And then began with whispering voyce thus in his eare to rounde:
"Fayre syr, quoth he, be sure this is the speding gere,
And more there is than you shall nede; for halfe of that is there
Will serve, I undertake, in lesse than half an howre
To kill the strongest man alive; such is the poyson's power."
Then Romeus, somwhat easd of one part of his care,
Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.
Retoorning home agayne, he sent his man away,
To Verone towne, and chargeth him that he, without delay,
Provyde both instruments to open wide the toombe,
And lightes to shew him Juliet; and stay, till he shall comme,
Nere to the place whereas his loving wife doth rest,
And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his brest.

Peter,

Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his master take;
Betimes he commes to towne, such hast the painfull man dyd make:
And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill,
But doth disclose unto no wight his wofull master's will.
Would God, he had herein broken his master's hest!
Would God, that to the frier he had disclosed all his brest!
But Romeus the while with many a dedly thought
Provoked much, hath caused inke and paper to be brought,
And in few lines he did of all his love dyscoorse,
How by the frier's helpe, and by the knowledge of the noorse,
The wedlocke knot was knit, and by what meane that night
And many moe he did enjoy his happy hart's delight;
Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should ende;
And so his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath pend.
The letters clold and seald, directed to his syre,
He locketh in his purse, and then a post-hors doth he hyre.
When he approched nere, he warely lighted downe,
And even with the shade of night he entred Verone towne;
Where he hath found his man, wayting when he should comme,
With lanterne, and with instruments to open Juliet's toomme.
Helpe Peter, helpe, quod he, helpe to remove the stone,
And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to bemone,
See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death
I charge thee that thou comme not nere while I abyde beneath
Ne seeke thou not to let thy master's enterprise,
Which he hath fully purposed to doe, in any wise.
Take there a letter, which as soone as he shall ryse,
Present it in the morning to my loving father's eyes;
Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,
Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.
Now Peter, that knew not the purpose of his hart,
Obediently a little way withdrewe himselfe apart;
And then our Romeus, the vault stone set up upright,
Descended downe, and in his hand he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye the body of his wyfe
He gan behold, who surely was the organ of his lyfe;
For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyst;
He watred her with teares, and then a hundred times her kyst;
And in his folded armes full straightly he her plight,
But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight:
His fearfull handes he layde upon her stomach colde,
And them on divers parts besyde the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,
Out of his cursed box he drewe the poyson that he bought;
Whereof he gredely devowrde the greater part,
And then he cryde, with dedly sigh fetcht from his mourning hart—

"Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,
From which, for worlde's unworthines thy worthy gost did passe,
What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde
Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy frendly syde?
Or els so glorious tombe how could my youth have craved,
As in one selfe same vaulte with thee haply to be ingraved?
What epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,
To consecrate my memorye, could any man invent,
As this our mutual and our piteous sacrifice
Of lyfe, set light for love?"—but while he talketh in this wise,
And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,
His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venom's force;
Which little and little gan to overcomme his hart,
And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every part,
He saw, hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,
Bold Tybalt's carkas dead, which was not all consumed yet.
To whom, as having life, in this sort speaketh he:
"Ah cosin dere, Tybalt, where so thy restles sprite now be,
With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe not quenched be thine yre,
But with revenging lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre,
What more amendes, or cruell wreake desyrest thou
To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to thee now?
Who rest by force of armes from thee thy loving breath,
The same with his owne hand, thou seest, doth poyson himselfe
to death.
And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,
Too soone also, yonger then thou, himselfe he layeth by."
These sayd, when he gan feele the poyson's force prevayle,
And little and little mastred lyfe for aye began to sayle,
Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe—
"Lord Christ, that so to raunsome me descendedst long agoe
Out of thy father's bosome, and in the virgin's wombe
Didst put on fleshe, oh let my plaint out of this hollow toombe,
Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may favour finde;
Take pity on my sinneful and my poore affected mynde!
For well enough I know, this body is but clay,
Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to decay."
Then pressed with extreme greefe he threw with so great force
His overpressed parts upon his ladie's wayled corps,
That now his weakened hart, weakened with tormentes past,
Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last,
Remayned quite deprived of sense and kindly strength,
And so the long imprisond soule hath freedome wonne at length.
Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this devorce,
Twixt youthfull Romeus' heavenly sprite, and his fayre earthy
corse.

The

The fryer that knew what time the powder had been taken,
Knew eke the very instant when the sleper should awaken;
But wondring that he could no kinde of aunswer heare,
Of letters which to Romeus his fellow fryer did beare,
Out of Sainct Frauncis' church hymselfe alone dyd fare,
And for the opening of the tombe meete instrumentes he bare.
Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the light,
Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and sodaine sight;
Till Peter, Romeus' man, his coward hart made bolde,
When of his master's being there the certain newes he tolde:
"There hath he been, quoth he, this halfe howre at the least,
And in this time, I dare well say, his plaint hath still increast."
Then both they entered in, where they alas! dyd fynde
The bretheles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the mynde;
Where they have made such mone, as they may best conceve,
That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend feerce death dyd reve.
But whilst with piteous playnt they Romeus fate bewepe,
An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe *;

And

* In the original Italian Novel Juliet awakes from her trance before the death of Romeo. Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from it, and losing so happy an opportunity of introducing an affecting scene. He was misled, we see, by the piece now before us. The curious reader may perhaps not be displeased to compare the conclusion of this celebrated story as it stands in the *Giulietta* of Luigi da Porto, with the present poem It is as follows:

"A questo ultimo pensiero sì gli fu la fortuna favorevole, che la sera del dì seguente, che la donna era stata seppellita, in Verona, senza esser da persona conosciuto, entrò, e aspettava la notte; e gia sentendo ogni parte di silenzio piena, al luogo de' frati Minori, ove l'arca era, si ridusse. Era questa Chiesa nella Citadella, ove questi frati in quel tempo [illegible] avvegnacchè dipoi', non sò come, lasciandola, venissero a stare nel borgo di S. Zeno, nel luogo, che ora santo Bernardino si noma, pure fu ella dal proprio santo Francesco già abitata: presso le mura della quale, dal canto di fuori, erano allora luoghi fuori delle chiese veggiamo: uno de' quali antica sepoltura de' tutti e Cappelletti era, e nel quale la bella giovane si stava. A questo accostatosi Romeo, (che forse verso le quattro ore esser poteva) e come uomo di gran nerbo, che egli era, per forza il coperchio levatogli, e con certi legni che seco portati aveva, in modo puntellato avendolo, che contra sua voglia chiuder non si poteva, dentro vi entrò, e lo richiuse. Aveva seco il sventurato giovane recato una lume orba, per la sua donna alquanto vedere; la quale, rinchiuso nell' arca, di subito tirò fuori e aperse. Et ivi la sua bella Giulietta tra ossa e stracci di molti morti, come morta vide giacere. Onde immantinente forte piagnendo, così comminciò: O occhi, che agli occhi miei foste, mentre al cielo piacque, chiare luci! O bocca, da me mille volte sì dolcemente basciata, e dalla quale così saggie parole si udivano! O bel petto che il mio cuore in tanta letizia albergasti! ove

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And much amasde to see in tombe so great a sight,
She wist not if she saw a dreame, or sprite that walkd by night.
But cumming to her selfe she knew them, and said thus:
"What, fryer Lawrence, is it you? where is my Romeus?"
And then the auncient frier, that greatly stood in feare
Lest if they lingred over long they should be taken theare,

In

io ora ciechi, muti, e freddi vi retrovo? Come senza voi veggo, parlo, o vivo? O misera mia donna, ove sei d' Amore condotta? il quale vuole che poco spazio due tristi amanti e spenga e alberghi? Oime! questo non mi promise la speranza, e quel desio, che del tuo amore primieramente mi accesero. O sventurata mia vita, a che ti reggi? E così dicendo, gli occhi, la bocca, e l petto le basciava, ogni ora in maggio pianto abbondando, nel qual diceva: O mura, che sopra mi state, perchè, addosso cadendomi, non fate ancor piu brieve la mia vita? Ma perciocche la morte in libertà di ogn' uno esser si vede, vilissima cosa per certo è desiderarla e non prenderla. E così l'ampolla, che con l'acqua velenosissima nella manica aveva, tirata fuori, parlando seguì: Io non so qual destino sopra miei nimici e da me morti, nel lor sepolchro a morire mi conduca; ma poichè cosi è, o anima mia, presso alla donna nostra così giova il morire, ora moriamo: e postasi a bocca la cruda acqua nel suo petto tutta la ricevette. Dapoi presa l amata giovane, nelle braccia forte stringendola, diceva: O bel corpo ultimo termine di ogni mio desio, se alcun sentimento dopo il partir dell' anima ti è restato, o se ella il mio crudo morir vede, priego che non le dispiaccia, che non avendo io teco potuto lieto e palese vivere, almen secreto e mesto teco mi muoja. e molto stretto tenendola, la morte aspettava.

Gia era giunta l'ora, che il calor della giovane la fredda e potente virtu de la polvere dovesse avere estinta, e ella svegliarsi; perchè stretta e dimenata da Romeo, nelle sue braccia si destò, e risentitasi, dopo un gran sospiro, disse: Oimè, ove sono? chi mi stringe? misera me! chi mi bascia? e credendo che questi frate Lorenzo fusse, gridò: A questo modo, frate, serbate la fede a Romeo? a questo modo a lui mi condurrete sicura?—Romeo la donna viva sentendo, forte si maravigliò, e forse di Pigmalion ricordandosi, disse. Non mi conoscete, o dolce donna mia? Non vedete che io il tristo vostro sposo sono, per morire appo voi, da Mantova quì solo e secreto venuto? La Giulietta nel monumento vedendosi, e in braccio ad uno che diceva essere Romeo sentendosi, quasi fuori di sè stessa era, et da sè alquanto sospintolo, e nel viso guatatolo, e subito riconosciutolo, abbracciandolo, mille basci gli donò, e disse—Qual schiochezza vi fece quà entro, e con tanto pericolo, entrare? Non vi bastava per le mie lettere avere inteso, come io mi dovea, con lo aiuto di frate Lorenzo, finger morta, e che di breve sarei stata con voi? Allora il tristo giovane, accorto del suo gran fallo, incominciò: Oh misera la mia sorte, oh sfortunato Romeo, oh vieppiù di tutti gli altri amanti dolorosissimo! io di ciò vostre lettere non ebbi: e quivi le raccontò, come Pietro la sua non vera morte per vera gli disse; onde credendola morta, aveva, per farle morendo compagnia,

ivi

In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde, he tolde,
And with his fingar shewd his corps out-stretched, stiffe, and
colde ;
And then persuaded her with pacience to abyde
This sodain great mischaunce ; and sayth, that he will soone pro-
vyde
In some religious house for her a quiet place,
Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in time perc ise
She

ivi presso lei tolto il veleno · il quale, come acutissimo, sentiva che per tutte le membra la morte gli cominciava mandare.

La sventurata fanciulla questo udendo, sì dal dolore vinta restò, che altro che le belle sue chiome, e l'innocente petto batterfi e stracciarsi fare non sapeva : e a Romeo, che già resupino giacea, basciandolo spesso, un mare delle sue lagrime gli spargea sopra ; e essendo più pallida che la cenere divenuta, tutta tremante, disse— Dunque nella mia presenza e per mia cagione dovete, signor mio, morire ? E il Cielo concederà, che dopo voi (benchè poco) io viva ? Misera me ! almeno a voi la mia vita potessi io donare, e sola morire.

Al la quale il giovine con voce languida rispose—Se la mia fede e'l mio amore mai caro vi fu, viva speme mia, per quello vi priego, che dopo me non vi spiaccia la vita, se non per altra cagione, almen per poter pensare di colui, che del vostro amore preso, per voi, dinanzi a bei vostri occhi, si muore. A questo rispose la donna—Se voi per la mia finta morte morite, che debbo io per la vostra non finta fare ? Dogliomi solo, che io qui ora dinanzi a voi non abbia il modo di morire, e a me stessa, perciocchè tanto vivo, odio porto ; ma io spero bene che non passerà molto, sì come stata sono cagione, così sarò della vostra morte compagna :—e con fatica, queste parole finite, tramortita si cadde : e risentitasi, andava miseramente con la bella bocca gli estremi spirti del suo caro amante raccogliendo ; il qual verso il suo fine a gran passo caminava.

In questo tempo avea frate Lorenzo inteso, come e quando la giovane la polvere bevuta avesse, et che per morta era stata seppellita : e sapendo il termine esser giunto, nel quale le detta polvere la sua virtù finiva, preso un suo fidato compagno, forse un' ora innanzi al giorno all' arca venne. Alla qual giungendo e ella piagnere e dolersi udendo, per la fessura del coperchio mirando, e un lume dentro vedendovi, maravigliatosi forte, pensò che la giovane, a qualche guisa, la lucerna con essa lei ivi entro portata avesse, e che svegliata, per tema di alcun morto, o forse di non star sempre in quel luogo inchiusa, si rammaricasse, e piagnesse in tal modo. E con l'aita del compagno prestamente aperta la sepoltura, vide Giulietta, la quale, tutta scapigliata e dolente, s'era in sedere levata, et il quasi morto amante nel suo grembo recato s'avea ; alla quale egli disse : Dunque temevi, figliuola mia, che io qui dentro ti lasciasci morire ? E ella il frate vedendo, e il pianto raddoppiando, rispose— Anzi temo io, che voi con la vita me ne traggiate. Deh, per la pietà di Dio, reserrate il sepolchro, e andatevene, in guisa che io qui mi muoja : ovvero porgetemi un coltello, che io nel mio petto ferendo, di doglia mi tragga. Oh padre mio, oh padre mio, ben mandaste la

Z 3 lettera !

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ROM. AND JULIET.

She may with wisdome's meane measure her mourning brest,
And unto her tormented soule call back exiled rest.
But loe, as soon as she had cast her ruthfull eye
On Romeus' face, that pale and wan fast by her side dyd lye,
Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,
And out they gushe;—with cruell hand she tare her golden heares.
But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,
Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sickenes' furious rage,
Falne on his corps she lay long panting on his face,
And then with all her force and strength the ded corps did embrace,

lettera! Ben sarò io maritata! Ben me guidarete a Romeo. Vedetelo quì nel mio grembo gia morto. E raccontandogli tutto il fatto, glielo mostro. Frate Lorenzo queste cose udendo, come insensato si stava; e mirando il giovine, il qual per passare di questa all' altra vita era, forte piagnendo, lo chiamò, dicendo: O Romeo, qual sciagura mi t'ha tolto? parlami alquanto: drizza a me un poco gli occhi tuoi? O Romeo, vedi la tua carissima Giulietta, che ti prega che la miri; perchè non respondi almeno a lei, nel cui bel grembo ti giaci? Romeo al caro nome della sua donna, alzò alquanto gli languidi occhi dalla vicina morte gravati, e vedutala, gli richiuse. e poco dipoi per le sue membra la morte discorrendo, tutto torcendosi, fatto un brieve sospiro, si mori."

Morto nella guisa che divisato vi ho il misero amante, dopo molto pianto, già vicinandosi il giorno, disse il frate alla giovane—E tu Giulietta, che farai? la qual tostamente rispose—morrommi quì entro. Come, figliuola, disse egli, non dire questo; esci fuori, che quantunque non sappia che di te farmi, pur non ti mancherà il rinchiuderti in qualche santo monistero, et ivi pregar sempre Dio per te e per lo morto tuo sposo, se bisogno ne ha. Al qual disse la donna: "Padre, altro non vi domando io che questa grazia, la quale per lo amor che voi alla felice memoria de costui portaste, (e mostrogli Romeo) mi farete volentieri, e questo fie, di non far mai palese la nostra morte: acciocche gli nostri corpi possano insieme sempre in questo sepolchro stare; et se per caso il morir nostro si risapesse, per lo già detto amore, vi priego che i nostri miseri padri, in nome di ambo noi, vogliate pregare, che quelli, i quali Amore in uno stesso fuoco arse, e ad una istessa morte condusse, non sia loro grave in uno istesso sepolchro lasciare. E voltatasi al giacente corpo di Romeo, il cui capo sopra uno origliere, che con lei nell' arca era stato lasciata, posto aveva, gli occhi meglio rinchiusi avendogli, e di lagrime il freddo volto bagnandogli, disse—Che debbo io senza te in vita più fare, Signor mio? E che altro mi resta verso te, se non con la mia morte seguirti? niente altro certo: acciocchè da te, dal quale la morte solo mi poteva separare, la istessa morte separare non mi possa. E detto questo, la sua gran sciagura nell' animo recatasi, e la perdita del caro amante ricordandosi, deliberando di più non vivere, racoolto a sè il fiato, e per bono spazio tenutolo, e poscia con un gran grido fuori mandando, sopra il morto corpo morta ricadde."

As

As though with sighes, with sobs, with force, and busy payne,
She would him rayse, and him restore from death to lyfe agayne.
A thousand times she kist his mouth, as cold as stone,
And it unkist agaıne as oft, then gan she thus to mone:
" Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughts, ah onely grounde
Of all the sweete delightes that yet in all my lyfe I founde,
Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,
That in this place and at this time, thy church-yard thou hast chose,
Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving make,
And thus by meanes of me to ende thy life, and for my sake?
Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee
Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) and pleasant ought to bee,
How could this tender corps withstand the cruell fight
Of furious death, that wonts to fray the stoutest with his sight?
How could thy dainty youth agree with willing hart
In this so fowle infected place to dwell, where now thou art?
Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to bee
The dainty foode of greedy wormes, unworthy sure of thee.
Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew
My wonted sorowes, doubled twise, againe thus to renewe;
Which both the time and eke my patient long abode
Should now at length have quenched quite, and under foote have trode?
Ah wretch and caytive that I am, even when I thought
To fynd my painfull passion's salve, I myst the thing I sought;
And to my mortall harme the fatal knife I grounde,
That gave to me so depe, so wide, so cruell dedly wounde.
Ah thou, most fortunate and most unhappy tombe!
For thou shalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time to comme
Of the most perfect leage betwixt a payre of lovers,
That were the most unfortunate and fortunate of others;
Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,
Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death ay wrang."
And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,
The fryer and the servant fled, and left her there alone;
For they a sodayne noyse fast by the place did heare,
And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stoode in feare.
When Juliet saw her selfe left in the vaulte alone,
That freely she might woorke her will, for let or stay was none,
Then once for all she tooke the cause of all her harmes,
The body dead of Romeus, and clasped it in her armes;
Then she with earnest kisse sufficiently did prove,
That more then by the feare of death, she was attaint by love;
And then, past deadly feare, (for lyfe ne had she care)
With hasty hand she did draw out the dagger that he ware.
O welcome death, quoth she, end of unhappines,
That also art begginning of assured happines,

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Feare not to dart me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,
Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye;
For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,
At ease, shall finde my Romeus' sprite emong so many ded.
And thou my loving lord, Romeus, my trusty feere,
If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes dost heer,
Receve thou her, whom thou didst love so lawfully,
That causd alas! thy violent death, although unwillingly;
And therefore willingly offers to thee her gost,
To thend that no wight els but thou might have just cause to boste
Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reserved
Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well deserved:
That so our parted sprites from light that we see here,
In place of endlesse light and blisse may ever live y-fere."

These said, her ruthlesse hand through gyrt her valiant hart:
Ah, ladies, helpe with teares to wayle the ladie's dedly smart!
She grones, she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,
And from her corps the sprite doth flye;—what should I say? she dyes.
The watchmen of the towne the whilst are passed by,
And through the grates the candle light within the tombe they spye;
Whereby they did suppose inchaunters to be comme,
That with prepared instruments had opend wide the tombe,
In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded,
Which, by theyr science' ayde abusde, do stand them oft in sted.
Theyr curious harts desyre the truth hereof to know;
Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do fynd below,
In clasped armes y-wrapt the husband and the wyfe,
In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe.
But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,
The certainty of both theyr deathes assuredly they knew:
Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,
That at the length hidden they found the murtherers;—so they thought.
In dungeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde;
The next day do they tell the prince the mischiefe that they found.

The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyspred,
Both of the taking of the fryer, and of the two found ded.
Thether you might have seene whole housholds forth to ronne,
For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder straunge was donne,
The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong, the olde,
With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they beholde.

And

And that the murtherers to all men might be knowne,
(Like as the murder's brute abrode through all the towne was
blowne)
The prince did straight ordaine, the corses that wer founde
Should be set forth upon a stage hye raysed from the grounde,
Right in the selfe same fourme, shewde forth to all mens sight,
That in the hollow valt they had been found that other night;
And eke that Romeus' man and fryer Lawrence should
Be openly examined; for els the people would
Have murmured, or faynd there were some waighty cause
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by lawes.
The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,
In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,
(A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes with great fast-falling
teares:
Whom straight the dredfull judge commaundeth to declare
Both, how this murther hath been donne, and who the murtherers
are;
For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,
And had with him those yron tooles for such a purpose fitte.
The frier was of lively sprite and free of speche,
The judge's woords appald him not, ne were his wittes to seeche.
But with advised heed a while fyrst did he stay,
And then with bold assured voyce aloud thus gan he say:
"My lordes, there is not one emong you, set togyther,
So that, affection set aside, by wisdome he consider
My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,
And eke this heavy sight, the wreke of frantike Fortune's rage,
But that, amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,
So great, so sodainly befalne, unlooked for, and straunge.
For I that in the space of sixty yeres and tenne,
Since fyrst I did begin, to soone, to lead my lyfe with men,
And with the worlde's vaine thinges myselfe I did acquaint,
Was never yet, in open place, at any time attaynt
Wi[illegible], in weight as heavy as a rushe,
Ne is there any stander by can make me gylty blushe;
Although before the face of God I doe confesse
Myselfe to be the sinfulst wretch of all this mighty presse.
When re[illegible]t I am and likeliest to make
My great accompt, which no man els for me shall undertake;
When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every houre,
Tappeare before [illegible] seate of everlasting powre,
And falling [illegible] I steppe upon my grave's brinke,
Even then, am I, most wretched wight, as eche of you doth thinke,
Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong sway throwne
downe,
In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne.

The

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The ſpring, whence in your head this new conceite doth ryſe,
(And in your hart increaſeth ſtill your vayne and wrong ſurmiſe)
May be the hugenes of theſe teares of myne, percaſe,
That ſo abundantly downe fall by eyther ſyde my face;
As though the memory in ſcriptures were not kept
That Chriſt our Saviour himſelfe for ruth and pitie wept:
And more, who ſo will reade, y-written ſhall he fynde,
That teares are as true meſſengers of man's ungylty mynde.
Or els, a liker proofe that I am in the cryme,
You ſay theſe preſent yrons are, and the ſuſpected time:
As though all howres alike had not been made above!
Did Chriſt not ſay, the day had twelve? wherby he ſought to prove,
That no reſpect of howres ought juſtly to be had,
But at all times men have the choyce of doing good or bad;
Even as the ſprite of God the harts of men doth guyde,
Or as it leaveth them to ſtray from vertue's path aſyde.
As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,
As now I deeme, I nede not ſeeke to make ye underſtand
To what uſe yron firſt was made, when it began;
How of it ſelfe it helpeth not, ne yet can hurt a man.
The thing that hurteth is the malice of his will,
That ſuch indifferent thinges is wont to uſe and order yll.
Thus much I thought to ſay, to cauſe you ſo to know,
That neither theſe my piteous teares, though nere ſo faſt they flowe,
Ne yet theſe yron tooles, nor the ſuſpected time,
Can juſtly prove the murther donne, or damne me of the cryme:
No one of theſe hath powre, ne power have all the three,
To make me other than I am, how ſo I ſeeme to be.
But ſure my conſcience, if I ſo gylt deſerve,
For an appeacher, witneſſe, and a hangman, eke ſhould ſerve;
For through mine age, whoſe heares of long time ſince were hore,
And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time tofore,
And eke the ſojorne ſhort that I on earth muſt make,
That every day and howre do loke my journey hence to take,
My conſcience inwardly ſhould more torment me thriſe,
Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could devyſe.
But God I prayſe, I feele no worme that gnaweth me,
And from remorſes pricking ſting I joy that I am free:
I meane, as touching this, wherewith you troubled are,
Wherewith you ſhould be troubled ſtill, if I my ſpeche ſhould ſpare.
But to the end I may ſet all your hartes at reſt,
And pluck out all the ſcruples that are rooted in your breſt,
Which might perhappes henceforth increaſing more and more,
Within your conſcience alſo increaſe your cureleſſe ſore,
I ſweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,
(And for a witnes of my wordes my hart atteſteth him,

Whoſe

Whose mighty hand doth welde them in theyr violent sway,
And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth stay)
That I will make a short and eke a true dyscourse
Of this most wofull tragedy, and shew both thend and sourse
Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no lesse
Will wonder at then they alas! poore lovers in distresse,
Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,
With strong and patient hart dyd yelde them selfe to cruell death:
Such was the mutuall love wherein they burned both,
And of their promyst frendshippe's fayth so stedy was the troth."
And then the auncient fryer began to make discourse,
Even from the first, of Romeus' and Juliet's amours;
How first by sodayn sight the one the other chose,
And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte which onely death might lose;
And how, within a while, with hotter love opprest,
Under confession's cloke, to him themselfe they have addrest,
And how with solemne othes they have protested both,
That they in hart are maried by promise and by othe;
And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,
They shal be forst by earnest love in sinneful state to live:
Which thing when he had wayde, and when he understoode
That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull, honest, good,
And all thinges peysed well, it seemed meet to bee
(For lyke they were of noblenesse, age, riches, and degree);
Hoping that so at length ended might be the stryte
Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hate theyr lyfe,
Thinking to worke a worke well-pleasing in God's sight,
In secret shrift he wedded them; and they the selfe same night
Made up the mariage in house of Capilet,
As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurce of Juliet.
He told how Romeus fled for reving Tybalt's lyfe,
And how, the whilst, Paris the earle was offred to his wife;
And how the lady dyd so great a wrong dysdayne,
And how to shrift unto his church she came to him agayne;
And how she fell flat downe before his feet aground,
And how she sware, her hand and bloody knife should wound
Her harmles hart, except that he some meane dyd fynde
To dysappoynt the earles attempt; and spotles save her mynde.
Wherefore he doth conclude, although that long before
By thought of death and age he had refusde for evermore
The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,
Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward ruth,
And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge,
His closed conscience he had opened and set at large;
And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme
His soule to be spotted somdeale with small and easy cryme,
Then

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Then that the lady should, wery of livyng breath,
Murther her selfe, and daunger much her seely soule by death:
Wherefore his auncient artes agayne he puts in ure;
A certaine powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,
That they her held for dead; and how that fryer John
With letters sent to Romeus to Mantua is gone;
Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is become;
And how that dead he found his frend within her kindred's tombe.
He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the yong man sterved,
Supposing Juliet dead; and how that Juliet hath carved
With Romeus dagger drawne her hart, and yelded breath,
Desyrous to accompany her lover after death;
And how they could not save her, so they were afeard,
And hidde themselfe, dreading the noyse of watchmen, that they heard.
And for the proofe of this his tale, he doth desyer
The judge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer,
To learne his cause of stay, and eke to read his letter;
And, more beside, to thend that they might judge his cause the better,
He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet,
And Romeus' man, whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.
Then Peter, not so much, as erst he was, dismayd:
My lordes, quoth he, too true is all that fryer Laurence sayd.
And when my maister went into my mystres' grave,
This letter that I offer you, unto me he gave,
Which he him selfe dyd write, as I do understand,
And charged me to offer them unto his father's hand.
The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same
That erst the skilfull fryer said; and eke the wretche's name
That had at his request the dedly poyson sold,
The price of it, and why he bought his letters playne have tolde.
The case unfolded so and open now it lyes,
That they could wish no better proofe, save seeing it with theyr eyes:
So orderly all thinges were tolde, and tryed out,
That in the prease there was not one that stoode at all in doute.
The wyser sort, to counsell called by Escalus,
Have geven advice, and Escalus sagely decreeth thus:
The nurse of Juliet is banisht in her age,
Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the mariage,
Which might have wrought much good had it in time been knowne,
Where now by her concealing it a mischeefe great is growne;
And Peter, for he dyd obey his master's hest,
In woonted freedome had good leave to leade his lyfe in rest:
Thapothecary high is hanged by the throte,
And, for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman had his cote.

But

But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded syre,
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde, that good barefooted fryre?
Because that many times he woorthily did serve
The common welth, and in his lyfe was never found to swerve,
He was discharged quyte, and no mark of defame
Did seeme to blot or touch at all the honor of his name.
But of himselfe he went into an hermitage,
Two miles from Veron towne, where he in prayers past forth his
age;
Till that from earth to heaven his heavenly sprite dyd flye:
Fyve yeres he lived an hermite, and an hermite dyd he dye.
The straungenes of the chaunce, when tryed was the truth,
The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,
That with their emptyed teares theyr choler and theyr rage
Has emptied quite; and they, whose wrath no wisdom could as-
swage,
Nor thretning of the prince, ne mynde of murthers donne,
At length, (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are wonne.
And lest that length of time might from our myndes remove
The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved love,
Their bodies dead, removed from vaulte where they did dye,
In [illegible] tombe, on pillars great of marble, rayse they hye.
On every syde above were set, and eke beneath,
Great store of cunning epitaphes, in honor of theyr death.
And even at this day the tombe is to be seene;
So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,
There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
Then is the tombe of Juliet and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Fleete Strete within Temble barre at the signe of the hand and starre, by Richard Tottill the xix day of November. An. do. 1562.

HAM-

HAMLET.

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178. *Disasters* veil'd *the sun*——] Shakspeare, I believe, wrote:

Disasters *dimm'd* the sun——

So, in *The Tempest*:

"——I have be-*dimm'd*
"The noon-tide *sun*——"

Again, in *K. Richard II.*:

"As doth the blushing discontented *sun*—
"When he perceives the envious clouds are bent,
"To *dim* his glory."

Again, in our author's 18th *Sonnet*:

"Sometime too hot *the eye of heaven* shines,
"And often is his gold complexion *dimm'd*——."

The old copy has——*in* the sun. I believe, the transcriber's ear deceived him in this instance, as in many others.
MALONE.

186. *A little more than kin and less than kind.*] After Steevens's note.—Hamlet does not, I think, mean to say, that *his uncle* is a little more than kin &c. The king had called the prince—" My cousin Hamlet, and my son."—His reply, therefore, is—" I am a little more than thy kinsman, [for I am thy step-son;] and somewhat less than kind to thee, [for I hate thee, as being the person who has entered into an incestuous marriage with my mother.] Or, if we understand *kind* in its ancient sense, then the meaning will be—*I am more than thy kinsman, for I am thy step-son*; being such, *I am less near to thee than thy natural offspring*, and therefore not entitled to the appellation of *son*, which you have now given me. MALONE.

189. After note [5].] I agree with Mr Steevens, that the crown of Denmark (as in most of the Gothick kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary; though it might be customary, in elections, to pay some attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary succession. Why then do the rest of the commentators so often treat Claudius as an *usurper*, who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right* by *heirship* to his father's crown? Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain; one who had carryed the election by low and mean practices; had

"Popt

"Popt in between the election and my hopes——"

had

"From a shelf the precious diadem stole,
"And put it in his pocket:"

but never hints at his being an *usurper*. His discontent arose from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right, which he pretended to set up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the successor. And therefore young Hamlet had "the voice of the king himself for his succession in Denmark;" and he at his own death prophecies that "the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice," conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himself had been king for an instant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When, in the fourth act, the rabble wished to choose Laertes king, I understand that antiquity was forgot, and custom violated, by electing a new king in the lifetime of the old one, and perhaps also by the calling in a stranger to the royal blood. ——E.

180. To follow Steevens's note.] So, Sternhold, Psalm i.

"——that hath not lent
"To wicked *rede* his ear." ——E.

209. *Doth all the noble substance of worth out
To his own scandal*——] If with Mr. Steevens we understand the words *doth out* to mean *effaceth*, the following lines in *The First Part of K. Henry IV.* may perhaps prove the best comment on this passage:

"——Oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
"Defect of manners, want of government,
"Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;
"The least of which, haunting a nobleman,
"Loseth mens' hearts, and leaves behind *a stain*
"*Upon the beauty of all parts besides*,
"*Beguiling them of commendation*."

There is no necessity for supposing an error in the copies. *His* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries for *its*. So, in *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*:

"Contented life, that gives the heart *his* ease——"

I would, however, wish to read:

By his own scandal. MALONE.

214. To follow Steevens's note.] So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy by Middleton, 1657:

"That *lets* her not be your daughter now."

Ibid. After note [9].] Marcellus answers Horatio's question, "To

VOL. X. HAMLET. "To what issue will this come?" and Horatio also answers it himself, with a pious resignation, "Heaven will direct it." ——E.

215. *And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,*
Till the foul crimes, *done in my days of nature,*
Are burnt and purg'd away.] To follow Farmer's note [2]. p. 216.—Shakspeare might have found this expression in the *Hystorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. F 2. edit. 1608: "He set fire in the foure corners of the hal, in such sort, that of all that were as then therein not one escaped away, but were forced *to purge their sinnes by fire*." MALONE.

223. *Yea from* the table of my memory——] This expression is used by Sir Philip Sydney in his *Defence of Poesie*. MALONE.

Ibid. After Farmer's note, add] No ridicule on the practice of the time could with propriety be introduced on this occasion. Hamlet avails himself of the same caution observed by the doctor in the fifth act of *Macbeth*: "I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly. STEEVENS.

See also *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.*:
"And therefore will he wipe his *tables* clean,
"And keep no *tell tale* to his *memory*."
York is here speaking of the king. *Table-books* in the time of our author appear to have been used by all ranks of people. MALONE.

236. To follow Warburton's note [4].] *The full bent* is *the utmost extremity of exertion*. The allusion is to a bow bent as far as it will go. So afterwards in this play:
"They fool me to the *top* of my *bent*." MALONE.

245. To follow Tyrwhitt's note.] I should not hesitate to admit Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture into the text. The same mistake has, I think, happened in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:
"She will muse *four* hours together; and her silence
"Methinks expresseth more than if she speak."
MALONE.

Ibid. Pol. *At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:*
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.] The scheme of throwing Ophelia in Hamlet's way, in order to try his sanity, as well

well as the addrefs of the king in a former fcene to Rofencrantz and Guildenftern,

"I entreat you both——
"That you vouchfafe your reft here in our court
"Some little time; fo by your companies
"*To draw him on to pleafures*, and to gather
"So much as from occafion you may glean,
"Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
"That open'd lies within our remedy——"

feem to have been formed on the following flight hints in *The Hyftory of Hamblet*, bl. let. fig. C 3.: "They counfelled to try and know if poffible, how to difcover the intent and meaning of the young prince; and they could find no better nor more fit invention to intrap him, then to fet fome faire and beautiful woman in a fecret place, that with flattering fpeeches and all the craftieft meanes fhe could, fhould purpofely feek to allure his mind to have his pleafure of her.—To this end certain courtiers were appointed to lead Hamblet into a folitary place, within the woods, where they brought the woman, inciting him to take their pleafures together. And furely the poore prince at this affault had beene in great danger, if a gentleman that in Horvendille's time had beene nourifhed with him, had not fhowne himfelfe more affectioned to the bringing up he had received with Hamblet, than defirous to pleafe the tyrant.—This gentleman bare the courtiers company, making full account that the leaft fhowe of perfect fence and wifdome that Hamblet fhould make, would be fufficient to caufe him to loofe his life; and therefore by certaine fignes he gave Hamblet intelligence in what danger he was like to fall, if by any meanes he feemed to obeye, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman fent thither by his uncle: which much abafhed the prince, as then wholly being in affection to the lady. But by her he was likewife informed of the treafon, as one that from her infancy loved and favoured him.—The prince in this fort having deceived the courtiers and the ladye's expectation, that affirmed and fwore hee never once offered to have his pleafure of the woman, although in fubtilty he affirmed the contrary, every man thereupon affured themfelves that without doubt he was diftraught of his fences;——fo that as then Fengon's practife took no effect."

Here we find the rude outlines of the characters of Ophelia and Horatio—*the gentleman that in the time of* Horvendille (the father of *Hamlet*) *had been nourifhed with him.* But in

 this

Vol. X this piece there are no traits of the character of *Polonius*.
Hamlet There is indeed a counsellor, and he places himself in the queen's chamber behind the arras, — but this is the whole. The ghost of the old *Hamlet* is likewise the offspring of our author's creative imagination. Malone.

254. *I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.*] To follow Steevens's note — There will still, however, remain some difficulty. The statute 39 Eliz. ch. 4. which seems to be alluded to by the words — *their inhibition*, was not made to inhibit the players from acting any longer at an *established theatre*, but to prohibit them from *strolling*. "All fencers, (says the act) bearwards, *common players of enterludes* and minstrels, *wandering abroad*, (other than players of enterludes, belonging to any baron of this realm or any other honourable personage of greater degree, to be authorized to play under the hand and seal of arms of such baron or personage) shall be taken, adjudged and deemed, rogues, vagabonds and sturdy beggars, and shall sustain such pain and punishments as by this act is in that behalf appointed."

This circumstance is equally repugnant to Dr. Johnson's transposition of the text, and to Mr. Steevens's explanation of it as it now stands. Malone.

256. To follow note [5]] So, in the players' *Dedication*, prefixed to the first edition of Fletcher's plays in folio, 1647: "——directed by the example of some who once steered in our *quality* and so fortunately aspired to chuse your honour joined with your now glorified brother, patrons to the flowing compositions of the then expired sweet swan of Avon, Shakspeare." Again, in *Westward Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webster, 1607: "O, it is the curse laid upon our *quality*; what we glean from others we lavish upon some toothless well faced younger brother, that loves us only for maintenance." Again, in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1579: "I speak not of this as though every one [of the players] that professeth the *qualitie*, so abused himself——" Malone.

258. To follow Steevens's second note.] *Buz* used to be an interjection at Oxford, when any one began a story that was generally known before. ——E

Buzzer, in a subsequent scene in this play, is used for a *busy talker*

"——And wants not *buzzers* to infect his ear
"With pestilent speeches."

It is, therefore, probable from the answer of Polonius, that *buz*

buz was used, as Dr Johnson supposes, for an idle rumour without any foundation.

In B Jonson's *Staple of News*, the collector of mercantile intelligence is called Emissary *Buz*. MALONE.

259. *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*] I believe the frequency of plays performed at publick schools, suggested to Shakspeare the names of *Seneca* and *Plautus* as dramatick authors. T. WARTON.

Ibid. *For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.*] The old copies are certainly right. *Writ* is used for *writing* by authors contemporary with Shakspeare. Thus, in *The Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, by Thomas Nash, 1593: "For the lowlie circumstance of his poverty before his death, and sending that miserable *writte* to his wife, it cannot be but thou lieit, learned Gabriel." Again, in bishop Earle's *Character of a meere dull Physician*, 1638: "Then followes a *writ* to his drugger, in a strange tongue, which he understands, though he cannot conster." MALONE.

265. *But who, a woe, had seen* &c.] The folio reads, I believe rightly,

—— who, *O who*, had seen &c. MALONE.

276. *For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,*] The word *whips* is used by Marston in his *Satires*, 1599, in the sense required here:

"Ingenuous melancholy——
"Inthrone thee in my blood; let me entreat,
"Stay his quick jocund skips and force him run
"A sad-pac'd course, untill my *whips* be done."

MALONE.

277. ——*the proud man's contumely,*] The folio reads:

——the *poor* man's contumely,

which may be right,—*the contumely which the poor man is obliged to endure*.

"Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
"Quam quod ridiculos homines facit." MALONE.

287. *The censure of which one must in your allowance overweigh a whole theatre of others.*] Ben Jonson seems to have imitated this passage in his *Poetaster*, 1601:

"——I will try
"If tragedy have a more kind aspect;
"Her favours in my next I will pursue;
"Where if I prove the *pleasure but of one*,
"*If he judicious be, he shall be alone*
"*A theatre unto me.*" MALONE.

 292. —your

VOL. X. 292. ———*your only* jig-maker.] To follow Steevens's
HAMLET. note [1].—The following lines in the prologue to Fletcher's
——— *Love's Pilgrimage* confirm Mr. Steevens's remark:

"———for approbation,
"A *jig* shall be clap'd at, and ev'ry *rhyme*
"Prais'd and applauded by a clamourous chime."

A *jig* was not always in the form of a dialogue. Many historical ballads were formerly called *jigs*. MALONE.

302 *Would not this, Sir, and a forest of* feathers &c.] It appears from Decker's *Gull's Hornbook*, that feathers were much worn on the stage in Shakspeare's time. MALONE.

303. At the end of note [1]] There is surely *here* no allusion to hounds (as Dr Warburton supposes), whatever the origin of the term might have been. *Cry* means a troop or company in general, and is so used in *Coriolanus*:

"——You have made good work,
"You and your *cry*"

Again, in *A strange Horse-race*, by Thomas Decker, 1613: "The last race they ran (for you must know they had many) was from a *cry* of serjeants." MALONE.

304. Hor. *Half a* share.
Haml. *A whole one*, I] It should be, I think,
A whole one;—*ay*——
For &c.

The actors in our author's time had not annual salaries as at present. The whole receipts of the theatres were divided into shares, and each actor had one or more shares, or part of a share, according to his merit. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres*, ante, p. 47. MALONE.

311. SCENE III. *Enter King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

King *I like him not, nor stands it safe with us*
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.] In *The History of Hamblet*, bl let. the king does not adopt this scheme of sending Hamlet to England till after the death of Polonius; and though he is described as doubtful whether Polonius was slain by Hamlet, his apprehension lest he might himself meet the same fate as the old courtier, is assigned as the motive for his wishing the prince out of the kingdom. This at first inclined me to think that this short scene, either from the negligence of the copyist or the printer, might have been misplaced; but it is certainly printed as the author

thor intended, for in the next ſcene Hamlet ſays to his mother, "I muſt to England; you know that?——" before the king could have heard of the death of Polonius.

MALONE.

Ibid. *The terms of our eſtate may not endure*
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.] The preſent reading is fully eſtabliſhed by a paſſage in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*, bl. let. which the author had, probably, here in his thoughts: "*Fengon* could not content himſelſe, but ſtill his mind gave him that the *foole* [*Hamlet*] would play him *ſome tricke of legerdemaine*. And in that conceit ſeeking to be rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it, by the aid of a ſtranger, making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacrous reſolution, to whom he purpoſed to ſend him." MALONE.

313. *Though inclination be as ſharp as* will;] To *will* is uſed by Marlowe in the ſenſe of *to command*, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy, 1594:

"And *will* my guards with Mauritanian darts
To waite upon him as their ſovereign lord."

MALONE.

317. Pol. *He will come ſtraight. Look, you lay home to him;*
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here.] The concealment of Polonius in the queen's chamber, during the converſation between Hamlet and his mother, and the manner of his death, were ſuggeſted by the following paſſage in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*, bl. let. ſig. D: "The counſellor entered ſecretly into the queene's chamber, and there hid himſelfe behind the arras, and long before the queene and Hamlet came thither; who being craftie and pollitique, as ſoone as hee was within the chamber, doubting ſome treaſon, and fearing if he ſhould ſpeake ſeverely and wiſely to his mother, touching his ſecret practiſes, hee ſhould be underſtood, and by that meanes intercepted, uſed his ordinary manner of diſſimulation, and began to come [r. crow] like a cocke, beating with his arms (in ſuch manner as cockes uſe to ſtrike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber; whereby feeling ſomething ſtirring under them, he cried *a rat, a rat*, and preſently drawing his ſworde, thruſt it into the hangings, which done, pulled the counſellour (half-deade) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him, and being ſlaine, cut his body in pieces,

VOL. X. HAMLET. which he caused to be boyled, and then cast it into an open vault or privie." MALONE.

318. Queen. *As kill a king!*] It has been doubted whether Shakspeare intended to represent the queen as accessary to the murder of her husband. The surprize she here expresses at the charge seems to tend to her exculpation. Where the variation is not particularly marked out, we may presume, I think, that the poet intended to tell his story as it had been told before. The following extract therefore from *The Hystory of Hamblet*, relative to this point, will probably not be unacceptable to the reader: "Fengon [the king in the present play] boldened and encouraged by such impunitie, durst venture to couple himself in marriage with her, whom he used as his concubine during good Horvendille's life; in that sort spotting his name with a double vice, incestuous adulterie, and paracide murther.—This adulterer and infamous murtherer slaundered his dead brother, that he would have slaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him on the point ready to do it, in defence of the lady, had slaine him.—The unfortunate and wicked woman that had received the honour to be the wife of one of the valiantest and wisest princes in the North, imbased herselfe in such vile sort as to falsifie her faith unto him, and, which is worse, to marrie him that had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawful husband; which made diverse men think that she had beene the causer of the murther, thereby to live in her adulterie without controle." *Hyst. of Hamb.* sig. C 1. 2.

In the conference however with her son, on which the present scene is founded, she strongly asserts her innocence with respect to this fact:

"I know well, my sonne, that I have done thee great wrong in marrying with Fengon, the cruel tyrant and murtherer of thy father, and my loyal spouse; but when thou shalt consider the small meanes of resistance, and the treason of the palace, with the little cause of confidence we are to expect, or hope for, of the courtiers, all wrought to his will, as also the power he made ready if I should have refused to like him; thou wouldst rather excuse, than accuse mee of lasciviousness or inconstancy, much less offer me that wrong to suspect that ever thy mother Geruth once consented to the death and murther of her husband: swearing unto thee by the majestie of the gods, that if it had layne to have resisted the tyrant, although it had beene with the losse of my blood,

blood, yea and of my life, I would surely have saved the life of my lord and husband." Ibid. sig. D 4. Vol. X. Hamlet.

It is observable, that in the drama neither the king or queen make so good a defence. Shakspeare wished to render them as odious as he could, and therefore has not in any part of the play furnished them with even the semblance of an excuse for their conduct. Malone.

323. Add to note [4].] Again, in *Two lamentable Tragedies in One, the One a murder of Master Beech* &c. 1601:

"Pick out mens' eyes, and tell them that's the sport
"Of *hood-man blind*". Steevens.

329. ——*bloat* king.] This again hints at his intemperance. He had drank himself into a dropsy. ——E.

331. *I must to England*;] Shakspeare does not inform us how Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England. Rosencrantz and Guildensterne were made acquainted with the king's intentions for the first time in the very last scene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the prince since that time Add to this, that in a subsequent scene, when the king, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expresses great surprize, as if he had not heard any thing of it before.—This last, however, may, perhaps, be accounted for, as contributing to his design of passing for a madman.

Malone.

339. *By letters* conjuring *to that effect.*] Note [7].—The reading of the folio is supported by the following passage in *The Hystory of Hamblet*, bl let. "——making the king of England minister of his massacring resolution; to whom he purposed to send him [Hamlet], and by letters *desire* him to put him to death." So also, by a subsequent line:

"*Ham.* Wilt thou know
"The effect of what I wrote?
"*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.
"*Ham.* An earnest *conjuration* from the king &c."

The circumstances mentioned as inducing the king to send the prince to England, rather than elsewhere, are likewise found in *The Hystory of Hamblet*, Malone.

344. To follow Johnson's note.] I think the two first lines of Horatio's speech belong to him, the rest to the queen.

——E.

347. After Steevens's note [2].] In the scene between the bastard Faulconbridge and the friars and nunne in the first part of *The troublesome Raigne of King John*, (edit. 1779, p. 256 &c.) the nunne swears *by Gis*, and the friers pray to

VOL. X. HAMLET. *Saint Withold* (another obsolete saint mentioned in *K. Lear*, Act III. Vol. IX. p 470.) and adjure him by *Saint Charitie* to hear them. ——— E.

350. *The ocean over-peering of his* list,] *List*, in this place, only signifies *boundary*, i. e. the shore. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:

"——For therein should we read
"The very bottom and the soul of hope,
"The very *list*, the very utmost bound
"Of all our fortunes."

The *selvage* of cloth was in both places, I believe, in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

356. Add to my note [3].] Again, in *A Dialogue between Nature and the Phœnix*, by R Chester, 1601:

"There's *rosemarie*, the Arabians justifie
"(Physitions of exceeding perfect skill)
"It comforteth the braine and *memorie* &c."

STEEVENS.

369. *If he by chance escape your venom'd* stuck,] For *stuck* read *tuck* a common name for a *rapier*. ——— E.

370. *That* liberal *shepherds give a grosser name*,] *Liberal* is *free-spoken*; *licentious in their language*. So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?"

Again, in *Woman's a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612:

"——Next that, the fame
"Of your neglect, and *liberal* talking tongue,
"Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong"

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher, 1634:

"——I never practis'd
"Upon man's wife nor would the *libels* read
"Of *liberal* wits." MALONE.

Ibid. *The woman will be out.*], i. e. tears will flow. So, in another of our author's plays:

"And all *the woman* came into my eyes." MALONE.

372 To follow note [1]] If Shakspeare meant to allude to the case of Dame Hales, (which indeed seems not improbable,) he must have heard of that case in conversation; for it was determined before he was born, and Plowden's Commentaries, in which it is reported, were not translated into English till a few years ago. Our author's study was probably not much encumbered with old French Reports. MALONE.

380. ——*that young Hamlet was born.*] By this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew

Yorick

Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is ſpoken of as a *very young* man, one that deſigned to go back to ſchool, i. e. to the univerſity of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth act had forgot what he wrote in the firſt. ——E.

386. Queen. *This is mere madneſs* &c.] This ſpeech in the firſt and ſecond folio is given to the king. MALONE.

387. SCENE II. *Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

Ham. *So much for this Sir; now you ſhall ſee the other;—*
You do remember all the circumſtance?
Hor. *Remember it, my lord!*
Ham. *Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,*
That would not let me ſleep;—methought I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the bilboes. &c.] *The Hyſtorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. furniſhed our author with the ſcheme of ſending the prince to England, and with moſt of the circumſtances deſcribed in this ſcene:

[After the death of Polonius] "Fengon [the king in the preſent play] could not content himſelfe, but ſtill his mind gave him that the foole [Hamlet] would play him ſome trick of legerdemaine. And in that conceit, ſeeking to bee rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it by the aid of a ſtranger, making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacrous reſolution; to whom he purpoſed to ſend him, and by letters deſire him to put him to death.

"Now, to beare him company, were aſſigned two of Fengon's faithful miniſters, bearing letters ingraved in wood, that contained Hamlet's death, in ſuch ſort as he had advertiſed the king of England. But the ſubtil Daniſh prince (being at ſea), whilſt his companions ſlept, having read the letters, and knowing his uncle's great treaſon, with the wicked and villainous mindes of the two courtiers that led him to the ſlaughter, raced out the letters that concerned his death, and inſtead thereof graved others, with commiſſion to the king of England to hang his two companions; and not content to turn the death they had deviſed againſt him, upon their own neckes, wrote further, that king Fengon willed him to give his daughter to Hamblet in marriage." *Hyſt. of Hamb.* ſig. G 2.

From this narrative it appears that the faithful miniſters of Fengon were not unacquainted with the import of the letters they bore. Shakſpeare, who has followed the ſtory pretty cloſely, probably meant to deſcribe their repreſentatives, Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern, as equally guilty; as confederating

Vol. X. federating with the king to deprive Hamlet of his life. So
Hamlet. that his procuring their execution, though certainly not absolutely necessary to his own safety, does not appear to have been a wanton and unprovoked cruelty, as Mr. Steevens has supposed in his very ingenious observations on the general character and conduct of the prince throughout this piece. See Vol. X p 412.

In the conclusion of his drama the poet has entirely deviated from the fabulous history, which in other places he has frequently followed

After Hamlet's arrival in England (for no sea-fight is mentioned), "the king (says *The Hystory of Hamblet*) admiring the young prince——gave him his daughter in marriage, according to the counterfeit letters by him devised; and the next day caused the two servants of Fengon to be executed, to satisfy as he thought the king's desire" *Hyst. of Hamb.* Ibid.

Hamlet, however, returned to Denmark, without marrying the king of England's daughter, who, it should seem, had only been *betrothed* to him. When he arrived in his native country, he made the courtiers drunk, and having burnt them to death, by setting fire to the banqueting-room wherein they sat, he went into Fengon's chamber, and killed him, "giving him (says the relater) such a violent blowe upon the chine of the necke, that he cut his head clean from the shoulders." Ibid sig. F 3.

He is afterwards said to have been crowned king of Denmark.

I shall only add that this tremendous stroke might have been alledged by the advocates for Dr Warburton's alteration of *nave* into *nape*, in a contested passage in the first act of *Macbeth*, if the original reading had not been established beyond a doubt by Mr. Steevens, in his supplemental note to Vol. X late edition. MALONE

389. *There's a divinity that* shapes our ends,
Rough hew *them how we will.*] Dr. Farmer informs me, that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*, lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only *assist* him in making them; "—he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*." Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspeare's father, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such a term. I have seen packages of wooll pinn'd up with *skewers*. STEEVENS.

391. To

391. To follow Steevens's first note.] Most of the great men of Shakspeare's times, whose autographs have been preserved, wrote very bad hands; their secretaries very neat ones. ——— E.

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392. *And many such like as's of great charge,*] To follow Steevens's note *.—Dr. Johnson's idea is supported by two other passages of Shakspeare, from which it appears that *asses* were usually employed in the carriage of gold, a *charge* of no small weight:

"We shall but bear them as the *ass bears gold,*
"To groan and sweat under the business."

Julius Cæsar.

Again, in *Measure for Measure:*

"——Like an *ass* whose back with ingots bows,
"Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
"Till death unloads thee."

In further support of his observation, it should be remembered, that the letter *s* in the particle *as* is in the midland counties usually pronounced hard, as in the pronoun *us*.

The first and second folio have:

"And many such like *assis* of great charge."

MALONE.

398. Add to my note] *Passes* are, I think, here used for *bouts.* So Hamlet afterwards:

"I'll play this *bout* first." MALONE.

407. After note [5], add] To swallow a *pearl* in a draught seems to have been equally common to royal and mercantile prodigality. So, in the second part of *If you know not Me you know No Body*, 1606, Sir Thomas Gresham says:

"Here 16,000 pound at one clap goes.
"Instead of sugar, Gresham *drinks this pearle*
"Unto his queen and mistress." STEEVENS.

410. ——*as this fell* serjeant, *death,*
Is strict in his arrest——] So, in our author's 74th Sonnet:

"——when that fell *arrest*
"*Without all bail,* shall carry me away—" MALONE.

414. *Of deaths* put on——] i. e. instigated, produced. So, in *K. Henry VIII.:*

"———as *putter on*
"Of these exactions."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

"The powers above
"*Put on* their instruments." MALONE.

OTHELLO.

OTHELLO.

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427. Oft *capp'd to him*;——] To follow note [4].—*Off*-capp'd is, I believe, the true reading. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"I have ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes."

MALONE.

431. *Wherein the toged* consuls——] To follow Warburton's note.—Rather, *the rulers of the state* or civil governours. The word is used by Marlowe, in the same sense, in *Tamburlaine*, a tragedy, 1591:

"Both we will raigne as *consuls* of the earth."

MALONE.

439. *That* from *the sense of all civility*——] That is, *in opposition to*, or *departing from* the sense of all civility. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"But this is *from* my commission——"

Again, in *The Mayor of Quinborough*, by Middleton, 1661:

"But this is *from* my business." MALONE.

442. To follow Tollet's note.] The chief justice has no double voice. If the court is equally divided, nothing is done. ———E.

446. After Steevens's note [1].] Cassio's seeming ignorance of Othello's courtship or marriage might only be affected; in order to keep his friend's secret, till it became publickly known. ———E.

451. ——*where* they *aim reports*,] To follow Steevens's note.—I see no reason for departing from the reading of the old copy——*where* the *aim reports*.

Reports is, I apprehend, a verb.—*In these cases where* conjecture *or suspicion* tells the tale.

Aim is again used in this sense, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"What you would work me to, I have some *aim*."

MALONE.

453. ——*wish him, post*, post-haste: dispatch.] I would point thus:

——wish him, post, *post-haste* dispatch.

Tell him that we wish him to make all possible haste.

Post-haste is before in this play used adjectively:

"And he requires your haste, *post-haste appearance*."

MALONE.

455. The

455. *The very head and front of my offending*] A similar expression is found in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591:

"The man that in the *forhead* of his fortunes
"Beares figures of renowne and myracle" MALONE.

Ibid. —*with the set phrase of peace*,] After Johnson's note.—To the *set* phrase of peace, no reasonable objection can be made, yet *soft*, which is found in the folio, was, I believe, the author's correction. He uses it for *still* and *calm*, as opposed to the clamours of war. So, in *Coriolanus*

"——Say to them,
"Thou art their *soldier*, and being bred in *broils*,
"Hast not the *soft* way, which thou dost confess
"Were fit for thee to use."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——'Tis a worthy deed
"And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
"To *soft* and gentle speech." MALONE.

464 *That the bruised heart was pierced through the ear*.] To follow Steevens's note 9 p. 465.—*Pierced*, I believe, only means, as Sir Joshua Reynolds supposes, *penetrated*, *thoroughly affected*. The heart being enclosed by the body, the former could not, in a literal sense be touched but by *piercing* through the latter. Hence our author's figurative use of the word in this place.

The reading of the old copy may derive some support from Shakspeare's 46th *Sonnet*, where the contested word again occurs:

"My *heart* doth plead that thou in him doth lie,
"(A closet never *pierc'd* by chrystal eyes)"

The *wounded heart* being reached by counsel, and so healed, through the medium of the *ear*, is just the same kind of conceit, as the *sound heart's* being transfixed by the shaft of love through the medium of the *eye*;—a conceit which is found in *The Tragicall Hystorie of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 (a poem that Shakspeare had certainly read):

"His whetted arrow loosde, so touch'd her to the quicke,
"That through the *eye* it strake the *hart*, and there the hedde did sticke."

In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591, *pierced* is used nearly in the same figurative sense:

"Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
"Shall want my heart to be with gladness *pierced*"

MALONE.

467. *My*

467. ——*My heart's subdued*
Even to the very quality *of my lord:*] The meaning, which is somewhat obscured by the expression, is—*My affections are so strongly engaged by Othello, as even to overlook the difference of our years and complexion:—notwithstanding the disadvantages he labours under in these respects, I am in love with him, captivated by his generous and virtuous* qualities. MALONE

472. *I have look'd upon the world* for four times seven years:] From this passage Iago's age seems to be ascertained; and it corresponds with the account in the novel on which *Othello* is founded, where he is described as a *young*, handsome man. The French translator of Shakspeare is however of opinion, that Iago here only speaks of those years of his life in which he had looked on the world with an eye of observation. Yet it would be difficult to assign a reason why he should mention the precise term of *twenty-eight* years; or to account for his knowing so accurately when his understanding arrived to maturity, and the operation of his sagacity, and his observations on mankind, commenced. MALONE.

483. To follow Steevens's note [6],] Perhaps the poet wrote:

Does tire the *ingene ever*.

This is very near the word exhibited by the folio.

MALONE.

489. ——*come such* calmness] The folio reads—*calmes.*

MALONE.

490. ——*If I were now to die,*
'Twere now to be most happy] So Cherea, in *The Eunuch of Terence*, Act III. sc. v.:

"Proh Jupiter!
"Nunc tempus profecto est, cum perpeti me possum interfeci,
"Ne vita aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet ægritudine."

MALONE.

507. ——*and on the court* and guard of *safety*!] This, it must be confessed, is the reading of all the old copies. Yet I have no doubt that the words were transposed by mistake at the press, when the first quarto was printed, which the other editions have followed. I would read:

——on *the court of guard* and safety.

The *court of guard* was formerly a military phrase, meaning *the guard-room*. So, in *Sir J. Oldcastle*, 1600:

"We'll keep this *court of guard*
"For all good fellows' companies that come."

The

The phrase is also used in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"If we be not relieved within this hour,
"We must return to *the court of guard.*" MALONE.

512. *When devils will their blackest sins put on,*] i. e. When devils mean to *instigate* men to commit the most atrocious crimes. So in *Hamlet:*

"Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd cause"

To *put on*, has already occurred twice in the present play, in this sense. MALONE.

527. To follow Steevens's note [7], p 528.] *Yellow* is not always the colour which Shakspeare appropriates to jealousy; for we meet in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"——shudd'ring fear, and *green-ey'd* jealousy."

By "*the* green-eyd monster," I believe, Shakspeare only means—*that* green-eyed monster, *which* doth mock, &c. If we understand it in this way, it is the same, as if he had said—*a* green-ey'd monster. MALONE.

535 *Even then this forked plague*——] Add to the instances in favour of Dr. Percy's interpretation.—Again, in our author's *Winter's Tale:*

"O'er head and ears, a *fork'd* one."

Again, in *Pasquil's Nightcap*, a poem, 1623:

"Whose wife————
"Bestows on others what is his by right,
"And of the *forked* order dubs him knight."

Again, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657:

"I would not wear a *forked* crest." MALONE.

536 ——*I'll have the work ta'en out*] That is, copied. Her first thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her husband, and restore the original to Desdemona But the sudden coming in of Iago, in a surly humour, makes her alter her resolution, to please him. The same phrase afterwards occurs between Cassio and Bianca, p 561.

——F.

537. Note [8]. *Be not you known on't.*] The reading of the old copy is fairly confirmed by the following passage in *Cornelia*, a tragedy, by Thomas Kyd, 1594:

"Our friend's misfortunes doth encrease our own.
"*Cic.* But ours of others will not be *acknown*"

MALONE.

Again, in *The Life of Ariosto*, subjoined to Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando*, p. 418. edit. 1607: "Some say, he was married to her privilie, but durst not be *acknowne* of it." PORSON.

538. After

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538. After note [9].] Again, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"——Come violent death!
"Serve for *Mandragora* to make me sleep"

MALONE.

Ibid. *I did say so*] This is a most unmeaning sentence, in the mouth of such a speaker, and at such a time. If we can suppose this part of this play to have been taken down by the ear, and so handed to the first editors, a similarity of sounds might perhaps lead to a discovery of the true text. Iago has just got the fatal handkerchief, and is commenting upon it in his hand:

"In Cassio's lodging will I lose *this* napkin.
"——*This* may do something"

But seeing Othello coming, he stops short, and hastily proceeds to conceal it. Possibly then this may be the reading:

"——*Hide it!—so—so—*
"Look where he comes!——"

So, so, is no uncommon interjection with Shakspeare, when a man is surprized in an action which he wishes to conceal. Othello uses it in this play, when interrupted by Emilia in the horrid act of killing Desdemona." ——E.

——*I did say so:* ——] As this passage is supposed to be obscure, I shall attempt an explanation of it.

Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite, and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealousy* (says he) *with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur* &c.

——I did say so;
Look where he comes!——

i. e. I knew that the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation. STEEVENS.

As Mr. Steevens has by his interpretation elicited some meaning (though, I still think, an obscure one) out of this difficult hemistic, I readily retract my amendment: being of opinion that such bold and licentious conjectures can never be warranted, unless where the sense is quite desperate.

——E.

544. *Give me a living reason that she's disloyal.*] The reading of the folio is smoother:

Give me a living reason she's disloyal. MALONE.

546. *All*

546. *All my fond love thus do* I blow to heaven :] So, in Marlowe's *Lust's Dominion*, 1657 : Vol. X. Othello

"Are these your fears? thus *blow them into air*."

Malone.

554. *To follow Johnson's note.*] I think, with Dr. Warburton, that the new order of baronets is here again alluded to. See *Merry Wive of Windsor*, p 259, and Spelman's Epigram there cited.

"————florentis nomen honoris
"Indicat in clypei fronte cruenta manus.
"Non quod facvi aliquid, aut stricto fortiter ense
"Hostibus occisis gesserit iste cohors" ——E.

See this notion of Dr. Warburton contested, Vol. I. (*Prolegomena*) p 339. Malone.

578. *To follow Johnson's note.*] I do not see the least ground for supposing any corruption in this passage. As *pierce* relates to *the dart of chance*, so *graze* is referred to *the shot of accident*. The expression is still used, we still say—he was *grazed* by a *bullet*. Malone.

582. *Add to my note*] *And moving* is, I have lately observed, the reading of the folio Malone.

584. *If to preserve this* vessel *for my lord*,] This expression, as well as many others, our author has borrowed from the sacred writings:—"to possess his *vessel* in sanctification."—1 Thess. iv 4. Malone.

585. ——*such terms upon his* callet.] I meet this word in *The Translation of Ariosto*, 1591 :

"And thus this old ill-favour'd spiteful *callet*—"

Harrington, in a note on that line, says that "*callet* is a nickname used to a woman," and that "in Irish it signifies a *witch*." Malone.

593. ——*you'd* couch *with more men*.] This verb is found also in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634 :

"——O, if thou *couch*
"But one night with her——" Malone.

602. *Put out the light and then——Put out the light!*] After Farmer's note.—A passage in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* appears to me strongly to confirm Dr. Farmer's remark :

"Fair torch, burn out *thy light*, and lend it not
"To *darken* her, whose *light* excelleth thine."

Let the words—*put out her light*, stand for a moment in the place of—*darken her*, and then the sentence will run—*Burn out thy light, fair torch, and lend it not to put out her light,*

VOL. X. OTHELLO *whose light is more excellent than thine.*—In the very same strain, says Othello, *let me first extinguish the light I now hold, and then put out the light* of life; that light which never can be *relumined.*

The question is not, which regulation renders the passage most elegant and spirited, but what was the author's idea.

MALONE.

606. —*hath* ta'en order *for it.*] Again, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:

"I will *take order* for that presently" MALONE.

613. *Yea, curse* his better angel from his side,

And fall to reprobation] So, in our author's 114th *Sonnet*.

"—My female evil
"Tempteth *my better angel from my side.*" MALONE.

618. *A better never did itself sustain*

Upon a soldier's thigh.] So, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, by Shakspeare and Fletcher. 1634:

"—On his thigh a sword
"Hung by a curious baldricke, when he frowns
"To seal his will by; *better, on my conscience,*
"*Never was soldier's friend*" MALONE.

Ibid. To follow Steevens's note.] I incline to read:

It is a sword of Spain, 'tis *ebroes* temper.

If we suppose that the words ['tis ebroes] were huddled together either in transcribing or composing, thus, ['tisebroes] the compositor in running it over with his eye, might (to make it sense as he thought) add a couple of letters and divide the words thus(*th*'isebrokes) which is nearly as it stands in the old quarto.

I doubt whether *ice-brooks* are usual in the climate of Spain.

——E.

All the notes subscribed ——E. were communicated to Mr Steevens by a gentleman so eminent in literature, that his name (were the use of it permitted) could not fail to confer the highest honour this undertaking can receive.

632 *After Steevens's supplemental note.*] All the biographers have asserted that the tragedy of *Dido*, written by Marlowe and Nashe, was acted before queen Elizabeth, when she visited the University of Cambridge in 1564. Had this been the case, this piece would be a still greater curiosity than it is at present, as it would stand second in the list of English tragedies, that of *Ferrex and Porrex*, which was acted in 1561, being generally esteemed the first. But Mar-

Marlowe's *Dido* probably was not composed till at least twenty years afterwards; for Nashe, who assisted him in writing that play, tells us in one of his pamphlets, that he read Lilly's *Euphues* (which did not appear till 1579) "*when he was a* little ape *at Cambridge*." He did not therefore, we may presume, commence a dramatick author till after 1580.

The biographers have been led into an error by the English narrative of queen Elizabeth's reception and entertainment at Cambridge in 1564 (MSS. Baker 7037 p. 122 Brit. Museum). Had they consulted a Latin account of the same transaction written by Nicholas Robinson, afterwards bishop of Bangor, under the title of *Commentarii rerum Cantabrigiæ gestarum cum serenis. Regina Elizabetha in illam Academiam veneral*, (MSS Baker 7037. p. 203) they would have seen that the *Dido* then acted, was not Marlowe's play, but a Latin performance, composed by one of the fellows of King's college. Having given a detail of the scholastick exercises which were performed on the third day after the queen's arrival, (Monday the 7th of August.) the author proceeds thus:

"Hujus noctis silentio *Didonis* et Æneæ tragicum poema in scænam deducitur, Virgilianis versibus maxima ex parte compositum. Consarciendi labores exantlavit *Regalis Collegii* olim *socius*, qui discendi studio Maronis carmen, sed tenuiori avenâ est imitatus; non infeliciter tamen ad tragediæ formam historiæ seriem elaboravit. Novum opus, sed venustum et elegans, et doctorum calculis comprobatum nisi forte sua longitudine delicatos et morosos non nihil offendat. Actores omnes collegium regale dedit; scæna ipsa in eo loco proponitur quem in sacello extractum superiori die indicavimus. Per horas aliquot flebili hac Didonis calamitate occupata, ad gratam mortalibus requiem sese contulit. Hic exitus tertii diei fuit."

The author of this dramatick poem was, I believe, John Ritwise, who was elected a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in 1507, and, according to Antony Wood, "*made the tragedy of* DIDO *out of Virgil, and acted the same with the scholars of his school*," [St Paul's, of which he was appointed master in 1522,] *before cardinal Wolsey, with great applause*."

Dr. Farmer thinks that *Locrine*, *Titus Andronicus*, and the lines spoken by the player in the interlude in *Hamlet*, were the production of the same hand. I believe they were all written by Marlowe. MALONE.

A P P E N D I X.

Vol. I. Preface, p. 10. l 9.

For *alterations* of exhibition—read—*alternations* of exhibition. Johnson.

Ibid p. 41 l. 12.

For *their* negligence— read—*the* negligence. Johnson.

Vol. I p. 158.

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail *by strength* drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.] Our author seems here to have remembered *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"And as out of a planke *a nayle a nayle doth drive,*
"*So novel love out of the minde the auncient love doth rive.*"

So also in *Coriolanus:*

"One fire drives out one fire; *one nail one nail*"

Malone.

Vol. II. p. 527.

After Dr. Warburton's note.] It is generally agreed, I believe, that this long note of Dr. Warburton's is, at least, very much misplaced. There is not a single passage in the character of *Armado*, that has the least relation to *any story in any romance of chivalry.* With what propriety therefore a dissertation *upon the origin and nature of those romances* is here introduced, I cannot see; and I should humbly advise the next editor of Shakspeare to omit it. That he may have the less scruple upon that head, I shall take this opportunity of throwing out a few remarks, which, I think, will be sufficient to shew, that the learned writer's hypothesis was formed upon a very hasty and imperfect view of the subject.

At setting out, in order to give a greater value to the information which is to follow, he tells us, that no other writer has given any tolerable account of this matter; and particularly—"*that Monsieur Huet, the bishop of Avranches, who*

APPEND. *wrote a formal Treatise of the Origin of Romances, has said little or nothing of these* [books of chivalry] *in that superficial work.*"—The fact is true, that *Monsieur Huet* has said very little of Romances of chivalry; but the imputation, with which Dr. W. procedes to load him, of—"*putting the change upon his reader,*" and "*dropping his proper subject*" for another, "*that had no relation to it more than in the name,*" is unfounded.

It appears plainly from *Huet's* introductory address to *De Segrais*, that his object was to give some account of those romances which were then popular in France, such as the *Astrée* of *D'Urfé*, the *Grand Cyrus* of *De Scuderi* &c. He defines the Romances of which he means to treat, to be "*fictions des avantures amoureuses,*" and he excludes epic poems from the number, because—"*Enfin les poemes ont pour sujet une action militaire ou politique, et ne traitent d'amour que par occasion, les Romans au contraire ont l'amour pour sujet principal, et ne traitent la politique et la guerre que par incident. Je parle des Romans reguliers; car la plûpart des vieux Romans François, Italiens, et Espagnols sont bien moins amoureux que militaires.*" After this declaration, surely no one has a right to complain of the author for not treating more at large of the old romances of chivalry, or to stigmatise his work as superficial, upon account of that omission. I shall have occasion to remark below, that Dr. W. who, in turning over this *superficial work*, (as he is pleased to call it,) seems to have shut his eyes against every ray of good sense and just observation, has condescended to borrow from it a very gross mistake.

Dr. W.'s own positions, to the support of which his subsequent facts and arguments might be expected to apply, are two; 1. *That Romances of chivalry being of Spanish original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country*; 2. *That the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians against the Saracens of Asia and Africa.* The first position, being complicated, should be divided into the two following; 1. *That romances of chivalry were of Spanish original*; 2. *That the heroes and the scene of them were generally of that country.*

Here are therefore three positions, to which I shall say a few words in their order; but I think it proper to premise a sort of definition of a Romance of Chivalry. If Dr. W. had done the same, he must have seen the hazard of systematizing in a subject of such extent, upon a cursory perusal of

of a few modern books, which indeed ought not to have been quoted in the discussion of a question of antiquity. APPEND.

A romance of chivalry therefore, according to my notion, is any fabulous narration, in verse or prose, in which the principal characters are knights, conducting themselves, in their several situations and adventures, agreeably to the institutions and customs of chivalry. Whatever names the characters may bear, whether historical or fictitious; and in whatever country, or age, the scene of the action may be laid, if the actors are represented as knights, I should call such a fable a Romance of Chivalry.

I am not aware that this definition is more comprehensive than it ought to be: but, let it be narrowed ever so much; let any other be substituted in its room; Dr W's *first* position, *that romances of chivalry were of Spanish original*, cannot be maintained. *Monsieur Huet* would have taught him better. He says very truly, that "*les plus vieux*," of the Spanish romances, "*sont posterieurs à nos* Tristans *et à nos* Lancelots, *de quelques centaines d'années*." Indeed the fact is indisputable. *Cervantes*, in a passage quoted by Dr. W. speaks of *Amadis de Gaula* (the first four books) as the *first book of chivalry printed in Spain*. Though he says only *printed*, it is plain that he means *written*. And indeed there is no good reason to believe that *Amadis* was written long before it was printed. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a system, which places the original of romances of chivalry in a nation, which has none to produce older than the art of printing.

Dr. W.'s *second* position, *that the heroes and the scene of these romances were generally of the country of Spain*, is as unfortunate as the former. Whoever will take the second volume of *Du Fresnoy's Bibliotheque des Romans*, and look over his lists of *Romans de Chevalerie*, will see that not one of the celebrated heroes of the old romances was a Spaniard. With respect to the general scene of such irregular and capricious fictions, the writers of which were used, literally, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation and a name," I am sensible of the impropriety of asserting any thing positively, without an accurate examination of many more of them than have fallen in my way. I think, however, I might venture to assert, in direct contradiction to Dr. W. that the scene of them was *not generally* in Spain. My own notion is, that it was very rarely there; except in those few romances which treat expresly of the affair at Roncesvalles.

APPEND. His *last* position, *that the subject of these romances were the crusades of the European Christians, against the Saracens of Asia and Africa*, might be admitted with a small amendment. If it stood thus; *the subject of* some, *or* a few, *of these romances were the crusades*, &c. the position would have been incontrovertible; but then it would not have been either new, or fit to support a system.

After this state of Dr. W's hypothesis, one must be curious to see what he himself has offered in proof of it. Upon the *two first* positions he says not one word: I suppose he intended that they should be received as axioms. He begins his illustration of his *third* position, by repeating it (*with a little change of terms*, for a reason which will appear). "*Indeed* the wars *of the Christians against* the Pagans *were the general subject of the romances of chivalry. They all seem to have had their ground-work in two fabulous monkish historians, the one, who, under the name of* Turpin, *archbishop of Rheims, wrote* the History and Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers,—*the other, our* Geoffry *of Monmouth.*" Here we see the reason for changing the terms of *crusades* and *Saracens* into *wars* and *Pagans*, for, though, the expedition of Charles into Spain, as related by the Pseudo-Turpin, might be called a crusade against the Saracens, yet, unluckily, our Geoffry has nothing like a crusade, nor a single Saracen in his whole history, which indeed ends before Mahomet was born. I must observe too, that the speaking of Turpin's history under the title of "*the History of the Atchievements of Charlemagne and his twelve Peers*," is inaccurate and unscholarlike, as the fiction of a limited number of twelve peers is of a much later date than that history.

However, the ground-work of the romances of chivalry being thus marked out and determined, one might naturally expect some account of the first builders and their edifices; but instead of that we have a digression upon *Oliver* and *Roland*, in which an attempt is made to say something of these two famous characters, not from the old romances, but from Shakspeare, and Don Quixote, and some modern Spanish romances. My learned friend, the dean of Carlisle, has taken notice of the strange mistake of Dr. W. in supposing that the feats of *Oliver* were recorded under the name of *Palmerin de Oliva*, a mistake, into which no one could have fallen, who had read the first page of the book. And I very much suspect that there is a mistake, though of less magnitude,

tude, in the aſſertion, that, "*in the Spaniſh romance of* Bernardo del Carpio; *and in that of* Roncesvalles, *the feats of* Roland *are recorded under the name of* Roldan el Encantador." Dr. W.'s authority for this aſſertion was, I apprehend, the following paſſage of *Cervantes*, in the firſt chapter of Don Quixote. "*Mejor eſtava con* Bernardo del Carpio *porque en Roncesvalles avia muerto à* Roldan el Encantado, *valiendoſe de la induſtria de Hercules, quando ahogò à Anteon el hijo de la Tierra entre los braços.*" Where it is obſervable, that *Cervantes* does not appear to ſpeak of more than one romance; he calls Roldan *el encantado*, and not *el encantador*; and moreover the word *encantado* is not to be underſtood as an addition to Roldan's name, but merely as a participle, expreſſing that he was *enchanted*, or *made invulnerable by enchantment.*

But this is a ſmall matter. And perhaps *encantador* may be an error of the preſs for *encantado*. From this digreſſion Dr. W. returns to the ſubject of the old romances in the following manner. "*This driving the Saracens out of France and Spain, was, as we ſay, the ſubject of the elder romances. And the firſt that was printed in Spain was the famous Amadis de Gaula.*" According to all common rules of conſtruction, I think the latter ſentence muſt be underſtood to imply, that *Amadis de Gaula* was *one of the elder romances*, and that the ſubject of it was *the driving of the Saracens out of France or Spain*; whereas, for the reaſons already given, *Amadis*, in compariſon with many other romances, muſt be conſidered as *a very modern one*; and the ſubject of it has not the leaſt connexion with *any driving of the Saracens whatſoever.*—But what follows is ſtill more extraordinary. "*When this ſubject was well exhauſted, the affairs of Europe afforded them another of the ſame nature. For after that the weſtern parts had pretty well cleared themſelves of theſe inhoſpitable gueſts: by the excitements of the popes, they carried their arms againſt them into Greece and Aſia, to ſupport the Byzantine empire, and recover the holy ſepulchre. This gave birth to a new tribe of romances, which we may call of the ſecond race or claſs. And as* Amadis de Gaula *was at the head of the firſt, ſo, correſpondently to the ſubject,* Amadis de Græcia *was at the head of the latter.*"—It is impoſſible, I apprehend, to refer *this ſubject* to any antecedent but that in the paragraph laſt quoted, viz. *the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain.* So that, according to one part of the hypotheſis here laid down, the ſubject *of the driving of the Saracens out of France and Spain,* was well

APPEND. well exhausted by the old romances (with *Amadis de Gaula* at the head of them) *before the Crusades*; the first of which is generally placed in the year 1095: and, according to the latter part, the Crusades happened in the interval between *Amadis de Gaula*, and *Amadis de Græcia*; a space of twenty, thirty, or at most fifty years, to be reckoned backwards from the year 1532, in which year an edition of *Amadis de Græcia* is mentioned by *Du Fresnoy*. What induced Dr. W. to place *Amadis de Græcia* at the head of his *second race or class* of romances, I cannot guess The fact is, that *Amadis de Græcia* is no more concerned in *supporting the Byzantine empire, and recovering the holy sepulchre,* than *Amadis de Gaula* in *driving the Saracens out of France and Spain*. And a still more pleasant circumstance is, that *Amadis de Græcia*, through more than nine tenths of his history, is himself a declared Pagan.

And here ends Dr. W.'s account of the old romances of chivalry, which he supposes to have had their ground-work in *Turpin's* history. Before he proceeds to the others, which had their ground work in our *Geoffry*, he interposes a curious solution of a puzzling question concerning the origin of lying in romances —"*Nor were the monstrous embellishments of enchantments*, &c. *the invention of the romancers, but formed upon eastern tales, brought thence by travellers from their crusades and pilgrimages; which indeed have a cast peculiar to the wild imaginations of the eastern people. We have a proof of this in the Travels of Sir J. Maundevile.*"—He then gives us a story of an enchanted dragon in the isle of Cos, from Sir *J. Maundevile*, who wrote his Travels in 1356, by way of *proof*, that the tales of enchantments &c which had been current here in romances of chivalry for above two hundred years before, were brought by travellers from the East! The proof is certainly not conclusive. On the other hand, I believe it would be easy to shew, that, at the time when romances of chivalry began, our Europe had a very sufficient stock of lies of her own growth, to furnish materials for every variety of *monstrous embellishment*. At most times, I conceive, and in most countries, imported lies are rather for luxury than necessity.

Dr. W. comes now to that other ground-work of the old romances, our *Geoffry of Monmouth*. And him he dispatches very shortly, because, as has been observed before, it is impossible to find any thing in him to the purpose of *crusades* or *Saracens*. Indeed, in treating of Spanish romances,

mances, it must be quite unnecessary to say much of *Geoffry*, as, whatever they have of "*the British Arthur and his conjurer Merlin*," is of so late a fabrick, that, in all probability, they took it from the more modern Italian romances, and not from *Geoffry's* own book. As to the doubt, "*whether it was by blunder or design that they changed the Saxons into Saracens*," I should wish to postpone the consideration of it, till we have some Spanish romance before us, in which king *Arthur* is introduced carrying on a war against *Saracens*. APPEND.

And thus, I think, I have gone through the several facts and arguments, which Dr. W. has advanced in support of his *third* position. In support of his *two first* positions, as I have observed already, he has said nothing; and indeed nothing can be said. The remainder of his note contains another hypothesis concerning *the strange jumble of nonsense and religion in the old romances*, which I shall not examine. The reader, I presume, by this time is well aware, that Dr. W.'s information upon this subject is to be received with caution. I shall only take a little notice of one or two facts, with which he sets out — "*In these old romances there was much religious superstition mixed with their other extravagancies; as appears even from their very names and titles.* The first romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights, is called the* History of Saint Graal.—*So another is called* Kyrie eleison of Montauban. *For in those days Deuteronomy and Paralipomenon were supposed to be the names of holy men.*"—I believe no one, who has ever looked even into the common romance of king *Arthur*, will be of opinion, that the part relating to the *Saint Graal* was the *first* romance of *Lancelot of the Lake and King Arthur and his Knights*. And as to the other supposed to be called *Kyrie eleison of Montauban*, there is no reason to believe that any romance with that title ever existed. This is the mistake, which, as was hinted above, Dr W. appears to have borrowed from *Huet*. The reader will judge. *Huet* is giving an account of the romances in Don Quixote's library, which the curate and barber saved from the flames.—"*Ceux qu' ils jugent dignes d' etre gardez sont* les quatre livres d' Amadis de Gaule,—Palmerin d' Angleterre,—Don Belianis; le miroir de chevalerie; Tirante le Blanc, et Kyrie eleison de Montauban (*car au bon vieux temps on croyoit que Kyrie éleison et Paralipomenon etoient les noms de quelques saints*) où les subtilitez *de la Damoiselle Plaisir-de-ma-vie*, et les tromperies *de la Veuve reposée*, sont fort louées."—It is plain, I think, that Dr. W. copied what he

APPEND. he ſays of *Kyrie eleiſon of Montauban*, as well as the witticiſm in his laſt ſentence, from this paſſage of Huet, though he has improved upon his original by introducing a *ſaint Deuteronomy*, upon what authority I know not. It is ſtill more evident (from the paſſage of *Cervantes*, which is quoted below *) that *Huet* was miſtaken in ſuppoſing *Kyrie eleiſon de Montauban* to be the name of a ſeparate romance. He might as well have made *La Damoiſelle Plaiſir-de-ma-vie* and *La Veuve repoſee* the names of ſeparate romances All three are merely characters in the romance of *Tirante le Blanc*.—And ſo much for Dr. W.'s account of the origin and nature of romances of chivalry.

TYRWHITT.

No future editor of Shakſpeare will, I believe, readily conſent to omit the diſſertation here referred to. Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious obſervations upon it have given it a value which it certainly had not before; and I think I may venture to foretel, that this futile performance, like the piſmire which Martial tells us was accidentally incruſted with amber, will be ever preſerved, for the ſake of the admirable comment in which it is now inlaid:

"——quæ fuerat vita contempta manente,
"Funeribus facta eſt nunc pretioſa ſuis."

MALONE.

Vol IV. p. 519

After Johnſon's note.] *Their* is probably the true reading, the ſame expreſſion being found in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, a poem which Shakſpeare had certainly read:

"There were two ancient ſtocks, which Fortune high did place
"Above the reſt, endew'd with wealth, the nobler *of their race*." MALONE.

* Don Quix. lib. i. c. 6. "Valame Dios, dixo el Cura, dando una gran voz, que aqui eſte *Tirante el Blanco*! Dadmele aca, compadre, que hago cuenta que he hallado en él un teſoro de contento, y una mina de paſſatiempos. *Aqui eſta Don Quirieleyſon de Montalvan*, valeroſo Cavallero, y ſu hermano Tomas de Montalvan, y el Cavallero Fonſeca, con la batalla que el valiente Detriante [r. de Tirante] hizo con el alano, *y las agudezas de la Donzella Plazer de mi vida, con los amores y embuſtes de la viuda Repoſada*, y la Señora Emperatriz, enamorada de Hipolito ſu eſcudero."

Aqui eſtà Don Quirieleyſon &c. HERE, i. e. *in this romance of Tirante el Blanco, is Don Quirieleyſon* &c.

Vol. V p. 182

After Farmer's note] It is probable, I think, that the play which Sir Gilly Merick procured to be represented, bore the title of HENRY IV. and not of RICHARD II.

Camden calls it—"*exoletam tragediam de tragicá abdicatione regis Richardi secundi*," and lord Bacon (in his account of *The Effect of that which passed* at the arraignment of *Merick* and others) says, "That, the afternoon before the rebellion, *Merick* had procured to be played before them, the play *of deposing* King *Richard the Second*." But in a more particular account of the proceeding against *Merick*, which is printed in the *State Trials*, vol VII p. 60 the matter is stated thus: that "the story of HENRY IV being set forth in a play, and in that play there being set forth the killing of the king upon a stage, the Friday before, Sir *Gilly Merick* and some others of the earl's train having an humour to see a play, they must needs have *the play of* HENRY IV. The players told them, that was stale, they should get nothing by playing that, but no play else would serve. and Sir *Gilly Merick* gives forty shillings to *Philips* the player to play this, besides whatsoever he could get."

Augustine Philippes was one of the patentees of the Globe play-house with *Shakspeare* in 1603, but the play here described was certainly not *Shakspeare's* HENRY IV, as that commences above a year after the death of *Richard*.

TYRWHITT.

Ibid. p. 454.

At the end of note [7].] I have lately observed that *Dumbleton* is the name of a town in Gloucestershire. The reading of the folio is therefore probably the true one.

STEEVENS.

Vol. VII. p. 73.

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me] Perhaps our author recollected the following passage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1593:

"As for my love, say, Antony hath all;
"Say that *my heart* is *gone into the grave*
"With him, in whom it rests, and ever shall."

MALONE.

Ibid. p. 324. l. 28.

For *revisal* of the play—read—*revival* of the play.

JOHNSON.

Ibid.

APPEND.

Ibid. p. 491.

He sits in his state *as a thing made for Alexander.*] His *state* means *his chair of state.* MALONE.

Vol. X. p. 348.

Come, my coach—*good night, ladies; good night.*] In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1591, Zabina in her frenzy uses the same expression:

"Hell *make ready my coach*, my chair, my jewels. I *come*, I *come.*" MALONE.

Ibid. p. 438.

At this odd-even *and dull watch of night.*] Perhaps midnight is styled the *odd-even* time of night, because it is usually the hour of sleep, which, like death, levels all distinctions, and reduces all mankind, however discriminated, to equality. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

"——yet *death* we fear,
"That makes these *odds* all *even.*" MALONE.

Ibid. p. 523.

They are close delations, *working from the heart,*
That passion cannot rule] This reading is so much more elegant than the former, that one cannot help wishing it to be right.—But *delations* sounds to me too classical to have been used by Shakspeare.

The old reading—close *dilations* (in the sense of *secret expositions of the mind*) is authorized by a book of that age, which our author is known to have read:—"After all this foul weather follows a calm *dilatement* of others' too forward harmfulness."——*Rosalynde* or *Euphues golden Legacie*, by Thomas Lodge, 1592. MALONE.

Ibid. p. 546.

Yield up, O Love, thy crown and hearted *throne*—] A passage in *Twelfth Night* fully supports the reading of the text, and Dr. Johnson's explanation of it:

"It gives a very echo to the *seat*
"Where *Love* is *thron'd.*" MALONE.



Add at the beginning of note [x]. p 17. *of the present volume.*] That scenes had not been used in the publick theatres in Shakspeare's time, may be fairly inferred from Heywood's preface to his *Love's Mistress*, a comedy, printed in 1636. "For the rare decorements (says he) which new apparell'd it

it [*Love's Mistress*] when it came the second time to the royal view, (her gracious majesty then entertaining his highness at *Denmark House* upon his birth-day,) I cannot pretermit to give a due character to that admirable artist Mr. Inigo Jones, master surveyor of the king's worke &c. who to *every act*, nay *almost* to every *scene* by his excellent inventions gave such an extraordinary lustre; upon every occasion *changing the stage* to the admiration of all the spectators."

If in our author's time the publick *stage* had been *changed*, or, in other words, had the Globe and Blackfryars playhouses been furnished with scenes, would they have created so much *admiration* at a royal entertainment in 1636, twenty years after his death? Malone.

Add to note [x], p. 29. *of this volume*] It is however one of Prynne's arguments against the stage, in the invective which he published about eight years after the date of this piece, that "the ordinary theatrical interludes were usually acted in *over-costly* effeminate, fantastick and *gawdy* apparel. *Histriomast.* p. 216. But little credit is to be given to that voluminous zealot, on a question of this kind. As the frequenters of the theatre were little better than *incarnate devils*, and the musick in churches the *bleating of brute beasts*, so a piece of coarse stuff trimmed with tinsel was probably in his opinion a most splendid and *ungodly* dress. Malone.

Add at the beginning of note [a], p. 30. *of this volume*] Though there is reason to believe that in our author's time no second piece was exhibited after the principal performance, similar to the modern farce, it appears that a *jig* (a kind of ludicrous metrical composition) was a customary entertainment, after tragedies at least.—"Now as after the cleare streame hath glided away in his owne current, the bottom is muddy and troubled; and as I have often seen *after the finishing of some worthy tragedy* or catastrophe in the open theatres, that the sceane, after the epilogue, hath been more black, about a nesty bawdy *jigge*, then the most horrid scene in the play was; the stinkards speaking all things, yet no man understanding any thing; a mutiny being amongst them, yet none in danger; no tumult, and yet no quietness; no mischiefe begotten, and yet mischiefe borne; the swiftness of such a torrent, the more it over-whelms, breeding the more pleasure; so after these worthies and conquerors had left the field, another race was ready to begin, at which though the persons in it were nothing equal to the former, yet the shoutes

APPEND. ſhoutes and noyſe at theſe was as great, if not greater." *A ——— ſtrange Horſe-race*, by Thomas Decker, 1613.

[In the text therefore, inſtead of—*Had any ſhorter pieces been exhibited after the principal performance*, I ſhould have ſaid—*Had any ſhorter pieces*, of the ſame kind as our modern farces, *been exhibited* &c.]

MALONE.

Add to note [b], p. 31. *of this volume.*] At a ſubſequent period we hear only of *dancing* between the acts. See Beaumont's Verſes to Fletcher on his *Faithful Shepherdeſs*:

" Nor want there thoſe who, as the *boy* does *dance*
" Between the acts, will cenſure the whole play."

MALONE.

Add to note [q], p. 34. *of this volume.*] See alſo *A Sermon preached at Paule's Croſſe on St. Bartholomew day, being the* 24. *of Auguſt*, 1578. *By John Stockwood*:—" Will not a filthie playe with the blaſt of a trumpette ſooner call thyther [to the country] a thouſande, than an houre's tolling of a bell bring to the ſermon a hundred? Nay even heere in the citie, without it be at this place, and ſome other certaine ordinarie audience, where ſhall you find a reaſonable company? Whereas if you reſorte to *the Theatre*, *the Curtaine*, and other places of playes in the citie, you ſhall on the *Lord's day* have theſe places, with many other that I can reckon, ſo full as poſſible they can throng."

From the ſame diſcourſe it appears that there were then eight theatres open.—" For reckoning (ſays the preacher) with the leaſte the gaine that is reaped of *eight* ordinarie places in the citie (which I knowe), by playing but once a weeke, (whereas many times they play twice, and ſometimes thrice,) it amounteth to two thouſand pounds by the yeare; the ſuffering of which waſte muſt one day be anſwered before God."

According to this account each of the eight theatres, by playing once a week, gained at the end of the year two hundred and fifty pounds; that is, near five pounds by every performance.—But the account was probably exaggerated.

MALONE.

Add to note [r], p. 34. *of this volume.*] However, in the *Refutation of the Apologie for Actors*, by J. G. quarto, 1615, it is aſked, " if plays do ſo much good, why are they not ſuffered on the *Sabbath*, a day ſelect whereon to do good." From hence it appears that plays were not permitted to be publickly

publickly acted on Sundays in the time of *James* I —Perhaps Withers only alluded to private representations. MALONE. APPEND.

Add to note ", p, 35. *of this volume.*] So, in the *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: " By this time the parings of fruit and cheese are in the voyder, cards and dice lie stinking in the fire; the guests are all up; the guilt rapiers ready to be hang'd; the French lacquey and Irish foote-boy shrugging at the doores with their masters' hobby-horses *to ride to the new play*;—that's the randevous—thither they are gallopt in post: let us take a pair of oars and row lustily after them."

MALONE.

P. 58 *of this vol.* *After l.* 17] To this last of actors is likewise to be added the infamous Hugh Peters, who, after he had been expelled the University of Cambridge, went to London, and enrolled himself as a player in Shakspeare's company, in which he usually performed the part of a Clown †. MALONE.

P. 76. *of this vol.* *After the quotation from Shirley's prologue to the* Sisters, *add*] See also *Sheppard's Epigrams*, 1651:

" Two happy wits lately bright shone,
" The true sons of Hyperion,
" Fletcher and Beaumont; who so wrot,
" Jonson's fame was soon forgot;
" Shakspeare *no glory was allow'd*,
" *His sun quite shrunk beneath a cloud.*"

MALONE.



I *.

The Licence for acting granted by king Charles I. to John Hemminge and his associates, extracted from Rymer's *Fœdera*.

Ann. D. 1625. Pat 1. Car. I. p. 1. n. 5. De Concessione Specialis Licentie JOHANNI HEMINGS et aliis.

Charles by the grace of God, &c. To all justices,

† *Arbitrary Government displayed to the Life, in the illegal Transactions of the late Times under the tyrannick Usurpation of Oliver Cromwell*, p. 98. edit. 1690. MALONE.

* The following papers are added as tending to throw some light on the *Account of the ancient English Theatres and Actors*, ante p. 1. &c. The greater part of them are now first printed.

MALONE.

APPEND. maiors, sherriffes, constables, head boroughes and other our officers and loveing subjects, greeting. Knowe yee that wee, of our speciall grace, certayne knowledge and meere motion, have licenced and authorized, and by these presents do licence and authorize, these our welbeloved servants, *John Hemings*, *Henry Condall*, John Lewin, Joseph Taylor, Richard Robinson, Robert Benefield, John Shank, William Rowley, John Rice, Elliart Swanston, George Birch, Richard Sharp, and Thomas Pollard, and the rest of their associates, freely to use and exercise the art and facultye of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morralls, pastoralls, stage-playes, and such other like as they have already studied or hereafter shall use or study, as well for the recreation of our loveing subjects, as for our sollace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them, dureing our pleasure; and the said comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, morrals, pastorals, stage-playes, and such like to showe and exercise publiquely or otherwise to their best comoditie, when the infection of the plague shall not weekely exceede the number of forty by the certificate of the lord mayor of London for the time being, as well within these two theire most usual houses called the Globe within our county of Surrey, and their private houses scituate within the precinct of the Black Fryers within our citty of London, as alsoe within any towne halls or moute-halls or other convenient places within the liberties and freedome of any other citty, university, towne, or borrough whatsoever, within our said realmes and dominions; willing and commanding you and every of you and all other our loving subjects, as you tender our pleasure, not onely to permitt and suffer them herein without any your letts, hinderances, or molestations, dureing our said pleasure, but alsoe to be aydeing and assisting to them, if any wrong be to them offered, and to allowe them such former curtesies as hath been given to men of their place and quality. And alsoe what further favour you shall shew to these our servants, and the rest of their associats for our sakes, we shall take kindly at your hands.

In witnes &c.

Witnes our selfe at Westmynster the foure and twentith day of June.

Per breve de privato sigillo &c.

II.

II *.

Whereas by virtue of his majestie's patents bearing date the 16th of June 1625, made and graunted in confirmation of diverse warrants and privy seales unto you formerly directed in the time of our late sovereign king James, you are authorized (amongst other things) to make payment for playes acted before his majesty. Theis are to pray and require you out of his Majestie's Treasure remaining in your charge, to pay or cause to be payed unto *John Hemings* †, *John Lowen and Joseph Taylor*, or to any one of them, in behalfe of themselves and the rest of his majestie's servants the players of their company, the sum of 100 £. being after the rate of ten pounds a play, (viz. twenty nobles for their charges, and five marks by way of reward) for tenne playes by them acted before his majestie at several times betweene Michaelmas last 1627, and the last of Jan. next following, the names whereof, as also the times when they were acted, more particularly appeare by the annexed schedule. For the payment of which said summe unto the partyes abovenamed or to any one of them, theis together with the acquittance of them or any one of them shall be your warrant. Whitehall. 10th of April, 1628.

III.

A warrant for payment of 160 £. unto John Hemings &c. for 16 playes acted before his majesty betweene Christmas and Candlemas 1628. Signed, the 29th of Feb. 1628-9.

IV.

A warrant for payment of ten pounds unto John Hemings, for a play called *The Lovesick Maid*, acted before his majesty on Easter Monday.—Signed, May 6. 1629.

V.

These are to signifye unto your lordship his majestie's pleasure, that you cause to be delivered unto his majestie's players whose names follow, viz. John Hemmings, John Lowen, Joseph Taylor, Richard Robinson, John Shank, Robert

* Numb. II. III. IV. V. VI. VII. VIII. IX. X. XI. XII. XIII. are transcribed from the Warrant-book of the earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, lord chamberlain of the houshold to king Charles I.

† Henry Condell, not being here mentioned, was probably at this time dead.

APPEND. Benfield, Richard Sharp, Eliard Swanson, Thomas Pollard, Anthony Smith, Thomas Hobbes, William Pen, George Vernon and James Horne, to each of them the several allowance of foure yardes of bastarde skarlet for a cloake, and a quarter of a yard of crimson velvet for the capes, it being the usual allowance graunted unto them by his majesty every second yeare, and due at Easter last past. For the doing whereof theis shall bee your warrant. May 6th 1629.

VI.

Whereas by virtue of his majestie's letters patent bearing date the 16th of June, 1625, made and graunted in confirmation of diverse warrants and privy seales unto you formerly directed in the time of our late soveraigne king James, you are authorized (amongst other things) to make payment for playes acted before his majesty and the queene. Theis are to pray and require you out of his majesty's treasure in your charge, to pay or cause to be payed unto *John Lowing* in the behalfe of himselfe and the rest of the company his majesty's players, the sum of two hundred and sixty pounds; that is to say twenty pounds apiece for foure playes acted at Hampton Court, in respect and consideration of the travaile and expence of the whole company in dyet and lodging during the time of their attendance there; and the like somme of *twenty pounds* for one other play which was acted in *the day time* at Whitehall, by meanes whereof the players lost the benefit of their house for *that day*; and *ten pounds* apiece for fifteen other playes acted before his majesty at Whitehall:—amounting in all unto the sum of two hundred and sixty pounds for one and twenty playes his majestie's servaunts acted before his majestie and the queene at severall times, between the 30th of Sep. and the 21st of Feb. last past. As it may appeare by the annexed schedule *.

And theis &c March 17. 1630 1.

VII.

* From hence it appears that the king's players even at this time usually acted at Blackfryars in the day-time;—that at Court they usually represented plays in the evening; and in that case, as the performance did not interfere with their ordinary publick exhibition, they were only paid ten pounds (which it appears from the council-books was the stated payment so far back as in the time of queen Elizabeth); but when they acted at Whitehall by day-light, or went to Hampton-Court &c. so that they could not have any play publickly represented the same day, they received twenty pounds. We may therefore infer that the former sum was

VII.

A warrant for payment of 120 £. unto *John Lowing*, *Joseph Taylor*, and *Eliard Swanson*, for themselves and the rest of their fellowes his majestie's comedians, for eleven playes (one whereof at Hampton Court) by them acted before his majestye at Christmas, 1631.—Feb. 22. 1631-2.

VIII.

Whereas the late *decease*, infirmity, and sickness of diverse principal actors of his majestie's company of players hath much decayed and weakened them; so that they are disabled to doe his majesty service in their quality, unless there be some speedy order taken to supply and furnish them with a convenient number of new actors. His majesty having taken notice thereof, and signified his royal pleasure unto mee therein, Theis are to will and require you, and in his majestie's name straitly to charge, command and authorize you and either of you, to choose, receave, and take into your company any such actor or actors belonging to any of the licensed companies within and about the city of London, as you shall think fit and able to doe his majestie service in that kind Herein you may not fayle And this shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalf. Court at Whitehall, the 6th of May, 1633.

To *John Lowen* and *Joseph Taylor*, two of the company of his majestie's players.

IX *.

Whereas William Pen, Thomas Hobbes, William Trigg, William Patrick, Richard Baxter, Alexander Gough, *William Hart* †, and Richard Hawley, together with ten more or thereabouts of their fellows, his majestie's comedians and of the regular company of players in the Blackfryers London, are commaunded to attend his majesty, and be nigh about the court this summer progress, in readiness, when

the utmost produce of any one representation at the Blackfryars theatre.

This and all the subsequent warrants being in favour of Lowen, Taylor, and others, it is probable that John Heminge was at this time dead, or had retired from the stage.

* This is entitled in the margin—*A Player's Pass*.

† In another warrant, he is mentioned, with ten others, as *a dependant* on the players—" employed by his Majesty's servants at Blackfryers, and of special use unto them, both on the stage and otherwise."

APPEND. they ſhall be called upon to act before his majeſtie: for the better enabling and encouraging them whereunto, his majeſty is graciouſly pleaſed that they ſhall, as well before his majeſtie's ſetting forth on his maine progreſſe, as in all that time, and after, till they ſhall have occaſion to returne homewards, have all freedome and liberty to repayre unto all towns corporate, mercate townes, and other where they ſhall thinke fitt, and there in their common halls, mootehalls, ſchool-houſes or other convenient roomes, act playes, comedyes, and interludes, without any lett, hinderance, or moleſtation whatſoever (behaving themſelves civilly). And herein it is his majeſtie's pleaſure, and he does expect, that in all places where they come, they be treated and entertayned with ſuch due reſpect and courteſie as may become his majeſtie's loyal and loving ſubjects towards his ſervants. In teſtimony whereof I have hereunto ſet my hand and ſeale at arms. Dated at Whitehall the 17th of May, 1636.

To all Mayors, &c. P. and M.

X.

After my hearty commendations.—Whereas complaint was heretofore preſented to my dear brother and predeceſſor, by his majeſtie's ſervants the players, that ſome of the company of printers and ſtationers had procured, publiſhed, and printed diverſe of their books of comedyes and tragedyes, chronicle hiſtoryes, and the like, which they had (for the ſpecial ſervice of his majeſtye and for their own uſe) bought and provided at very dear and high rates. By meanes whereof, not only they themſelves had much prejudice; but the books much corruption, to the injury and diſgrace of the authors. And thereupon the maſter and wardens of the company of printers and ſtationers were adviſed by my brother to take notice thereof, and to take order for the ſtay of any further impreſſion of any of the playes or interludes of his majeſtie's ſervants without their conſents; which being a caution given with ſuch reſpect, and grounded on ſuch weighty reaſons, both for his majeſtie's ſervice and the particular intereſt of the players, and ſoe agreeable to common juſtice and that indifferent meaſure which every man would look for in his own particular, it might have been preſumed that they would have needed no further order or direction in the buſineſs: notwithſtanding which, I am informed that ſome copies of playes belonging to the king and queene's ſervants, the players, and purchaſed by them at dear rates, having beene lately ſtollen or gotten from them by indirect

mean

means, are now attempted to be printed, and that some of them are at the press, and ready to be printed, which if it should be suffered, would directly tend to their apparent detriment and great prejudice, and to the disenabling them to do their majesties' service. for prevention and redresse whereof, it is desired that order be given and entered by the master and wardens of the company of printers and stationers, that if any plays be already entered, or shall hereafter be brought unto the hall to be entered for printing, that notice thereof be given to the king and queene's servants, the players, and an enquiry made of them to whom they do belong, and that none bee suffered to be printed untill the assent of their majesties' said servants be made appear to the Master and Wardens of the company of printers and stationers, by some certificate in writing under the hands of John Lowen, and Joseph Taylor, for the king's servants, and of Christopher Beeston for the king and queene's young company, or of such other persons as shall from time to time have *the direction* of these companies, which is a course that can be hurtfull unto none but such as are about unjustly to peravaye themselves of others' goods, without respect of order or good government, which I am confident you will be careful to avoyd; and therefore I recommend it to your special care. And if you shall have need of any further authority or power either from his majestye or the counsell-table, the better to enable you in the execution thereof, upon notice given to mee either by yourselves or the players, I will endeavour to apply that further remedy thereto which shall be requisite. And soe I bidd you very heartily farewell, and rest

Your very loving friend,

June 10. 1637. P. and M.

To the Master and Wardens of the Company of Printers and Stationers.

XI.

Whereas by virtue of his majestie's letters patents, bearing date the 16th of June 1625, made and graunted &c. Forasmuch as his majestie's servants, the company at the Blackfryers, have by special command at diverse times within the space of this present yeare 1638, acted twenty fower playes before his majesty, &c. six whereof have beene performed at Hampton Court and Richmond, by meanes whereof, they were not only at the losse of their daye at home, but at extraordinary charges by travayling and carriage of their goods; in consideration whereof they are to

 have 20 £ a piece for those playes, and ten pounds a piece for the other eighteen acted at Whitehall, which in the whole amounts to the summe of three hundred pounds. Theis are therefore to pray and require you to pay or cause to be payd unto John Lowen, Joseph Taylor, and Elliarde Swanston, or any of them, for themselves and the rest of the aforesayd company of his majestie's players, the sayd summe of three hundred pounds for acting the aforementioned twenty-four playes. And theis &c. March 12 1638.

XII.

Whereas William Bieston gent governor of the king's and queene's young company of players at the Cockpit in Drury Lane, has represented unto his majesty, that the severall playes hereafter mentioned (viz.) *Wit without Money The Night-Walkers The Knig[illegible] Burning Pestle: Father's owne Sonne Cupid's Re[illegible]n [illegible] Bondman: The Renegado A new W[illegible] to [illegible] De[illegible]ts [illegible] the great Duke of Florence The Maid of [illegible]nour The Tray[illegible] [illegible] Example: The Young Admiral The Opp[illegible]tunity A witty fayre One: Love's Cruelty The Wed[illegible] The Maid's Revenge. The Lady of Pleasure The Sc[illegible] of Complement The grateful Servant The Coronation H[illegible] Parke Philip Chabot, Admiral of France A Mad Couple well met. All's lost by Lust The Changeling. A fayre Quarrel The Spanish Gipsie The World: The Sunne's Darling Love's Sacrifice 'Tis pity shee's a Whore: George a Greene Love's Mistress The Cunning Lovers The Rape of Lucrece A Trick to cheat the Divell A [illegible]ver Maydenhead soone parted King John and Matilda A City Night-cap The Bloody banquet Cupid's Rev[illegible] The conceited Duke* and, *Appius and Virginia*, doe all and every of them properly and of right belong to the sayd house, and consequently that they are all in his propriety. And to the end that any other companies of actors in or about London shall not presume to act any of them to the prejudice of him the sayd William Bieston and his company, his majesty hath signifyed his royal pleasure unto mee, thereby requiring mee to declare soe much to all other companies of actors hereby concernable, that they are not any wayes to intermeddle with or act any of the above-mentioned playes. Whereof I require all masters and governours of playhouses, and all others whom it may concerne, to take notice, and to forbeare to impeach the sayd William Bieston in the pre-

mises,

mises, as they tender his majestie's displeasure, and will answer the contempt. Given &c. Aug. 10. 1639 *. APPEND.

XIII.

A warrant for payment of 230 £. unto John Lowen, Joseph Taylor, and Ellard Swanston, for himself and the rest of the company of the players &c. for one and twenty plays acted before their majesties, (whereof two at Richmond) for which they are allowed 20 £ a-peece; and for the rest 10 £. a-peece, all these being acted between the 6th of August 1639, and the 11th of Feb. following.

Signed April 4. 1640.'

XIV.

The Licence for erecting a Theatre, granted by King Charles I. to William Davenant; extracted from Rymer's *Fœdera*. An. D. 1639. Pat. 15 Car. I. p. 22. n. 18.

De licentia erigendi theatrum concessa Willielmo Davenant.

Charles by the grace of God, &c. to all to whom these presents shall come, greeting

Know ye, that we of our especial grace, certain knowledge, and meer motion, and upon the humble petition of our servant William Davenant, gentleman, have given and granted, and by these presents, for us, our heirs and successors, do give and grant unto the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, full power, licence, and authority, that he, they, and every of them, by him and themselves, and by all and every such person and persons as he or they shall depute or appoint, and his and their labourers, servants and workmen, shall and may, lawfully, quietly and peaceably, frame, erect, new-build, and set up, upon a parcel of ground lying near unto or behind the *Three Kings Ordinary* in *Fleet Street*, in the parishes of *Saint Dunstan's in the West London, or in Saint Bride's London*, or in either of them; or in any other ground in or about that place, or in the whole street aforesaid, already allotted to him for that use, or in any other place, that is or hereafter shall be assigned and allotted out to the said William Davenant, by our right trusty and right well beloved cousin and counsellor, Thomas Earl of Arundel and

* The foregoing is entitled in the margin, *Cockpitt Playes appropried*.

Surrey,

Append. Surrey, Earl Marſhal of England, or any other our commiſſioners for building for the time being in that behalf, a theatre or play-houſe, with neceſſary tiring and retiring rooms and other places convenient, containing in the whole forty yards ſquare at the moſt, wherein plays, muſical entertainments, ſcenes, or other the like preſentments, may be preſented.

And we do hereby for us, our heirs and ſucceſſors, grant to the ſaid William Davenant, his heirs, executors adminiſtrators and aſſigns, that it ſhall and may be lawful to and for him the ſaid William Davenant, his heirs, executors, adminiſtrators and aſſigns, from time to time to gather together, entertain, govern, privilege and keep ſuch and ſo many players, to exerciſe action, muſical preſentments, ſcenes, dancing, and the like, as he the ſaid William Davenant, his heirs, executors, adminiſtrators, and aſſigns, ſhall think fit and approve for the ſaid houſe, and ſuch perſons to permit and continue, at and during the pleaſure of the ſaid William Davenant, his heirs, executors, adminiſtrators, and aſſigns, from time to time to act plays in ſuch houſe ſo to be by him or them erected, and exerciſe muſick, muſical preſentments, ſcenes, dancing, or other the like, at the ſame or other hours or times, or after plays are ended, peaceably and quietly, without the impeachment or impediment of any perſon or perſons whatſoever, for the honeſt recreation of ſuch as ſhall deſire to ſee the ſame; And that it ſhall and may be lawful to and for the ſaid William Davenant, his heirs, executors, adminiſtrators, and aſſigns, to take and receive of ſuch our ſubjects as ſhall reſort to ſee or hear any ſuch plays, ſcenes, and entertainments whatſoever, ſuch ſum or ſums of money, as is, or hereafter from time to time ſhall be accuſtomed to be given or taken, in other playhouſes and places for the like plays, ſcenes, preſentments, and entertainments.

And further for us, our heirs and ſucceſſors, we do hereby give and grant to the ſaid William Davenant, his heirs, executors, adminiſtrators and aſſigns, full power, licence and authority, to continue, uphold and maintain the ſaid theatre or play-houſe, and tiring and retiring rooms, and other places of convenience there, ſo to be erected and built as aforeſaid, and the ſame to repair and amend, when and as often as need ſhall require, at the will and pleaſure of the ſaid William Davenant, his heirs, executors, adminiſtrators, or aſſigns, ſo as the outwalls of the ſaid theatre or play-

play-house, tiring or retiring rooms, be made or built of brick or stone, according to the tenor of our proclamations in that behalf, and so, as under pretence or colour hereof, the said William Davenant, his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns, do not erect or set up any dwelling houses or other buildings, than as aforesaid. APPEND.

Although express mention &c.

In witness &c.

Witness ourself at Westminster the six and twentieth day of March.

Per breve de privato sigillo.

XV *.

Whereas upon Mr Dryden's binding himself to write three playes a yeere, hee the said Mr. Dryden was admitted and continued as a sharer in the king's playhouse for diverse years, and received for his *share and a quarter* three or four hundred pounds, communibus annis †; but though he received the moneys, we received not the playes, not one in a yeare. After which, the house being burnt, the company in building another contracted great debts, so that the

* From the original. Of this paper (which remained for a considerable time in the hands of the Killigrew family, and is now in the possession of Mr. Reed of Staple Inn, by whom it was obligingly communicated to the editor,) the superscription is lost; but it was probably addressed to the lord Chamberlain or the king, about the year 1678.

† [illegible]ndenture tripartite dated 31. Dec. 1666, between Thomas Killigrew and Henry Killigrew his son and heir, of the first part, Thomas Porter Esq. of the second part, and Sir John Sayer and Dame Katharine his wife, of the third part, it is recited (inter alia) "that the profits arising by acting of plays, masques, &c. then performed by the company of actors called the king and queen's players, were, by agreement amongst themselves and Thomas Killigrew, divided into *twelve shares and three quarters of a share*—and that Thomas Killigrew was to have two full shares and three quarters. And by agreement between Henry and Thomas—Henry was to have 4 £. per week out of the two shares of Thomas, except such weeks when the players did not act."

From the emoluments which Dryden is here said to have received by his *share and a quarter*, the total profits of the theatre at this time should seem to have been about 4000 £. per annum. So that the writer who asserts that every whole sharer in Mr. Killigrew's company received 1000 £. a year [ante, p. 48.] must have been misinformed.

shares

APPEND. ſhares fell much ſhort of what they were formerly. There-upon Mr. Dryden complaining to the company of his want of proffit, the company was ſo kind to him that they not only did not preſſe him for the playes which he ſo engaged to write for them, and for which he was paid beforehand, but they did alſo at his earneſt requeſt give him a third day for his laſt new play called *All for Love*; and at the receipt of the money of the ſaid third day, he acknowledged it as a guift, and a particular kindneſſe of the company. Yet not-withſtanding this kind proceeding, Mr. Dryden has now jointly with Mr. Lee (who was in penſion with us to the laſt day of our playing, and ſhall continue,) written a play called *Oedipus*, and given it to the Duke's company, contrary to his ſaid agreement, his promiſe, and all gratitude, to the great prejudice and almoſt undoing of the company, they being the only poets remaining to us. Mr. Crowne, being under the like agreement with the duke's houſe, writt a play called *The Deſtruction of Jeruſalem*, and being forced by their refuſall of it, to bring it to us, the ſaid company compelled us after the ſtudying of it, and a vaſt expence in ſcenes and cloathes, to buy off their clayme, by paying all the penſion he had received from them, amounting to one hundred and twelve pounds paid by the king's company, beſides neere forty pounds he the ſaid Mr. Crowne paid out of his owne pocket.

Theſe things conſidered, if, notwithſtanding Mr. Dryden's ſaid agreement, promiſe, and moneys freely given him for his ſaid laſt new play, and the many titles we have to his writings, this play be judged away from us, we muſt ſubmit.

(Signed)

Charles Killigrew.
Charles Hart.
Rich. Burt.
Cardett Goodman.
Mic. Mohun.

THE
POEMS
OF
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VIZ.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

SONNETS.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

THE LOVER's COMPLAINT.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministrat aqua. Ovid.



HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
Earl of Southampton.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

Earl of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfield *.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen: only if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly

* Of this nobleman few particulars are known. However, the circumstances of his having been the most intimate friend of the Earl of Essex, and, according to tradition, the liberal benefactor of Shakspeare, have endeared his memory to posterity. His grandfather, the first Earl, was Lord Chancellor in the time of king Henry VIII. His father, who died in 1583, was a Roman Catholick, and a strenuous partizan of Mary queen of Scots. In what year our poet's patron was born, is uncertain. He accompanied Lord Essex as a volunteer, on the expedition to Cadiz in 1597, and afterwards attended him to Ireland as General of the horse; from which employment he was dismissed by the peremptory orders of queen Elizabeth, who was offended with him for having presumed to marry Miss Elizabeth Vernon [in 1596] without her majesty's consent; which, in those days, was esteemed a heinous offence.

When lord Essex, for having returned from Ireland without the permission of the queen, was confined at the lord Keeper's house, lord Southampton withdrew from court. At this period, a circumstance is mentioned by a writer of that time, which corresponds with the received account of his admiration of Shakspeare. "My lord Southampton and lord Rutland (says Rowland Whyte, in a letter to Sir Robert Sydney, *Sydney Papers*, vol. II. p. 132.) come not to the court [at Nonsuch]. The one doth but very seldome. They pass away the tyme in London, *merely in going to plaies every day*." This letter is dated in the latter end of the year 1599.

Being condemned for having joined the earl of Essex in his wild project, that amiable nobleman generously supplicated the lords for his unfortunate friend, declaring at the same time that he was himself not at all solicitous for life; and we are told by Camden, who was present at the trial, that lord Southampton requested the peers to intercede for her majesty's mercy (against whom he protested that he had not any ill intention) with such ingenuous modesty, and such sweet and persuasive elocution, as greatly affected all who heard him. He for some time remained doubtful of his life,

 but

highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

but at length was pardoned; yet he was confined in the Tower during the remainder of queen Elizabeth's reign. Bacon mentions, in one of his letters, that upon her death he was much visited there. On the 10th of April 1603, he was released, king James, at the same time that he sent the order for his enlargement, honouring him so far as to desire him to meet him on his way to England. Soon afterwards his attainder was reversed, and he was installed a Knight of the Garter.

By the machinations of the earl of Salisbury, the great adversary of Essex, it is supposed king James was persuaded to believe that too great an intimacy subsisted between lord Southampton and his queen; on which account (though the charge was not avowed, disaffection to the king being the crime alleged,) he was apprehended in the latter end of June, 1604, but there being no proof whatever of his disloyalty, he was immediately released. In 1614, we find him with lord Herbert of Cherbury at the siege of Rees, in the dutchy of Cleve. He had before been constituted captain of the Isle of Wight and of Carisbroke castle, and in 1619 was appointed a privy counsellor. Two years afterwards, having joined the popular party, who were justly inflamed at the king's supineness and pusillanimity in suffering the Palatinate to be wrested from his son-in-law, he was committed to the custody of the dean of Westminster, at the same time that the earl of Oxford and Sir Edward Coke were sent to the Tower.

After his enlargement, he went to the Low Countries, where he died on the 10th of Nov. 1624.

There is a portrait of this nobleman at Bulstrode, (a seat of the duke of Portland's,) with a cat that was with him in the Tower; and another at Woburn Abbey, painted by Miereveldt. The print in the opposite page, was engraved after one done by Simon Pass in the year 1617, probably from a picture of Miereveldt's also, painted perhaps when Lord Southampton was in the Netherlands. There is a strong resemblance between this print and the picture at Woburn; with which it corresponds in many particulars. MALONE.

VENUS AND ADONIS [1].

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,

[1] Our author himself has told us that this poem was his first composition. It was entered in the Stationers' books by Richard Field, on the 18th of April 1593, and again by ——— Harrison, sen. on the 23d of June, 1594, in which year I suppose it to have been published, though I have not met with an edition of so old a date. The earliest copy that I have seen, was printed by John Harrison in 12mo, 16[illegible], with which I have been furnished by the kindness of the rev. Dr. Farmer There were however, I believe, two editions before this, for it is likewise entered on the Stationers' books by W. Leake, June 23, 1596; and is frequently alluded to by writers between the year 1594, and 1600.—As the soul of Euphorbus (says Meres in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598,) was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare Witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece* &c."—In the early part of our author's life, his poems seem to have gained him more reputation than his plays,—at least they are oftner mentioned, or alluded to. Thus the author of an old comedy called *The Return from Parnassus*, written about the year 1602, in his review of the poets of the time, says not a word of his dramatick compositions, but allots him his portion of fame solely on account of the poems that he had produced. When the name of William Shakspeare is read, one of the characters pronounces this eulogium

"Who loves Adonis' love, or Lucrece' rape?
"His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life;
"Could but a graver subject him content,
"Without love's foolish lazy languishment."

In *England's Helicon*, 1600, is a short piece, entitled *The Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, subscribed with the letters H. C. (probably Henry Constable), which, I believe, was written before Shakspeare's poem. MALONE.

Rose-cheek'd Adonis [2] hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
  Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
  And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began)
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are [3];
  Nature that made thee, with herself at strife [4],
  Saith that the world hath ending with thy life [5].

Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed,
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
  Here come and sit, where serpent never hisses [6],
  And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses.

[2] Rose-cheek'd *Adonis*——] So, in *Timon of Athens*:
"—bring down the *rose-cheek'd* youth
"To the tub-fast and the diet." STEEVENS.

[3] *More white and red than doves* or *roses are*;] Thus all the copies. We might better read (as Dr. Farmer observes to me):
——than doves *and* roses are.
I think it probable, however, that for this slight inaccuracy the author and not the printer is answerable. MALONE.

[4] Nature *that made thee, with herself at* strite,] With this contest between *art* and *nature* &c. I believe every reader will be surfeited before he has gone through the following poems. The lines under the print of Noah Bridges, engraved by Faithorne, have the same thought:
"Faithorne, with *nature* at a noble *strife* &c.
It occurs likewise in *Timon of Athens*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"And when she dies, with beauty dies her store."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Here come and sit, where* serpent *never hisses,*] Thus, Rowe in his *Jane Shore*:
"Where no rude swains her shady cell may know,
"No *serpents* climb" &c. STEEVENS.

And

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty [7],
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this, she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood [8],
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good:
Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force,
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under the other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot, as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens (O how quick is love!);
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove:
Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:

7 *And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,*
But rather famish them amid their plenty,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"—— other women cloy
"The appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
"Where most she satisfies." MALONE.

8 —*she seizeth on his* sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Charmian says: "——if an *oily palm* be not a *fruitful prognostication*, I cannot scratch mine ear." STEEVENS.

Now doth ſhe ſtroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but ſoon ſhe ſtops his lips;
And kiſſing ſpeaks, with luſtful language broken,
"If thou wilt chide, thy lips ſhall never open."

He burns with baſhful ſhame; ſhe with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy ſighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again ſhe ſeeks:
He ſays, ſhe is immodeſt, blames her 'miſs [9];
What follows more, ſhe ſmothers with a kiſs.

Even as an empty eagle, ſharp by faſt,
Tires with her beak on feathers, fleſh, and bone [1],
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haſte,
Till either gorge be ſtuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even ſo ſhe kiſs'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where ſhe ends, ſhe doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content [2], but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breathing in her face;

She

9 ——*her* 'miſs;] That is, her *miſbehaviour*. FARMER.
The ſame ſubſtantive is uſed in the 35th *Sonnet*:
"My ſelf corrupting, ſalving thy *amiſs*."
Again, in *Hamlet*:
"Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great *amiſs*."
Again, in Lilly's *Woman in the Moon*, a comedy, 1597:
"Pale be my looks, to witneſs my *amiſs*." MALONE.

1 Tires *with her beak on feathers, fleſh, and bone*,] To *tire* is to *peck*. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, a comedy, 1631:
"—— the vulture *tires*
"Upon the eagle's heart." MALONE.

2 *Forc'd to* content——] That is, to content or ſatisfy *Venus*; to endure her kiſſes. So, in *Hamlet*:
"—— It doth much *content* me
"To hear him ſo inclin'd."
Perhaps, however, the author wrote:
Forc'd to *conſent*,—— MALONE.

It is plain that Venus was not *ſo* eaſily *contented*. *Forc'd to content*, I believe, means that Adonis was *forced* to *content himſelf* in a ſituation from which he had no means of eſcaping. Thus Caſſio in *Othello*:

"So

She feedeth on the ſteam, as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moiſture, air of grace,
Wiſhing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers [3].

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So faſten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure ſhame and aw'd reſiſtance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank [*],
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still ſhe entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear ſhe tunes her tale [4];

Still

"So ſhall I clothe me in a *forc'd content*."
STEEVENS.

3 ——— flowers,
So they were dew'd with ſuch diſtilling ſhowers.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"To *dew* the ſovereign *flower*, and drown the weeds."
STEEVENS.

* —*to a river that is* rank.] Full; abounding in the quantity of its waters. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:
"Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is *rank*." MALONE.

4 *For to a pretty* ear *ſhe tunes her tale*;] Thus the old copies. I think the poet wrote *air*. The two words were, I believe, in the time of our author, pronounced alike; and hence perhaps aroſe the miſtake. See a ſubſequent paſſage, in which the former word occurs; p. 411. ſtanza 1. MALONE.

This is turning Venus into a mere recitative-ſinger. The poet very plainly tells us that ſhe entreats and laments *prettily*, becauſe ſhe is conſcious that her entreaties and lamentations are addreſſed to a *pretty ear*. She ſtrives to make her diſcourſe correſpond with the *beauty* of its object. So, the Queen in *Hamlet*, addreſſing herſelf to the corpſe of Ophelia:
"*Sweets* to the *ſweet*!"
Beſides, is it uſual to talk of *tuning* any thing to an *air*?
STEEVENS.

If my conjecture be right, Shakſpeare, in making Venus *tune* her *tale* to a pleaſing *air*, or, in other words, woo Adonis with that melody of voice which renders even beauty itſelf more attractive, only uſed the ſame language that he has employed in other places. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Feaſt-

Still is he sullen, still he low'rs and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger, ashy-pale;
 Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
 Her best [5] is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
 Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
 And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt [6].

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a di-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on, ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave;
 But when her lips were ready for his pay,
 He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat
More thirst for drink, than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet in fire must burn:

" Feast-finding minstrels, *tuning* my *defame*."

Again, more appositely, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" —— *to* their *instruments*

" *Tune* a deploring *dump*."

Tuning a tale to a pretty air, is reciting a story with harmonious cadence—as the words of a song are recited with the accompaniment of musick. MALONE.

[5] *Her* best *is better'd* ——] This is the reading of the edition in 1600. That of 1636 and the modern editions read—*breast*. MALONE.

[6] *And one sweet* kiss *shall* pay *this* countless debt.] So in *Titus Andronicus*:

" —————— *kiss* for *kiss*
" Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
" Oh were the *sum* of these that I should pay
" *Countless* and infinite, yet would I *pay* them "

STEEVENS.

" Oh

"Oh pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy;
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To coy[7], to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus him that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain:
Strong temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain[8].
O be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mast'ring her that foil'd the god of fight.

Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine,
(Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,)
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine:—
What seest thou in the ground? hold up thy head;
Look in mine eye-balls where thy beauty lies:
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes on eyes?

[7] *To* coy, *to wanton*, &c.] So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:
"While I thy amiable cheeks do *coy*."
See note on that passage, last edit. Vol. III. p. 89, 90.
STEEVENS.

[8] —— servile to *my coy disdain.*] So, in *Measure for Measure*:
"*Servile to* all the skiey influences." STEEVENS.

Art

Art thou asham'd to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink, so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there be but twain,
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know they what we mean.

The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shews thee unripe; yet may'st thou well be tasted;
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-natur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, rheumatick and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice [9],
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me?

Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

[9] —*and lacking* juice,] The edition of 1600 has—*joice*. So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 (ante, p. 304):

"That soon my *joyceless* corps shall yeld up banishd breath—"

The word *juice*, as Dr. Farmer informs me, is so pronounced in the midland counties. MALONE.

Bid

Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear [1],
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen [2]:
  Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
  Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
  Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
  That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain of theft.
  Narcissus so, himself himself forsook,
  And dy'd to kiss his shadow in the brook.

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse [3]:
Seeds

[1] —*I will enchant thine* ear,] It appears from the corresponding rhime, that this word was formerly pronounced as if it were written *air*. In our author's native county it is still so pronounced by the vulgar. MALONE.

[2] *Or, like a nymph, with long dishevel'd hair,*
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:] So, in *The Tempest*:
"And ye that on the *sands* with *printless feet*
"Do chase the ebbing Neptune—"
Milton seems to have borrowed this image:
"Whilst from off the waters fleet
"Thus I set my *printless feet*—"
Masque at Ludlow Castle. MALONE.

[3] *Things* growing to themselves *are growth's abuse*:] Alluding to twinn'd cherries, apples, peaches, &c. which accidentally grow into

Seeds ſpring from ſeeds, and beauty breedeth beauty,
Thou wert begot,—to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increaſe why ſhould'ſt thou feed,
Unleſs the earth with thy increaſe be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyſelf art dead;
And ſo in ſpite of death thou do'ſt ſurvive,
In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive."

By this, the love-ſick queen began to ſweat,
For, where they lay, the ſhadow had forſook them,
And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wiſhing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' ſide.

And now Adonis, with a lazy ſpright,
And with a heavy, dark, diſliking eye,
His low'ring brows o'er-whelming his fair ſight,
Like miſty vapours, when they blot the ſky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie, no more of love;
The ſun doth burn my face; I muſt remove."

into each other. Thus our author ſays, king Henry VIII. and Francis I. embraced "as they *grew together*." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, I think, meant to ſay no more than this; *that thoſe things which grow only to* [or, *for*] *themſelves*, without producing any fruit, or benefiting mankind, do not anſwer the purpoſe for which they were intended. Thus, in a ſubſequent paſſage:

"So in *thyſelf thyſelf* art made away——"

Again, in our author's 95th *Sonnet*:

"The ſummer's flower is to the ſummer ſweet,
"Though *to itſelf* it only *live and die*."

Again, more appoſitely, in the preſent poem:

"Poor flower! quoth ſhe, this was thy father's guiſe,
"(Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet-ſmelling ſire)
"For every little grief to wet his eyes,
"*To grow unto himſelf* was his deſire,
"And ſo 'tis thine——" MALONE.

Ah me, (quoth Venus) young, and ſo unkind[4]!
What bare excuſes mak'ſt thou to be gone!
I'll ſigh celeſtial breath[5], whoſe gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this deſcending ſun;
I'll make a ſhadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The ſun that ſhines from heaven, ſhines but warm[6],
And lo, I lie between that ſun and thee;
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me:
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly ſun.

Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as ſteel,
Nay more than flint, for ſtone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's ſon, and canſt not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O had thy mother borne ſo bad a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind[7].

4 ——young *and ſo* unkind?] So, in *King Lear*, act I. ſc. i.:
"So *young* and ſo *untender*?" STEEVENS.

5 *I'll* ſigh *celeſtial* breath,——] The ſame expreſſion is found in *Coriolanus*:
"——Never man
"*Sigh'd* truer *breath*." MALONE.

6 *The ſun that ſhines from heaven, ſhines but warm*,] The ſun affords only a natural and genial heat: it warms, but it does not burn. MALONE.

7 ——*but died* unkind.] That is, unnatural. *Kind* and *nature* were formerly ſynonymous. So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
"And what revenge of old the angry ſyres did fynde,
"Againſt theyr children that rebeld, and ſhewd them ſelfe *unkind*." MALONE.

Again, in *Hamlet*:
"——*kindleſs* villain."
i. e. unnatural. STEEVENS.

What

What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this[8]?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image, dull and dead,
Statue, contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred;
Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and firy eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intendments[9] break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lilly fingers, one in one[1].

"Fond-

[8] *What am I, that thou should'st contemn me this?*] I suppose, without regard to the exactness of the rhime, we should read—*thus*. *Thus* and *kiss* correspond in sound as well as *unlikely* and *quickly*, *adder* and *shudder*, which we meet with afterwards. STEEVENS.

That thou should'st contemn me this, means, *that thou should'st contemptuously refuse this favour that I ask*. MALONE.

[9] —*her* intendments—] i. e. intentions. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*: "—but I, spying his *intendment*, discharg'd my petronel into his bosom." STEEVENS.

[1] *She locks her lilly fingers one in one.*] Should we not read
She locks *their* lilly fingers, one in one. FARMER.

I do

"Fondling, ſhe ſaith, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be the park, and thou ſhalt be my deer[2];
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale[3]:
  Graze on my lips; and if thoſe hills be dry,
  Stray lower, where the pleaſant fountains lie[4].

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-graſs, and high delightful plain,
Round riſing hillocks, brakes obſcure and rough,
To ſhelter thee from tempeſt and from rain;
  Then be my deer, ſince I am ſuch a park;
  No dog ſhall rouze thee, though a thouſand bark."

At this Adonis ſmiles, as in diſdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made thoſe hollows, if himſelf were ſlain,
He might be buried in a tomb ſo ſimple;
  Fore-knowing well, if there he came to lie,
  Why there love liv'd, and there he could not die.

I do not ſee any need of change.—Venus's arms at preſent infold Adonis. To prevent him from eſcaping, ſhe renders her hold more ſecure, by locking her hands together. MALONE.

[2] *I'll be the park, and thou ſhalt be my deer;*] I ſuſpect the poet wrote:

I'll be *thy* park,———

The copies, however, all agree in the reading of the text.

The ſame image is found in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"My decayed fair
"A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair;
"But, too unruly *deer*, he breaks the *pale*,
"And feeds from home." MALONE.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "——I will never take you for my love again, but *I will always count you my deer.*" STEEVENS.

[3] Feed *where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;*
Graze on my lips;] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
"——unleſs we *feed* on your *lips.*" MALONE.

[4] ——*where the* pleaſant fountains *lie.*] So, Strumbo, in the tragedy of *Locrine:* "——the *pleaſant* water of your ſecret *fountain.*" AMNER.

These

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking:
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
  Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
  To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing:
  "Pity—(she crys) some favour—some remorse—"
  Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
  The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
  Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girts he breaks asunder,
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
  The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,
  Controlling what he was controlled with [5].

His ears up prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest [6] now stands on end;

[5] Controlling *what he was* controlled *with.*] So, in *K. John:*
"*Controulment* for *controulment.* So answer France."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Upon his* compass'd *crest*——] *Compass'd* is *arched. A compass'd cieling* is a phrase yet in use. MALONE.

So, in *Troilus and Cressida:* "——she came to him the other day into the *compass'd* window," i. e. the *bow* window.
STEEVENS.

His

His nostrils drink the air [7], and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send [8]:
His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
Shews his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometimes he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is try'd;
And thus I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla [9], or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons, or trappings gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife [1],
As if the dead the living should exceed;

So

[7] *His nostrils* drink the air,——] So, Ariel in the *Tempest*:
"I *drink the air* before me." STEEVENS.
Again, in *Timon*:
"——and through him
"*Drink* the free *air*." MALONE.

[8] *His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send*;] In this description Shakspeare seems to have had the book of *Job* in his thoughts. MALONE.

As from a furnace *vapours doth he send*;] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"He *furnaceth* the thick sighs from him." STEEVENS.

[9] *His flatt'ring* holla,—] This seems to have been formerly a term of the manege. So, in *As you like it*: "Cry *holla* to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it *curvets* unseasonably." MALONE.

[1] *His art with nature's workmanship at strife*,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

So did this horſe excell a common one,
In ſhape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, ſhort-jointed, fetlocks ſhag and long,
Broad breaſt, full eyes, ſmall head, and noſtril wide,
High creſt, ſhort ears, ſtraight legs, and paſſing ſtrong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horſe ſhould have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on ſo proud a back.

Sometimes he ſcuds far off, and there he ſtares,
Anon he ſtarts at ſtirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a baſe he now prepares [2],
And whêr he run, or fly, they knew not whether [3];
For through his mane and tail the high wind ſings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She anſwers him, as if ſhe knew his mind:

" It tutors *nature: artificial ſtrife*
" Lives in theſe touches livelier than life."

STEEVENS.

[2] *To* bid *the wind* a baſe *he now prepares,*] *Baſe* is a ruſtick game, ſometimes termed *priſon-baſe*; properly *priſon-bars.* It is mentioned by our author in *Cymbeline:*

" ——— lads more like to run
" The country *baſe*, than to commit ſuch ſlaughter."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" Indeed I *bid the baſe* for Protheus." MALONE.

[3] *And whêr he run or fly, they know not whether;*] *Whêr* for *whether.* So, in *King John:*

" Now ſhame upon thee, *whêr* he does or no."

Again, in a poem *in praiſe of Ladie P———* *Epitaphes, Epigrammes,* &c. by G. Turberville, 1567:

" If ſhe in Ida had been ſeene
" With Pallas and the reſt,
" I doubt *where* Paris would have choſe
" Dame Venus for the beſt." MALONE.

Being

Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness[4], seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy male-content,
He vails his tail[5], that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttocks lent;
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume:
His love perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning[6] his boisterous and unruly beast;
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue[7].

[4] —— *outward* strangeness,——] i. e. seeming coyness, shyness, backwardness. Thus Iachimo, speaking of his servant to Imogen: "He's *strange* and peevish." STEEVENS.

[5] *He vails his tail,*—] To *vaile*, in old language, is to *lower*. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Do not for ever with thy *vailed* lids
"Seek for thy noble father in the dust." MALONE.

[6] Banning——] i. e. cursing. So, in *K. Richard III*:
"Fell *banning* hag &c." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *the heart hath treble wrong,*
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"———— the grief that does not speak,
"Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."
STEEVENS.

An oven that is ſtopp'd, or river ſtay'd,
Burneth more hotly, ſwelleth with more rage:
So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid;
Free vent of words love's fire doth aſſuage;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute[8],
The client breaks, as deſperate in his ſuit.

He ſees her coming, and begins to glow,
(Even as a dying coal revives with wind,)
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with diſturbed mind[9];
Taking no notice that ſhe is ſo nigh,
For all aſkaunce he holds her in his eye.

O what a ſight it was, wiſtly to view
How ſhe came ſtealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue!
How white and red each other did deſtroy!
But now, her cheek was pale, and by and by
It flaſh'd forth fire, as lightning from the ſky.

Now was ſhe juſt before him as he ſat,
And like a lowly lover down ſhe kneels;
With one fair hand ſhe heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheeks feels:
His tender cheeks receive her ſoft hands' print,
As apt as new fallen ſnow takes any dint.

O what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes ſuing;
His eyes ſaw her eyes as they had not ſeen them;
Her eyes woo'd ſtill, his eyes diſdain'd the wooing:

8 *But when the heart's attorney once is mute, The client breaks, &c.*] So in *K. Rich. III.*
"Why ſhould calamity be full of *words*?
"Windy *attorneys* to their *client* woes—" STEEVENS.

9 *Looks on the dull earth &c.*] So, in *The Two Gent. of Verona*:
"She excells each mortal thing
"Upon the *dull earth* dwelling." STEEVENS.

And

And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain [4].

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lilly prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
Show'd like to silver doves that sit a billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
" O fairest mover on this mortal round,
Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;
O give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it [1],
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it [2]:
Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame, he cries, let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so;
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;

And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, *her eyes did rain.*] From the present passage, I think it probable, that this first production of our author's muse was not composed till after he had left Stratford, and become acquainted with the theatre. MALONE.

[1] —— *lest thy hard heart do* steel it,] So, in *Othello*:
" —— thou dost *stone my heart.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —— *soft sighs can never grave it;*] Engrave it, i. e. make an impression on it. STEEVENS.

For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire.
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire:
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none,
Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to a tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

Who sees his true love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white[4],
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight[5]?
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold,
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee.

[4] *Who sees his true love in her naked bed,*
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——Cytherea,
"How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! *fresh lilly!*
"*And whiter than the sheets,*" MALONE.

[5] *His other agents aim at like delight?*] So also Macbeth expresseth himself to his wife:

"——I am settled, and *bend up*
"*Each corporal agent* to this terrible feat." AMNER.

O learn

O learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And, once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, (quoth he) nor will I know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it:
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it [6];
For I have heard it is a life in death *,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth [7]?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
The colt that's back'd and burthen'd being young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

[6] *My love to love is love but to disgrace it*;] My inclination towards love is only a desire to render it contemptible.—The sense is almost lost in the jingle of words. MALONE.

* *For I have heard it is a life in death,*
That laughs and weeps, *and all but with a breath.*] So, in *K. Rich. III.*

"For now they kill me with a *living death.*"

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"These *lovers* cry—Oh! oh! they die!
"Yet that which seems the wound to kill,
"*Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!*
"So *dying love lives still:*
"Oh! oh! awhile, but ha! ha! ha!
"Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!"

MALONE.

[7] *Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?*] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. (probably Henry Constable) printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

"I am now too young
"To be wonne by beauty;
"Tender are my years,
"I am yet a *bud.*" MALONE.

You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part [8],
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarm it will not ope the gate *.
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canst thou talk, (quoth she) hast thou a tongue?
O would thou had'st not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice [9] hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Earth's deep-sweet musick, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible [1];

Or

[8] *You hurt my hand with* wringing; *let us part,*] So, in the song above quoted:

"Wind thee from mee, Venus,
"I am not disposed;
"Thou *wringest* me too hard,
"Pr'ithee let me goe:
"Fie, what a pain it is
"Thus to be enclosed!"

This poem, I believe, preceded that of Shakspeare. MALONE.

* Remove *your* siege *from my unyielding heart;*
To love's *alarm it will not ope the gate.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"You—to *remove* that *siege* of grief from her——"

Again, ibid:

"She will not stay the *siege* of *loving terms.*" MALONE.

[9] ——mermaid's *voice*——] Our ancient writers commonly use *mermaid* for *Syren.* See note on *The Comedy of Errors,* last edit. vol. II. p. 203. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *and* invisible;] I suspect that both for the sake of better rhime, and better sense, we should read *invincible.* These words are mis-printed, alternately one for the other, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. and *K. John.* STEEVENS.

An

Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible:
  Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
  Yet should I be in love, by touching thee.

Say, that the sense of feeling * were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
  For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
  Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love by smelling.

But O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast should ever last,
And bid suspicion double-lock the door?
  Lest jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
  Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast.

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
  Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
  Gust and foul flaws [2] to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth [3],

Or

An opposition was, I think, clearly intended between external beauty, of which the eye is the judge, and a melody of voice, (which the poet calls *inward beauty*,) striking not the sight but the ear. I therefore believe *invisible* to be the true reading. MALONE.

* *Say, that the sense of* feeling——] Thus the Duodecimo, 1600. All the modern editions read—*reason*. MALONE.

[2] —*foul flaws*—] i. e. violent blasts of wind. So, in our author's *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"——as sudden
"As *flaws* congealed in the spring of day." STEEVENS.

[3] *Even as the* wind *is* hush'd before it raineth,] So, in *Hamlet*:

"But

Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it ftaineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun [4],
His meaning ftruck her ere his words begun.

And at his look fhe flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth.
A fmile recures the wounding of a frown,
But bleffed bankrupt [*], that by love fo thriveth!
The filly boy believing fhe is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And in amaze brake off his late intent,
For fharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent.
Fair fall the wit that can fo well defend her [5]!
For on the grafs fhe lies as fhe were flain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nofe, he ftrikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulfes hard;
He chafes her lips, a thoufand ways he feeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindnefs marr'd;
He kiffes her; and fhe, by her good will,
Will never rife, fo he will kifs her ftill.

The night of forrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows [6] faintly fhe up-heaveth,
Like

"But, as we often fee *againft fome ftorm*—
"The bold *winds* fpeechlefs, and the orb below
"As *hufh as death*, &c." STEEVENS.

[4] *Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"—— that name
"Shot from the *deadly* level of a *gun*—" STEEVENS.

[*] But *bleffed bankrupt*——] I fufpect there is here fome corruption. We might better read—*And* bleffed &c. MALONE.

[5] Fair fall *the wit* &c.] So, in *K. John*:
"*Fair fall* the bones that took the pains for me!"
STEEVENS.

[6] *Her two* blue *windows*—] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"—Downy

Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky [7],
So is her face illumin'd with her eye,

Whose beams upon his hairless face [8] are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon, in water seen by night.

O, where am I, quoth she? in earth or heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
But now I liv'd, and life was death's annoy;
But now I dy'd, and death was lively joy.

O thou didst kill me;—kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine [9];

" ——Downy *windows* close;
" And golden Phœbus never be beheld
" Of eyes again so royal." MALONE.

This thought is more dilated in *Cymbeline:*
" ——the enclosed *lights* now canopied
" Under these *windows:*—white and *azure* laced
" With *blue* of heaven's own tinct." STEEVENS.

7 ——glorifies *the sky,*] So, in *King John:*
" Do *glorify* the banks that bound them in." STEEVENS.

8 ——*his* hairless *face*——] So, in *K. John:*
" This *unhair'd* sauciness, and boyish troops."
STEEVENS.

9 ——*murder'd this poor heart*——] So, in *K. Henry V:*
" The king hath *kill'd his heart.*" STEEVENS.

And

And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
Oh never let their crimson liveries wear!
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year[1]!
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted[2],
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips *,
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me[3];
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred kisses unto thee?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?

1 ——*their* verdure *still endure,*
To drive infection *from the dangerous year!*] I have somewhere read, that in rooms where plants are kept in a growing state, the air is never unwholesome. STEEVENS.

2 *Pure lips,* sweet seals *in my soft lips imprinted,*] We meet the same image in *Measure for Measure:*
"Take, O take those lips away,
"That so sweetly were forsworn;
"—But my kisses bring again
"*Seals of love,* but seal'd in vain." MALONE.

* ——*for fear of* slips,] i. e. of *counterfeit* money. See note on *Romeo and Juliet,* edit. 1778. Vol. X. p. 69.
"——what *counterfeit* did I give you?
Mer. "The *slip,* Sir, the *slip* &c" STEEVENS.

3 *A thousand kisses* buys *my heart from me;*
And pay them &c.] I suspect the author wrote:
A thousand kisses *buy,* my heart, from me,
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one. MALONE.

Fair

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years;
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
  The mellow plumb doth fall, the green sticks fast,
  Or being early pluck'd, is sour to taste.

Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the West:
The owl, night's herald, shrieks [4], *'tis very late*;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
  The coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light,
  Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

Now let me say *good night*, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss.
Good night, quoth she; and, ere he says *adieu*,
The honey fee of parting tender'd is:
  Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
  Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face [5].

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:
  He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
  (Their lips together glew'd) fall to the earth.

[4] *The* owl, night's herald, shrieks, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"It was the *owl* that *shriek'd*, that fatal bellman
"That gives the stern'st good-night."
In *Romeo and Juliet*, the *lark* is called the *herald of the morn*.
STEEVENS.

[5] ——— *a sweet* embrace;
Incorporate then they seem; *face* grows *to face*.] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:
"———how they clung
"In their *embracements*, as they *grew* together."
STEEVENS.

Now

Now quick Deſire hath caught her yielding prey,
And glutton-like ſhe feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ranſom the inſulter willeth;
Whoſe vulture thought doth pitch the price ſo high,
That ſhe will draw his lips' rich treaſure dry.

And having felt the ſweetneſs of the ſpoil,
With blind-fold fury ſhe begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and ſmoke, her blood doth boil,
And careleſs luſt ſtirs up a deſperate courage;
Planting oblivion, beating reaſon back,
Forgetting ſhame's pure bluſh, and honour's wrack [6].

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe, that's tir'd with chaſing,
Or like the froward infant, ſtill'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more reſiſteth,
While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth [7].

What wax ſo frozen but diſſolves with temp'ring,
And yields at laſt to every light impreſſion [8]?

[6] *Forgetting ſhame's pure bluſh, and honour's wrack.*] Here the poet charges his heroine with having forgotten what ſhe can never be ſuppoſed to have known. Shakſpeare's *Venus* may ſurely ſay with *Quartilla* in *Petronius*: "*Junonem meam iratam habeam, ſi unquam me meminerim virginem fuiſſe.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *While ſhe takes all ſhe can, not all ſhe liſteth.*] Thus Pope's *Eloiſa*:

"Give all thou canſt, and let me dream the reſt."

AMNER.

[8] ——— *diſſolves with* temp'ring,
And yields at laſt to every light impreſſion?] So, in *K. Henry IV*. P. II: "I have him already *tempering* between my finger and my thumb, and ſhortly will I *ſeal* with him."

STEEVENS.

Things

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with vent'ring,
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission [9]:
  Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
  But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have pricks? yet is it pluck'd:
  Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
  Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool [1] prays her that he may depart:
She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewel, and look well to her heart,
  The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest [2],
  He carries thence incaged in his breast [3].

Sweet boy, she says, this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, love's master, shall we meet to morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?
  He tells her, no; to morrow he intends
  To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

[9] —*whose leave exceeds commission*:] i. e. whose licentiousness. STEEVENS.

[1] *The* poor fool—] This was formerly an expression of tenderness. So, King Lear, speaking of Cordelia:

"And my *poor fool* is hang'd." MALONE.

[2] —by Cupid's bow *she doth* protest,] So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"I *swear* to thee by *Cupid's* strongest *bow*." MALONE.

[3] *He carries thence* incaged *in his breast*.] Thus the Duodecimo, 1600. So, in *K. Richard II*:

"And yet *incaged* in so small a verge—"

The edition of 1636 and all the modern copies have *engaged*. MALONE.

The

The boar! (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſudden pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing roſe [4],
Uſurps her cheeks; ſhe trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms ſhe throws:
She ſinketh down, ſtill hanging on his neck,
He on her belly falls, ſhe on her back.

Now is ſhe in the very liſts of love [5],
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary ſhe doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worſe than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elyſium, and to lack her joy [6].

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes [7],
Do ſurfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,

4 *The boar! (quoth ſhe) whereat a ſudden* pale,
Like lawn being ſpread upon the bluſhing roſe,] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

" Now he ſayd, let's goe,
" Harke the hounds are crying;
" Griſlie boare is up,
" Huntſmen follow faſt.
" At the name of *boare*
" Venus ſeemed dying:
" Deadly-colour'd *pale*
" *Roſes overcaſt*." Malone.

Like lawn *being ſpread upon the bluſhing* roſe,] So again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" —red as *roſes* that on *lawn* we lay."

Steevens.

5 —*in the very* liſts of love,] So alſo, one Dryden, in his play called *Don Sebaſtian*:

" The ſprightly bridegroom on his wedding night,
" More gladly enters not the *liſts of love*."

Amner.

6 *To* clip *Elyſium, and to lack her joy*.] To *clip* in old language is to *embrace*. Malone.

7 —*birds deceiv'd with* painted grapes,] Alluding to a celebrated work of one of the ancient painters. Steevens.

Even

Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw [8]:
  The warm effects [9] which she in him finds missing,
  She seeks to kindle with continual kissing [1].

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not lov'd.
  Fie, fie, he says, you crush me; let me go;
  You have no reason to withhold me so.

Thou had'st been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou would'st hunt the boar.
O be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
  Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
  Like to a mortal butcher [2], bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where-e'er he goes;

[8] *As those poor birds that* helpless berries *saw*:] Berries incapable of being eaten; with which they could not *help* themselves. MALONE.

Helpless berries are berries that afford no *help*, i. e. nourishment. STEEVENS.

[9] *The warm* effects——] I think we should read *affects*. So, in *Othello*:

"——the young *affects*
"In me defunct." STEEVENS.

[1] *She seeks to* kindle *with continual* kissing.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"*Quicken* with *kissing*:—had my lips that power
"Thus would I wear them out." STEEVENS.

[2] *Like to a* mortal *butcher*,——] *Mortal* for *deadly*. MALONE.

 Being

Being mov'd, he ſtrikes what e'er is in his way,
And whom he ſtrikes, his crooked tuſhes ſlay.

His brawny ſides, with hairy briſtles armed,
Are better proof than thy ſpear's point can enter;
His ſhort thick neck cannot be eaſily harmed;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
The thorny brambles and embracing buſhes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he ruſhes [2].

Alas, he nought eſteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eye pays tributary gazes;
Nor thy ſoft hands, ſweet lips, and cryſtal eyne,
Whoſe full perfection all the world amazes;
But having thee at vantage (wond'rous dread!)
Would root theſe beauties as he roots the mead.

O, let him keep his loathſome cabin ſtill;
Beauty hath nought to do with ſuch foul fiends.
Come not within his danger by thy will;
They that thrive well, take counſel of their friends.
When thou didſt name the boar, not to diſſemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didſt thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'ſt thou not ſigns of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? And fell I not downright?
Within my boſom, whereon thou doſt lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no reſt,
But, like an earthquake, ſhakes thee on my breaſt.

[2] *The thorny brambles and embracing buſhes,*
As fearful of him, part; through whom he ruſhes.] Thus Virgil deſcribing the rapid paſſage of two centaurs through the woods:

" ——— dat euntibus ingens
" Sylva locum, et magno cedunt virgulta fragore."

STEEVENS.

For

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's centinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, *kill, kill*[3];
Distemp'ring gentle love with his desire,
As air and water doth abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy[4],
This canker that eats up love's tender spring[5],
This carry-tale[6], dissensious jealousy,
That sometimes true news, sometime false doth bring[7],
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

And more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chasing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;

3 —*doth cry*, kill, kill;] So, in *King Lear*:
"And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
"Then *kill, kill, kill.*" STEEVENS.

4 —*bate-breeding*—] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly observes that John Rugby is "no tell-tale, no *breed-bate*." *Bate* is an obsolete word signifying *strife, contention*. STEEVENS.

5 —*love's tender spring*,] The tender blossoms of growing love. *Printems d'amour*. *Spring* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for a young shoot or plant; but here it clearly has its usual signification. So again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"Unruly blasts wait on the *tender spring*."
MALONE.

This canker *that* eats up *love's tender spring*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"Full soon the *canker* death *eats up* that plant."
STEEVENS.

6 *This* carry-tale,—] So, in *Love's Labour's lost*:
"Some *carry-tale*, some please-man &c." STEEVENS.

7 *That sometimes true news, sometime false doth bring*,]
"Tam ficti pravique tenax quam nuntia veri." *Virgil*.
STEEVENS.

Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief [8], and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That trembling at the imagination,
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed?
And fear doth teach it divination [9]:
I prophesy thy death, thy living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare [1],
Or at the fox, which lives by subtilty,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the pur-blind hare,
Mark the poor wretch to overshut his troubles [2],

[8] *Doth make them* droop *with grief,*—] So the edition of 1600. The subsequent copies have *drop*. MALONE.

[9] *And fear doth teach it* divination:] So, in *K. Henry IV*. P. II:
"Tell thou thy earl his *divination* lyes." STEEVENS.
And fear doth teach it divination:
I prophecy thy death, &c.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"O God! I have an ill-*divining* soul;
"Methinks I *see thee*, now thou art so low,
"*As one dead* in the bottom of a tomb." MALONE.

[1] *But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me;*
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,] So, in *The Shepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, by H. C. 1600:
"*Speake, sayd she, no more*
"*Of following the boare,*
"Thou unfit for such a chase;
"*Course the fearefull hare,*
"Venison do not spare,
"If thou wilt yield Venus grace." MALONE.

[2] —*to over-*shut *his troubles*,] I would read over-*shoot*, i. e. fly beyond. STEEVENS.

How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses, with a thousand doubles:
The many musits through the which he goes [3],
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among the flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer [4];
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies [5].

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still;
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;

[3] *The many* musits *through the which he goes,*] *Musits* are said by the lexicographers to be *the place where the hare goes for relief.* They should, perhaps, rather be described as the *windings or mazes by which she endeavours to escape her pursuers.* It seems to have been a made word from the verb *to muse*, which formerly signified to be *amazed*; to wonder. The modern editions read *umsits*. MALONE.

A *musit* is a gap in a hedge. See Cotgrave's explanation of the French word *Trouée*. STEEVENS.

[4] *And sometime* sorteth *with a herd of deer;*] *Sorteth* means *accompanies*, consorts with. *Sort* anciently signified a *troop*, or *company*. MALONE.

[5] ——*Echo replies,*
As if another chase were in the skies.] So Dryden:
" With shouting and hooting we pierce through the sky,
" And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry."
STEEVENS.

And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore-sick, that hears the passing bell [6].

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch [7],
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike thyself, thou hear'st me moralize [8],
Applying this to that, and so to so;
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he;
Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent. Why, what of that, quoth she.
I am, quoth he, expected of my friends;
And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall.—
In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all [9].

But

[6] *To one sore sick that* hears his passing bell.] This thought is borrowed by Beaumont and Fletcher in *Philaster*:

"——like one who languishing
"*Hears his sad bell*—— STEEVENS.

[7] *Each envious* briar *his weary* legs *doth* scratch,] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"——roaming through a *thorny* wood
"*Scratching* her *legs*. STEEVENS.

[8] *Unlike thyself, thou hear'st me moralize*,] Thus the Duodecimo, 1600. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies read:

Unlike *myself*——

But there is no need of change. *Unlike thyself* refers to *the hunting of the boar*, which Venus considers as a rude sport, ill suited to the delicate frame of Adonis. MALONE.

[9] *In night, quoth she, desire sees best of all.*] I verily believe that a sentiment similar, in some sort, to another uttered by that forward wanton Juliet, occurreth here:

"Lovers

But if thou fall, O then imagine this,
The earth in love with thee thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss [1].
Rich preys make rich men thieves; so do thy lips
  Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
  Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn [2].

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine [3],
Till forging nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were divine,
  Wherein she fram'd thee in high heaven's despite,
  To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature [4];
  Making it subject to the tyranny
  Of sad mischances and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood [5],

"Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
"By their own beauties." AMNER.

[1] *The* earth *in love with thee, thy footing trips,*
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"—— lest the base *earth*
"Should from her vesture chance to *steal a kiss.*"
STEEVENS.

[2] ——*die* forsworn.] i. e. having broken her oath of virginity.
STEEVENS.

[3] *Cynthia for shame obscures her silver* shine,] *Shine* was formerly used as a substantive. So, in *Pericles:*

"Thou shew'd'st a subject's *shine*——" MALONE.

[4] —*defeature*;] This word is derived from *defaire*, Fr. *to undo*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"——strange *defeatures* in my face." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*and frenzies* wood,] *Wood* in old language is *frantick*.
MALONE.

The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impostumes, grief, and damn'd despair,
Swear nature's death for framing thee so fair.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minute's sight brings beauty under [6]:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' imperial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd and done [7],
As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night [8],
Dries up his oil, to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave [9],
Seeming to bury that posterity

Which

[6] *But in one minute's* sight *brings beauty under:*] Thus the edition of 1600, and those subsequent. Perhaps the author wrote *fight*. The least of these maladies after a *momentary engagement* subdues beauty. MALONE.

In one minute's sight is a phrase equivalent to the more modern one—*at a minute's warning*. King Lear says: "I have *seen* the *time*;" Hamlet: "Or ever I have *seen* that *day*." *A minute's sight*, means while we can take note of a minute, while a minute's space can be perceived or ascertained. STEEVENS

[7] *Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and* done,] *Done* was formerly used in the sense of wasted, consumed, destroyed. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"*Done* to death by slanderous tongues."

It still among the vulgar retains the same meaning.

MALONE.

[8] ——*the lamp that burns by night*,] i. e.

"—Λύχνον ἐρώτων,
"Καὶ γάμον ἀχλύοντα——" *Musæus*. STEEVENS.

[9] *What is thy body but a* swallowing grave,] So, in *King Richard II*:

"—in

Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in their obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or their's, whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire, that reaves his son of life.
Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use, more gold begets [1].

Nay then, quoth Adon, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme;
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black fac'd night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armed in my ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

" ——in the *swallowing* gulph
" Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion."
Again, in our author's 77th *Sonnet*:
" The wrinkles which thy glass will truly shew,
" Of *mouthed graves* will give thee memory."
MALONE.

* ———— *a swallowing grave,*
Seeming to bury that posterity &c] So, in our author's third *Sonnet*:
" ———— who is he so fond will be the *tomb*
" Of his self-love, to *stop posterity*?" MALONE.

[1] *But gold that's put to use, more gold begets.*] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
" Or is your *gold* and silver ewes and rams?
Shy. " I cannot tell; I make it *breed* as fast." STEEVENS.

Lest

Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone;
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth unto danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse[2].

Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurps his name[3];
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth, like sun-shine after rain,
But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done[4].

[2] *When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.*] So, in *Hamlet*:
"And *reason panders* will." STEEVENS.

[3] ———— love *to* heaven *is fled*,
Since sweating lust *on* earth *usurps his* name.] This information is of as much consequence as that given us by Homer about one of his celebrated rivers, which, he says, was
"*Xanthus* by *name* to those of *heavenly birth*,
"But call'd *Scamander* by the *sons of earth*." STEEVENS.

[4] *Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,*
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;] So again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"O rash false heat, wrapt in repentant cold!
"*Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.*"
MALONE.

Love surfeits not; lust like a glutton dies:
Love is all truth; lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen [5];
Mine ears that to your wanton talk attended [6],
Do burn themselves for having so offended.

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark lawns runs apace [7];
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
Look how a bright star shooteth from the sky [8],
So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend [9],

Till

[5] *My face is full of shame, my heart of* teen;] *Teen* is *sorrow.* The word is often used by Spenser. MALONE.

[6] *Mine ears that to your wanton* talk *attended,*] Thus the Duodecimo, 1600. That of 1636, and the modern editions, read, wanton *calls.* MALONE.

Mine ears *that to your wanton talk* attended,
Do burn &c.] So, in *Cymbeline:*
"——I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long *attended* thee." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*through the dark lawns runs apace,*] The modern editors read—*lanes.* MALONE.

[8] *Look how a bright* star shooteth *from the sky,*] So, in *King Richard II:*
"I see thy glory like *a shooting star.*"
Again, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream:*
"——the rude sea grew civil at her song,
"And certain *stars shot* madly from their *spheres,*
"To hear the sea-maid's musick." MALONE.
Again, in *Troilus and Cressida:*
"And fly like chidden Mercury,
"Or like a *star* dis-orb'd." STEEVENS.

[9] ———*as one on shore,*

Gazing

Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges [1] with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are [2],
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way [3].

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
Ah me! she cries, and twenty times, *woe, woe!*
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;

Gazing upon a late embarked friend,] Perhaps Otway had this passage in his thoughts when he wrote the following lines:
" Methinks I stand upon a naked beach,
" Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;
" While afar off the vessel sails away,
" Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd.
MALONE.

See the scene in *Cymbeline* where Imogen tells Pisanio how he ought to have *gazed* after the vessel in which Posthumus was *embark'd*. STEEVENS.

[1] *Till the wild waves*——
Whose ridges——] So, in *King Lear*:
" Horns whelk'd and wav'd like the *enridged sea*."
STEEVENS.

[2] *Or 'stonish'd as night wanderers often are,*] So, in *K. Lear*;
" ——the wrathful skies
" *Gallow* the very *wanderers of the dark*." STEEVENS.

[3] —*the fair discovery of her way.*] I would read—discoverer, i. e. *Adonis*. STEEVENS.

The old reading appears to me to afford the same meaning.
MALONE.

How

How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answers so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleas'd themselves, others, they think, delight
In such like circumstance, with such like sport:
Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds, resembling parasites,
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits [4]?
She said, 'tis so: they answer all, 'tis so;
And would say after her, if she said no.

Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty;

[4] *Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,*
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits?] But the exercise of this fantastick humour is not so properly the character of *wits*, as of persons of a wild and jocular extravagance of temper. To suit this idea, as well as to close the rhime more fully, I am persuaded the poet wrote:

Soothing the humour of fantastick *wights*.

THEOBALD.

Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastick wits?] See the scene of "*Anon, anon, Sir,*" in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.—Had Mr. Theobald been as familiar with ancient pamphlets as he pretended to have been, he would have known that the epithet *fantastick* is applied with singular propriety to the *wits* of Shakspeare's age. The rhime, like many others in the same piece, may be weak, but the old reading is certainly the true one. STEEVENS.

Who

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good morrow:
O thou clear god[5], and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light[6], as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn[7],
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth[8] to the cry.

[5] *O thou clear god*, &c] Perhaps Mr. Rowe had read the lines that compose this stanza, before he wrote the following, with which the first act of his *Ambitious Stepmother* concludes:

"Our glorious sun, the source of light and heat,
"Whose influence chears the world he did create,
"Shall smile on thee from his meridian skies,
"And own the kindred beauties of thine eyes;
"Thine eyes, which, could his own fair beams decay,
"Might shine for him, and bless the world with day."

STEEVENS.

[6] *There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,*
May lend thee light,——] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——Her eye in heaven,
"Would through the airy region stream so bright,
"That birds would sing and think it were not night."

MALONE.

[7] Musing *the morning is so much o'er-worn*,] *Musing* in ancient language is *wondering*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Do not *muse* at me my most worthy friends." MALONE.

[8] ——*she* coasteth——] So, in *K. Hen. VI.* P. III:

"Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
"Will *coast* my crown."

See note on that passage, last edit. Vol. VI. p. 441.

STEEVENS.

And

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay;
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake [9].

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder:
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spright confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprize her heart,
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling-part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstacy [1];
Till, chearing up her senses sore-dismay'd,

She

[9] *Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ake,*
Hasting to feed her fawn——] So, in *As you like it:*
"While like a *doe*, I go to find my *fawn*,
"And give it *food*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Thus stands she in a trembling ecstacy,*] *Ecstacy* anciently signified any violent perturbation of mind. So, in *Macbeth:*
"Better be with the dead——
"Than on the torture of the mind to lie,
"In restless *ecstacy*." MALONE.

Again,

She tells them, 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, wills them fear no more;—
And with that word she spy'd the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires, to rate the boar for murder.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the paths that she untreads again;
Her more than haste is mated with delays [a],
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks; and he replies with howling.

When he had ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin vollies out his voice;
Another and another answer him,

Again, more appositely in *The Comedy of Errors:*
"Mark, how he *trembleth* in his *ecstacy!*"
STEEVENS.

[a] *Her more than haste is* mated *with delays,*] Is *checked*, or *confounded*. So, in *Macbeth:*
"My mind she has *mated*, and amaz'd my sight."
The modern editions read *marred*. MALONE.

Clapping

Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)
Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

If he be dead,—O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it—
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears[3], that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?

[3] *—drink tears,—*] So, in Pope's *Eloisa:*
"And *drink* the falling *tears* each other sheds."
STEEVENS.

 Why

Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eye-lids[4], who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain[5],
And with his strong course opens them again.

O how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in her tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow, that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain[6],
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving which should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best; then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla;
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:

[4] *She vail'd her eye-lids,* ——] She *lowered* or *closed* her eye-lids. So, in *Hamlet:*
"Do not for ever with thy *vailed lids*
"Seek for thy noble father in the dust." MALONE.

[5] *But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,*] So, in *K. Hen. IV. P.* I:
"For tears do stop the *flood-gates* of her eyes"
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,*] In this stanza we meet with some traces of Cordelia's sorrow:
"——you have seen
"Sunshine and rain at once &c." STEEVENS.

The

The dire imagination she did follow[7]
This sound of hope doth labour to expell;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her, it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass[8];
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
With likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she had wrought;
Adonis lives, and death is not to blame;
It was not she that call'd him all to naught;
Now she adds honour to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave for kings,
Imperial supreme of all mortal things.

No, no (quoth she) sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,

[7] *The* dire *imagination she did follow*] The edition of 1600 reads:
"The *dry* imagination———
which was evidently a misprint. The reading of the text was furnished by the copy printed in 1636. MALONE.

[8] ———*like* pearls *in* glass;] So, in *K. Lear:*
"Like *pearls* from *diamonds* dropt." STEEVENS.

When as I met the boar [9], that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe;
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

'Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate [1];
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate;
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs [2]; and stories [3]
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

[9] *When as I met the boar,*——] *When as* and *when* were used indiscriminately by our ancient writers. MALONE.

[1] *Her rash suspect she doth extenuate*;] *Suspect* is *suspicion*. So, in our author's 70th Sonnet
"The ornament of beauty is *suspect*." MALONE.

[2] *Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs*;——] As Venus is here bribing Death with flatteries to spare Adonis, the editors could not help thinking of pompous tombs. But tombs are no honour to Death, considered as a being, but to the parties buried. I much suspect our author intended:
Tells him of trophies, statues, *domes*— THEOBALD.
This alteration is plausible but not necessary. *Tombs* are in one sense *honours to Death*, inasmuch as they are so many memorials of his triumphs over mortals. Besides, the idea of a number of tombs naturally presents to our mind the dome or building that contains them; so that nothing is obtained by the change.
MALONE.

[3] ——*and* stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.] This verb is also used in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"He *stories* to her ears her husband's fame—" MALONE.

O Jove,

O Jove, quoth ſhe, how much a fool was I,
To be of ſuch a weak and ſilly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and muſt not die,
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!
For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again [4].

Fie, fie, fond love, thou art ſo full of fear,
As one with treaſure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitneſſed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with falſe bethinking grieves.
Even at this word ſhe hears a merry horn,
Whereat ſhe leaps, that was but late forlorn.

As faulcon to the lure, away ſhe flies;
The graſs ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light [5];
And in her haſte unfortunately ſpies
The foul boar's conqueſt on her fair delight;
Which ſeen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like ſtars aſham'd of day, themſelves withdrew.

Or, as the ſnail, whoſe tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly cave with pain [6],

[4] *And, beauty dead,* black chaos comes again.] The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Othello:*

"Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my ſoul,
"But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
"*Chaos is come again.*" MALONE.

[5] *The graſs ſtoops not, ſhe treads on it ſo light;*]
"Illa per intactas ſegetes, vel ſumma volaret
"*Gramina,* nec teneras curſu læſiſſet ariſtas. *Virgil.*
STEEVENS.

[6] *Or, as the ſnail, whoſe tender* horns *being hit,*
Shrinks backward in his ſhelly *cave with pain,*] So, in *Coriolanus:*

"Thruſts forth his *horns* again into the world
"That were *in-ſhell'd* when Marcus ſtood for Rome."

The former of theſe paſſages ſupports Mr. Tyrwhitt's reading of another. See the Plays of Shakſpeare, laſt edit. Vol. VII. p. 460, and Vol. II. p. 64. STEEVENS.

And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head,

Where they resign'd their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night [7],
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes [8];
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground [9],
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terrors doth men's mind confound:
This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds, once more, leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling sight
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd [1]
In

[7] —consort *with ugly* night,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"To be *consorted* with the humorous *night.*"
MALONE.

[8] *Who like a* king———
Whereat each tributary subject quakes;] So, in *King Lear*.
"Ay, every inch a *king*:
"When I do stare, see how the *subject quakes.*"
STEEVENS.

[9] *As when the* wind, imprison'd *in the ground,*
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
"——oft the teeming *earth*
"Is with a kind of cholick pinch'd and vex'd
"By the *imprisoning* of unruly *wind*
"Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
"*Shakes* the old beldame *earth* &c." STEEVENS.

[1] —*that the boar had* trench'd] *Trench'd* is cut. *Trancher*, Fr. So, in *Macbeth*:

"Safe

In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grafs, herb, leaf, or weed,
But ftole his blood, and feem'd with him to bleed.

This folemn fympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one fhoulder doth fhe hang her head;
Dumbly fhe paffions, frantickly fhe doteth [2];
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead.
Her voice is ftopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt fhe looks fo ftedfaftly,
That her fight dazling makes the wound feem three;
And then fhe reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gafhes where no breach fhould be:
His face feems twain, each feveral limb is doubled;
For oft the eye miftakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot exprefs my grief for one,
And yet, quoth fhe, behold two Adons dead!
My fighs are blown away, my falt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
Heavy heart's lead melt at mine eyes, as fire!
So fhall I die by drops of hot defire.

Alas, poor world, what treafure haft thou loft!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?

"Safe in a ditch he bides
"With twenty *trenched* gafhes on his head."

MALONE.

[2] *Dumbly fhe paffions, frantickly fhe doteth,*] This verb is again ufed by our author in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Madam, 'twas Ariadne, *paffioning*
"For Thefeus' perjury and unjuft flight."

MALONE.

Whose tongue is musick now [3]? what canst thou
boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and
trim;
But true-sweet beauty liv'd and dy'd in him.

Bonnet or veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you [4]:
Having no fair to lose [5], you need not fear;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss
you [6]:
But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair;

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gawdy sun would peep;

[3] *Whose* tongue *is* musick *now?*——] So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"That never *words* were *musick* to thine ear."
MALONE.

[4] —*nor* wind *will ever strive to* kiss *you:*] So, in *Othello:*

"The bawdy *wind* that *kisses* all it meets.
STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"Hugg'd and *embraced* by the strumpet *wind.*"
MALONE.

[5] *Having no* fair *to lose*——] *Fair* was formerly used as a substantive, in the sense of *beauty*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"My decayed *fair*
"A sunny look of his would soon repair."

See many other instances of this expression in the last edition of our author's plays, Vol. II. p. 180.

It appears from the corresponding rhime, and the jingle in the present line, that the word *fear* was pronounced in the time of Shakspeare as if it were written *fare*. It is still so pronounced in Warwickshire. MALONE.

[6] —— *the wind doth* hiss *you.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"——— the winds,
"Who, nothing hurt withal, *hiss'd* him in scorn."
STEEVENS.

The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks [7]; then would Adonis weep:
And ſtraight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would ſtrive who firſt ſhould dry his tears.

To ſee his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind ſome hedge, becauſe he would not fear him [8];
To recreate himſelf, when he hath ſung,
The tyger would be tame, and gently hear him [9]:
If he had ſpoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the ſilly lamb that day.

When he beheld his ſhadow in the brook,
The fiſhes ſpread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds ſuch pleaſure took,
That ſome would ſing, ſome other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his ſight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-ſnouted boar [1],
Whoſe downward eye ſtill looketh for a grave,
Ne'er ſaw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witneſs the entertainment that he gave:
If he did ſee his face, why then I know,
He thought to kiſs him, and hath kill'd him ſo.

[7] *Play with his* locks;——] The earlieſt copy that I have ſeen, reads *lokes*. But it was, I think, a miſprint. The reading of the text is that of the edition in 1636. MALONE.

[8] ——*becauſe he would not* fear *him*;] Becauſe he would not terrify him. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:
"For Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all." MALONE.

[9] ——*when he hath* ſung,
The tyger would be tame——] So, in *Othello:*
"She would *ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear.*" STEEVENS.

[1] ——*urchin-ſnouted boar*,] The urchin is the ſea-hedgehog. MALONE.

'Tis

'Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain;
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who would not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to perswade him there;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine [2]
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.

Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his [3]; the more I am accurst.
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if he heard the woeful words she told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where lo! two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies [4];

Two

[2] ——— *the loving swine*
Sheath'd, unaware, his tusk in his soft groin.] So, in *The Sheepheard's Song of Venus and Adonis*, 1600:
"On the ground he lay,
"Blood had left his cheerk,
"For an orped [f. *o'er-fed*] *swine*
"*Smit him in the groyne;*
"Deadly wound his death did bring;
"Which when Venus found,
"She fell into a swound,
"And awak'd her hands did wring." MALONE.

[3] *My* youth *with his*,] Thus the Duodecimo, 1600. The edition of 1636, and the modern copies, read—my *mouth*, which cannot be right, unless our author forgot what he had before written, Adonis *had* granted her a *kiss*.
"He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
"(*Their lips together glew'd*) fell to the earth."
MALONE.

[4] ——two lamps, *burnt out*, *in darkness* lies.] The same want of grammar is discoverable in *Cymbeline*:

"His

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite [5],
That, you being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, too high or low [6];
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
And shall be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd
With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile:
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures [7];

"His steeds to water at those *springs*
"On chalic'd flow'rs that *lies*."
See note on this passage, last edit. Vol. IX. p. 220.
STEEVENS.

5 —*this is* my *spite*,] This is done, purposely to vex and distress *me*. MALONE.

6 *Ne'er settled equally, too* high, *or* low;] So, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream:*
"The course of true love never did run smooth &c.
"O cross! too *high* to be enthrall'd to *low* &c."
STEEVENS.

7 —*to tread the* measures;] To dance. So, in *K. Rich. III:*
"Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
"Our dreadful marches to delightful *measures*."
MALONE.

The

The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treaſures:
It ſhall be raging-mad, and ſilly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It ſhall ſuſpect, where is no cauſe of fear;
It ſhall not fear, where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt;
It ſhall be merciful, and too ſevere,
And moſt deceiving, when it ſeems moſt juſt;
Perverſe it ſhall be, when it ſeems moſt toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of war [8], and dire events,
And ſet diſſention 'twixt the ſon and ſire;
Subject and ſervile to all diſcontents,
As dry combuſtious matter is to fire;
Sith in his prime death doth my love deſtroy,
They that love beſt, their love ſhall not enjoy.

By this, the boy that by her ſide lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight [9],
And in his blood that on the ground lay ſpill'd,
A purple flower ſprung up, checquer'd with white;
Reſembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteneſs ſtood.

She bows her head, the new-ſprung flower to ſmell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;

[8] *It ſhall be cauſe of war*, &c.] Several of the effects here predicted of *love*, in *Timon of Athens* are aſcribed to *gold*. STEEVENS.

[9] *Was* melted *like a* vapour——] So, in *Macbeth*:
" ——and what ſeem'd corporal, *melted*
" Like *breath* into the wind." STEEVENS.
Again, in *The Tempeſt*:
" Theſe our actors,
" As I foretold you, were all ſpirits, and
" Are *melted* into *air*, into thin air." MALONE.

And

And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

Poor flower, quoth she, this was thy father's guise,
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire)
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast[1];
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute of an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd,

[1] —*here* is *my breast*,] As Venus sticks the flower to which Adonis is turned, in her bosom, I think we must read against all the copies, and with much more elegance:

Here was thy father's bed, here *in* my breast—

For it was her breast which she would insinuate to have been Adonis' bed. The close of the preceding stanza partly warrants this change:

"———but know it is as good
"To wither *in* my breast, as in his blood."

As the succeeding lines in this stanza likewise do:

"Low *in* this hollow cradle take thy rest."

THEOBALD.

I have received this emendation, as the reading is, I think, more elegant, and the change very small.

MALONE.

Holding

Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself, and not be seen [a].

[a] This poem is received as one of Shakspeare's undisputed performances,—a circumstance which recommends it to the notice it might otherwise have escaped.

There are some excellencies which are less graceful than even their opposite defects; there are some virtues, which being merely constitutional, are entitled to very small degrees of praise. Our poet might design his Adonis to engage our esteem, and yet the sluggish coldness of his disposition is as offensive as the impetuous forwardness of his wanton mistress. To exhibit a young man insensible to the caresses of transcendent beauty, is to describe a being too rarely seen to be acknowledged as a natural character, and when seen, of too little value to deserve such toil of representation. No elogiums are due to Shakspeare's hero on the score of mental chastity, for he does not pretend to have subdued his desires to his moral obligations. He strives indeed, with Platonick absurdity, to draw that line which was never drawn, to make that distinction which never can be made, to separate the purer from the grosser part of love, assigning limits, and ascribing bounds to each, and calling them by different names; but if we take his own word, he will be found at last only to prefer one gratification to another, the sports of the field to the enjoyment of immortal charms. The reader will easily confess that no great respect is due to the judgment of such a would-be Hercules, with such a choice before him.—In short, the story of Joseph and the wife of Potiphar is the more interesting of the two; for the passions of the former are repressed by conscious rectitude of mind, and obedience to the highest law. The present narrative only includes the disappointment of an eager female, and the death of an unsusceptible boy. The deity, from her language, should seem to have been educated in the school of Messalina; the youth, from his backwardness, might be suspected of having felt the discipline of a Turkish seraglio.

It is not indeed very clear whether Shakspeare meant on this occasion, with Le Brun, to recommend continence as a virtue, or to try his hand with Aretine on a licentious canvas. If our poet had any moral design in view, he has been unfortunate in his conduct of it. The shield which he lifts in defence of chastity, is wrought with such meretricious imagery as cannot fail to counteract a moral purpose.—Shakspeare, however, was no unskilful mythologist, and must have known that Adonis was the offspring of Cynaras and Myrrha. His judgment therefore would have prevented him from raising an example of continence out of the produce of an incestuous bed.——Considering this piece only in the light of a *jeu d'esprit*, written without peculiar tendency, we shall even then be sorry that our author was unwilling to leave the

the character of his hero as he found it; for the common and more pleasing fable assures us, that

"——when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
"The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms."

We should therefore have been better pleased to have seen him in the situation of Ascanius,

"-- cum gremio fotum dea tollit in altos
"Idaliæ lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
"Floribus et multa aspirans complectitur umbra;"

than in the very act of repugnance to female temptation, self-denial being rarely found in the catalogue of Pagan virtues.

If we enquire into the poetical merit of this performance, it will do no honour to the reputation of its author. The great excellence of Shakspeare is to be sought in dramatick dialogue, expressing his intimate acquaintance with every passion that sooths or ravages, exalts or debases the human mind. Dialogue is a form of composition which has been known to quicken even the genius of those who in mere uninterrupted narrative have sunk to a level with the multitude of common writers. The smaller pieces of Otway and Rowe have added nothing to their fame.

Let it be remembered too, that a contemporary author, Dr. Gabriel Harvey, points out the *Venus and Adonis* as a favourite only with *the young*, while *graver* readers bestowed their attention on the *Rape of Lucrece*. Here I cannot help observing that the poetry of the Roman legend is no jot superior to that of the mythological story. A tale which Ovid has completely and affectingly told in about one hundred and forty verses, our author has coldly and imperfectly spun out into near two thousand. The attention therefore of these *graver* personages must have been engaged by the moral tendency of the piece, rather than by the force of style in which it is related. STEEVENS.

This first essay of Shakspeare's Muse does not appear to me so entirely void of poetical merit as it has been represented. In what high estimation it was held in our author's life-time, may be collected from what has been already observed in the preliminary remark, and from the circumstances mentioned in a note which the reader will find at the end of *The Rape of Lucrece*.

To the other elogiums on this piece may be added the concluding lines of a poem entitled *Mirrha the Mother of Adonis; or Lustes Prodegies*, by William Barksted, 1607;

"But stay, my Muse, in thine own confines keep,
"And wage not warre with so deere lov'd a neighbor;
"But having sung thy day-song, rest and sleep;
"Preserve thy small fame, and his greater favor.
"His song was worthie merit; Shakspeare, hee
"Sung the faire blossome, thou the wither'd tree:
"Laurel is due to him; his art and wit
"Hath purchas'd it; cyprus thy brows will fit."

MALONE.

LUCRECE.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL of SOUTHAMPTON, and BARON of TICHFIELD.

The love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours, what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would shew greater: mean time, as

it is, it is bound to your Lordſhip, to whom I wiſh long life, ſtill lengthened with all happineſs.

Your Lordſhip's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE ARGUMENT[a].

Lucius Tarquinius (for his exceffive pride furnamed Superbus) after he had caufed his own father-in-law, Servius Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and cuftoms, not requiring or ftaying for the people's fuffrages, had poffeffed himfelf of the kingdom; went, accompanied with his fons and other noblemen of Rome, to befiege Ardea. During which fiege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's fon, in their difcourfes after fupper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chaftity of his wife Lucretia. In that pleafant humour they all pofted to Rome; and intending, by their fecret and fudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the night) fpinning amongft her maids: the other ladies were all found dancing and revelling, or in feveral difports. Whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time Sextus Tarquinius being inflamed with Lucrece' beauty, yet fmothering his paffions for the prefent, departed with the reft back to the camp; from whence he fhortly after pri-

[a] This argument appears to have been written by Shakfpeare, being prefixed to the original edition in 1594; and is a curiofity, this, and the two dedications to the earl of Southampton, being the only profe compofitions of our great poet (not in a dramatick form) now remaining.

To the edition of 1616, and that printed by Lintot in 1710, a fhorter argument is likewife prefixed, under the name of *Contents*; which not being the production of our author, nor throwing any light on the poem, is now omitted. MALONE.

vily withdrew himſelf, and was (according to his eſtate) royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The ſame night, he treacherouſly ſtealeth into her chamber, violently raviſhes her, and early in the morning ſpeedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, haſtily diſpatcheth meſſengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatine. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Valerius; and finding Lucrece attired in mourning habit, demanded the cauſe of her ſorrow. She, firſt taking an oath of them for her revenge, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal ſuddenly ſtabbed herſelf. Which done, with one conſent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the doer and manner of the vile deed, with a bitter invective againſt the tyranny of the king: wherewith the people were ſo moved, that with one conſent and a general acclamation the Tarquins were all exiled, and the ſtate government changed from kings to conſuls.

THE

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE[2].

From the besieged Ardea all in post,
Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
And

[2] This poem was first printed in quarto, in the year 1594. It was again published in 1598, 1600, and 1607. All these copies have been collated for the present edition, and they all correspond, excepting such slight variations as repeated impressions necessarily produce. I have heard of editions of this piece likewise in 1596 and 1602, but I have not seen either of them. In 1616 another edition appeared, which in the title-page is said to be *newly revised and corrected*. When this copy first came to my hands, it occurred to me, that our author had perhaps an intention of revising and publishing all his works, (which his fellow-comedians in their preface to his plays seem to hint he would have done, if he had lived,) and that he began with this early production of his muse, but was prevented by death from completing his scheme; for he died in the same year in which this *corrected* copy of *Lucrece* (as it is called) was printed. But on an attentive examination of this edition, I have not the least doubt that the piece was revised by some other hand. It is so far from being correct, that it is certainly the most inaccurate and corrupt of all the ancient copies. In some passages emendations are attempted merely for the sake of harmony; in others, a word of an ancient cast is changed for one somewhat more modern; but most of the alterations seem to have been made, because the reviser did not understand the poet's meaning, and imagined he saw errors of the press, where in fact there were none. Of this the reader will find instances in

And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
And girdle with embracing flames the waist
Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of *chaste* unhapp'ly set
This bateless edge on his keen appetite;
When Collatine unwisely did not let [3]
To praise the clear unmatched red and white
Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight,
Where mortal stars [4], as bright as heaven's beauties,
With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state;
What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent

the course of the following notes; for the variations of the editions are constantly set down. I may likewise add, that this copy (which all the modern editions have followed) appears manifestly to have been printed from the edition in 1607, the most incorrect of all those that preceded, as being the most distant from the original, which there is reason to suppose was published under the author's immediate inspection. Had he undertaken the task of revising and correcting any part of his works, he would surely have made his own edition, and not a very incorrect re-impression of it, the basis of his improvements.

The story on which this poem is founded, is related by Dion. Halicarnassensis, lib. iv. c. 72; by Livy, lib. i. c. 57, 58; and by Ovid, *Fast.* lib. ii. Diodorus Siculus and Dion Cassius have also related it. The historians differ in some minute particulars. MALONE.

[3] —*did not* let] Did not *forbear*. MALONE.

[4] *Where mortal* stars,—] i. e. eyes. Our author has the same allusion in *The Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"—who more engilds the night,
"Than all yon firy o's and *eyes* of light."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"At my poor house look to behold this night
"*Earth-treading stars*, that make dark heaven light."

MALONE.

In

In the poſſeſſion of his beauteous mate;
Reckoning his fortune at ſuch high-proud rate,
  That kings might be eſpouſed to more fame,
  But king nor peer to ſuch a peerleſs dame [5].

O happineſs enjoy'd but of a few!
And, if poſſeſs'd, as ſoon decayed and done [6]
As is the morning's ſilver-melting dew [7]
Againſt the golden ſplendour of the ſun!
An expir'd date [8], cancel'd ere well begun [9]:
  Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
  Are weakly fortreſs'd from a world of harms.

[5] *Reckoning his fortune at ſuch* high-proud *rate,*
That kings might be eſpouſed to more fame,
But king nor peer *to ſuch a peerleſs dame.*] Thus the quarto, 1594, and three ſubſequent editions. The duodecimo, 1616, reads:

——at *ſo* high *a* rate,

and in the next line but one,

But king nor *prince* to ſuch a peerleſs dame.

The alteration in the firſt line was probably made in conſequence of the editor's not being ſufficiently converſant with Shakſpeare's compounded words; (thus, in *All's Well that ends Well*, we find *high*-repented blames; and in *Twelfth Night*, *high*-fantaſtical;) in the laſt, to avoid that jingle which the author ſeems to have conſidered as a beauty or received as a faſhion. MALONE.

[6] ——*as ſoon decay'd and* done,] *Done* is frequently uſed by our ancient writers in the ſenſe of *conſumed*. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"——waſted, thaw'd, and *done*,
"As mountain ſnow melts with the mid-day ſun."
MALONE.

[7] *As* is *the morning's ſilver-melting dew,*] The duodecimo, 1616, and the modern editions, read corruptedly:

As *if* the morning's ſilver-melting dew. MALONE.

[8] *An* expir'd date,——] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——and *expire* the *term*
"Of a deſpiſed life." STEEVENS.

[9] *An expir'd date, cancel'd ere well begun*:] Thus the quarto, 1594, the editions of 1598, 1600, and 1607. That of 1616 reads, apparently for the ſake of ſmoother verſification:

A date expir'd, *and* cancel'd ere begun. MALONE.

Beauty

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
The eyes of men without an orator [1];
What needeth then apology be made
To set forth that which is so singular?
Or why is Collatine the publisher
  Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
  From thievish ears, because it is his own [2]?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king [3];
For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be:
Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
  His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should vaunt
  The golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those:

[1] *Beauty itself doth of itself persuade*
The eyes of men without an orator;] So Daniel, in his *Rosamond*, 1599:

"——whose power doth move the blood
"More than the words or wisdom of the wise."

Again, in *The Martial Maid*, by B. and Fletcher:

"——silent orators, to move beyond
"The honey tongued rhetorician." STEEVENS.

[2] *——why is Collatine the publisher*
Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
From thievish ears, *because it is his own?*] Thus the old copies. The modern editions read: From thievish *eyes*— MALONE.

The conduct of Lucretia's husband is here made to resemble that of Posthumus in *Cymbeline*. The present sentiment occurs likewise in *Muchado about Nothing*: "—The flat transgression of a school-boy; who being over-joyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it." STEEVENS.

[3] Suggested *this proud issue of a king*,] *Suggested*, I think, here means *tempted*, prompted, instigated. So, in *K. Richard II*:

"What Eve, what serpent hath *suggested* thee
"To make a second fall of cursed man?"

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"These heavenly eyes that look into these faults,
"*Suggested* us to make." MALONE.

His

His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
To quench the coal which in his liver glows [4].
O rash-false heat, wrapt in repentant cold [5],
Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old [6]!

When at Collatium this false lord arrived,
Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
Within whose face beauty and virtue strived

4 ——*which in his liver* glows.] Thus the quarto, 1594. Some of the modern editions have *grows*.—The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of love. MALONE.

5 —*wrapt in* repentant *cold*,] The duodecimo, 1600, reads:
——wrapt in *repentance* cold,
but it was evidently an error of the press. The first copy has *repentant*. MALONE.

To quench the coal *which in his liver* glows.
——*wrapt in* repentant cold,] So, in *King John*:
"There is no malice in this burning *coal*;
"The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
"And strew'd *repentant* ashes on his head."
STEEVENS.

6 *Thy hasty spring still* blasts, *and ne'er grows old!*] Like a too early spring, which is frequently checked by *blights*, and never produces any ripened or wholsome fruit, the irregular forwardness of an unlawful passion never gives any solid or permanent satisfaction. So, in a subsequent stanza:
"Unruly *blasts* wait on the tender *spring*."
Again, in *Hamlet*:
"For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
"Hold it a fashion and a toy of blood;
"A violet in the *youth* of *primy* nature,
"*Forward*, not *permanent*; *sweet*, not *lasting*;
"The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
"No more"
Again, in *King Richard III*:
"*Short summers* lightly have a *forward spring*."
Blasts is here a neutral verb.
In *Venus and Adonis* we meet nearly the same sentiment:
"Love's gentle spring doth alway fresh remain;
"Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done."
MALONE.

Which

Which of them both should underprop her fame:
When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
shame;
When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
Virtue would stain that or with silver white[7].

But beauty, in that white intituled[8],
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field;
Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
Which virtue gave the golden age, to gild
Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield;

[7] *Virtue would stain that or with silver white.*] The original edition exhibits this line thus:

Virtue would stain that *ore* with silver white.

Ore might certainly have been intended for *o'er*, (as it is given in the modern copies,) the word *over*, when contracted, having been formerly written *ore*. But in this way the passage is not reducible to grammar. Virtue would stain *that*, i. e. *blushes*, o'er with silver white.—The word intended was, I believe, *or*, i. e. gold, to which the poet compares the deep colour of a *blush*.

The terms of heraldry in the next stanza seem to favour this supposition; and the opposition between *or* and the *silver* white of virtue is entirely in Shakspeare's manner. So, afterwards:

"Which virtue gave the *golden* age to gild
"Their *silver* cheeks ——" MALONE.

Shakspeare delights in opposing the colours of *gold* and *silver* to each other. So, in *Macbeth*:

"His *silver* skin lac'd with his *golden* blood."

We meet with a description, allied to the present one, in *Much ado about Nothing*:

"———I have mark'd
"A thousand *blushing* apparitions
"To start into her face, a thousand *innocent* shames
"In angel *whiteness* bear away those *blushes*."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*in that white* intituled,] I suppose he means, *that consists in that whiteness*, or takes its *title* from it. STEEVENS.

Our author has the same phrase in his 37th *Sonnet*:

"For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
"Or any of these all, or all, or more,
"*Intitled* in their parts, do crowned sit——"

MALONE.

Teaching

Teaching them thus to uſe it in the fight,—
When ſhame aſſail'd, the red ſhould fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was ſeen,
Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white.
Of either's colour was the other queen,
Proving from world's minority their right:
Yet their ambition makes them ſtill to fight;
The ſovereignty of either being ſo great,
That oft they interchange each other's ſeat.

This ſilent war of lilies and of roſes
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field [9],
In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloſes [1];
Where

[9] ——*in her fair face's* field,] *Field* is here equivocally uſed. The *war* of lilies and roſes requires a *field* of battle; the *heraldry* in the preceding ſtanza demands another field, i. e. the ground or ſurface of a ſhield or eſcutcheon armorial.

STEEVENS.

[1] *This ſilent* war *of lilies and of roſes*
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field,
In their *pure* ranks *his traitor eye encloſes*;] There is here much confuſion of metaphor. *War* is, in the firſt line, uſed merely to ſignify the *conteſt* of lilies and roſes for ſuperiority; and in the third, as an *army* which takes Tarquin priſoner, and encloſes his eye in the pure *ranks* of *white* and *red*.

Our author has the ſame expreſſion in *Coriolanus:*

" Our veil'd dames
" Commit the *war* of *white* and *damaſk* in
" Their nicely-gawded cheeks, to the wanton ſpoil
" Of Phœbus' burning kiſſes."

Were not the preſent phraſeology ſo much in Shakſpeare's manner, we might read:

"The ſilent *band* of lilies &c.

So, a little lower:

" The coward captive vanquiſhed doth yield
" To thoſe two *armies*——

Again, in a ſubſequent ſtanza:

" Fearing ſome bad news from the *warlike band*
" Where her beloved Collatinus lies."

The

Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd,
The coward captive vanquished doth yield
  To those two armies, that would let him go,
  Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he that her husband's shallow tongue
(The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so)
In that high task hath done her beauty wrong,
Which far exceeds his barren skill to show:
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe[2],
  Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
  In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper;
For thoughts unstain'd do seldom dream on evil;
Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear[3]:
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer
  And reverend welcome to her princely guest,
  Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd:

The copies however all agree in reading *war*, and I believe they are not corrupt. MALONE.

If the copies agree in reading *war*, for once they agree in a true reading. So, in *The Taming of a Shrew:*

"Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
"Such *war of white and red* within her cheeks!"

Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Oh, what a *war* of looks was then between them!"

STEEVENS.

[2] *Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,*] *Praise* here signifies *the object of praise*, i. e. Lucretia. To *owe* in old language means *to possess*. So, in *Othello:*

"Not poppy, nor mandragora——
"Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
"Which thou *ow'dst* yesterday." MALONE.

[3] Birds *never lim'd no secret* bushes fear:] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"The *bird* that hath been *limed* in a *bush*,
"With trembling wings *misdoubteth* every *bush*."

STEEVENS.

For

For that he colour'd with his high eſtate,
Hiding baſe ſin in plaits of majeſty[4];
That nothing in him ſeem'd inordinate,
Save ſometime too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not ſatisfy;
But, poorly rich, ſo wanteth in his ſtore,
That cloy'd with much, he pineth ſtill for more.

But ſhe that never cop'd with ſtranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling looks[5],
Nor read the ſubtle-ſhining ſecrecies
Writ in the glaſſy margents of ſuch books[6];
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could ſhe moralize his wanton ſight[7],
More than his eyes were open'd to the light.

He ſtories to her ears her huſband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy;
And decks with praiſes Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
With bruiſed arms and wreaths of victory[8]:
Her

4 Hiding *baſe ſin in* plaits of majeſty :] So, in *King Lear*:
"*Robes* and furr'd gowns *hide all*." STEEVENS.

5 Could pick no meaning from their *parling looks*,] So, Daniel, in his *Roſamond*:
"Ah beauty, Syren, fair enchanting good!
"Sweet ſilent *rhetorick* of perſuading *eyes*!"
MALONE.

6 *Writ in the glaſſy* margents *of ſuch* books;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"And what obſcur'd in this fair *volume* lies,
"Find written in the *margin* of his *eyes*."
In all our ancient Engliſh books, the comment is printed in the margin. MALONE.

7 *Nor could ſhe* moralize *his wanton ſight*,] To *moralize* here ſignifies to *interpret*, to inveſtigate the latent meaning of his looks. So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: "You have ſome *moral* in this Benedictus." MALONE.

8 *With* bruiſed arms *and* wreaths *of* victory:] So, in *King Richard III*:
"Now

Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there.
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear;
Till sable Night, mother of Dread and Fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the day [9].

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright [1];
For, after supper, long he questioned [2]

"Now are our brows bound with *victorious wreaths*,
"Our *bruised arms* hung up for monuments."
MALONE.

[9] *Till sable Night*, mother *of Dread and Fear*,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows *the day*.] Thus the quarto, 1594, and the three subsequent editions. The duodecimo, 1616, without any authority reads thus:
Till sable night, *sad source* of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison *shuts* the day. MALONE.

And in her vaulty prison stows *the day*.] *Stows* I believe to be the true, though the least elegant, reading: So, in *Hamlet*, act IV. sc. i: "*Safely stow'd*." STEEVENS.

[1] Intending *weariness with heavy spright*;] *Intending* is *pretending*. So, in *King Richard III*:
"Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
"*Intending* deep suspicion." MALONE.

[2] *For, after supper, long he* questioned
With modest Lucrece,——] Held a long conversation. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"I pray you, think you *question* with the Jew."
Again, in another of our author's plays:
"Thy *question's* with thy equal."
Again, in *As you like it*: "I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question* with him." MALONE.

With

With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night:
Now leaden slumber [3] with life's strength doth fight;
And every one to rest himself betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wakes [4].

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining:
Despair to gain, doth traffick oft for gaining;
And when great treasure is the meed proposed,
Though death be adjunct [5], there's no death supposed.

Those that much covet, are with gain so fond,
That what they have not (that which they possess [6])
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,

And

[3] —*leaden slumber*—] So, in *K. Richard III*:
"Lest *leaden slumber* peise me down to-morrow."
STEEVENS.

[4] *And every one to rest* himself betakes,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that wakes]
Thus the quarto. The duodecimo, 1600, reads:
——— *themselves betake*,
and in the next line:
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds that *wake*.
But the first copy was right. This disregard of concord is not uncommon in our ancient poets. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:
"——two *lamps* burnt out in darkness *lies*."
MALONE.

[5] *Though* death *be* adjunct,] So, in *King John*:
"Though that my *death* were *adjunct* to the act."
STEEVENS.

[6] *That* what *they have not* (*that which they possess*)] Thus the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads:
Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That *oft* they have not that which they possess;
They scatter and unloose it &c.

The

And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waining age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour, in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth; and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in vent'ring ill [7], we leave to be
The things we are, for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have, and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing, by augmenting it [8].

The alteration is plausible, but not necessary. If it be objected to the reading of the first copy, that these misers cannot scatter *what they have not*, (which they are made to do, as the text now stands,) it should be observed, that the same objection lies to the passage as regulated in the latter edition; for here also they are said "to scatter and unloose it &c." although in the preceding line they were said "oft *not to have it*." Poetically speaking they may be said to scatter *what they have not*, i. e. what they cannot be *truly* said to have; what they do not *enjoy*, though *possessed* of it. Understanding the words in this sense, the old reading may remain. MALONE.

[7] *So that in vent'ring* ill,——] Thus all the ancient copies that I have seen. The modern editions read:

So that in vent'ring *all*,——

But there is no need of change. *In venturing ill*, means *from an* evil *spirit of* adventure, *which prompts us to covet what we are not possessed of*. MALONE.

[8] Make *something* nothing, *by* augmenting *it*.] Thus, in *Macbeth*;

"——so I *lose* no honour
"By seeking to *augment* it &c." STEEVENS.

Such

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust;
And for himself, himself he must forsake:
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust?
When shall he think to find a stranger just,
When he himself himself confounds, betrays
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days [9]?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night [1],
When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes;
No comfortable star did lend his light,
No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding cries:
Now serves the season that they may surprise

[9] —*and wretched hateful* days?] The modern editions read, unintelligibly:

To slanderous tongues, *the* wretched hateful *lays*. MALONE.

[1] *Now stole upon the time the dead of night*, &c.] So, in *Macbeth*:

"Now o'er the one half world
"Nature seems *dead*, and wicked *dreams abuse*
"*The curtain'd sleep*: now witchcraft celebrates
"Pale Hecat's offerings, and wither'd *murder*,
"Alarum'd by his sentinel the *wolf*,
"Whose *howl's* his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
"With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
"Moves like a ghost." MALONE.

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
When heavy sleep *had* clos'd *up mortal* eyes;
No comfortable star *did lend his light*——
——pure thoughts are dead and still,
While lust *and murder* wake——] From this and two following passages in the poem before us, it is hardly possible to suppose but that Mr. Rowe had been perusing it before he sat down to write *The Fair Penitent*:

"Once in a *lone and secret hour of night*,
"When *every eye* was *clos'd*, and the pale moon,
"And silent *stars*——
"Fierceness and pride, *the guardians of her honour*,
"*Were lull'd to rest*, and *love* alone was *waking*."
STEEVENS.

The ſilly lambs; pure thoughts are dead and ſtill,
While luſt and murder wake to ſtain and kill.

And now this luſtful lord leap'd from his bed,
Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm;
Is madly toſs'd between deſire and dread;
The one ſweetly flatters, the other feareth harm;
But honeſt Fear, bewitch'd with luſt's foul charm,
Doth too too oft betake him to retire [2],
Beaten away by brain-ſick rude Deſire.

His falchion on a flint he ſoftly ſmiteth,
That from the cold ſtone ſparks of fire do fly,
Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
Which muſt be lode-ſtar to his luſtful eye [3];
And to the flame thus ſpeaks adviſedly:
As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
So Lucrece muſt I force to my deſire [4].

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
The dangers of his loathſome enterpriſe,
And in his inward mind he doth debate
What following ſorrow may on this ariſe:
Then looking ſcornfully, he doth deſpiſe
His naked armour of ſtill-ſlaughter'd luſt [5],
And juſtly thus controls his thoughts unjuſt.

[2] *Doth too too oft betake* him *to retire,*] That is, *Fear* betakes *himſelf* to flight. MALONE.

[3] —lode-ſtar *to his luſtful eye;*] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Your eyes are *lode-ſtars*——" STEEVENS.

[4] *As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,*
So Lucrece muſt I force to my deſire.]
"Limus ut hic dureſcit, et hæc ut cera liqueſcit,
"Uno eodemque igni; ſic noſtro Daphnis amore.
Virg. Ec. 8. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*armour of ſtill-ſlaughter'd luſt,*] i. e. ſtill-ſlaughter*ing*; unleſs the poet means to deſcribe it as a paſſion that is always a killing, but never dies. STEEVENS.

Fair

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not
To darken her whose light excelleth thine[6]!
And die unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
With your uncleanness that which is divine!
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine:
  Let fair humanity abhor the deed
  That spots and stains love's modest snow-white
      weed[7].

O shame to knighthood and to shining arms!
O foul dishonour to my houshold's grave!
O impious act, including all foul harms!
A martial man to be soft fancy's slave*!
True valour still a true respect should have;
  Then my digression[8] is so vile, so base,
  That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive[9],

To

[6] *Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not*
To darken her whose light excelleth thine!] In *Othello*, we meet the same play of terms:
"Put out the *light*, and then put out *the light*.—
"If I quench thee &c." MALONE.

[7] —*love's modest snow-white* weed.] *Weed*, in old language, is *garment*. MALONE.

* —*soft* fancy's *slave*!] *Fancy* for *love* or *affection*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:
"Sighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers." MALONE.

[8] *Then my* digression—] My deviation from virtue. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: "I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my *digression* by some mighty precedent." MALONE.
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"Thy noble shape is but a form in wax,
"*Digressing* from the valour of a man." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the scandal will survive,*
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash *the herald will contrive,*] In the books of heraldry a particular mark of disgrace is mentioned, by which the escutcheons of those persons were anciently distinguished, who "*discourteously* used *a widow, maid, or wife*, against her will."

There

To cipher me, how fondly I did dote;
That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
Shall curse my bones, and hold it for no sin
To wish that I their father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek?
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy:
Who buys a minute's mirth, to wail a week[1]?
Or sells eternity, to get a toy?
For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy?
Or what fond beggar, but to touch the crown,
Would with the scepter straight be strucken down?

If Collatinus dream of my intent,
Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent?
This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
This dying virtue, this surviving shame
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame?

O what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake?

There were likewise formerly marks of disgrace for him that *revoked a challenge*, or *went from his word*; *for him who fled from his colours* &c. In the present instance our author seems to allude to the mark first mentioned. MALONE.

Some loathsome dash *the herald will contrive*,] So, in *King John*.
"To look into the *blots* and stains of right."
Again, in Drayton's *Epistle from Queen Isabel to King Richard II*:
"No bastard's *mark* doth blot my conquering shield."
This distinction, whatever it was, was called in ancient heraldry a *blot* or difference. STEEVENS.

[1] *Who buys a* minute's mirth, *to* wail a week?] So, in *King Rich. III*:
"Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
"And each *hour's joy* wreck'd with *a week of teen*."
STEEVENS.

Mine

Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife;
As in revenge or quittal of such strife:
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend [2],
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known [3]:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—*but she is not her own*:
The worst is but denial, and reproving:
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing.
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe [4].

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill

[2] *But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"First, *as I am his kinsman* and his subject,
"Strong both against the deed——" STEEVENS.

[3] *Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:*] Thus all the editions before that of 1616, which reads:
Shamefull it is; if *once* the fact be known.
The words in Italicks in the first three lines of this stanza, are supposed to be spoken by some airy monitor. MALONE.

[4] *Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw,*
Shall by a painted cloth *be kept in awe.*] In the old tapestries or *painted cloths* many moral sentences were wrought. So, in *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in't*, by Decker, 1612:
"What *says* the prodigal child in the *painted cloth*?"
MALONE.

All pure effects [5], and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news * from the warlike band
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away [6].

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd [7],
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear!
Which struck her sad, and then it faster rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses?
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth:
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gawdy banner is display'd [8],
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

[5] *All pure* effects,——] Perhaps we should read *affects*. So, in *Othello*:

"——the young *affects*,
"In me *defunct*——" STEEVENS.

* *Fearing some* hard *news*——] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "——this is *stiff* news." The modern editors read—*bad* news. STEEVENS.

[6] —*the roses* took away.] The roses *being taken away*. MALONE.

[7] *And* how *her hand, in my hand being lock'd,*] Thus all the editions before 1616, which has:

And *now* her hand, &c. MALONE.

[8] *And when* his *gawdy banner is display'd,*] Thus the quarto, 1594. The edition of 1616 reads—*this* gawdy banner; and in the former part of the stanza, *pleads* and *dreads*, instead of *pleadeth* and *dreadeth*. MALONE.

Then

Then childish fear avaunt! debating die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseem the sage[9];
My part is youth, and beats these from the stage[1]:
Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize;
Then who fears sinking where such treasure lies?"

As corn o'er-grown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust[2].
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the self same seat sits Collatine:
That eye which looks on her, confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;

[9] *Sad pause and deep regard beseems the sage;*] *Sad*, in ancient language, is *grave*. So, in *Much ado about Nothing:*
"The conference was *sadly* borne —" MALONE.

[1] *My part is youth, and beats these from the stage:*] The poet seems to have had the conflicts between the Devil and the *Vice* of the old moralities, in his thoughts. In these, the *Vice* was always victorious, and drove the Devil roaring off the stage. MALONE.

My part is youth,——] Probably the poet was thinking on that particular interlude intitled *Lusty Juventus.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——— ——— *heedful fear*
Is almost chok'd *by unresisted lust.*] Thus the old copy. So, in *K. Henry IV:*
"And yet we ventur'd for the gain propos'd
"*Chok'd* the respect of likely peril *fear'd.*"
So also, Dryden:
"No fruitful crop the sickly fields return,
"But docks and darnel *choke* the rising corn."
The modern editions erroneously read:
——*cloak'd* by unresisted lust. STEEVENS.

But

But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part;

And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours [3];
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece' bed [4].

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward [5];
But as they open, they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard [6]:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard [7];
Night-wandring weesels [8] shriek to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As

[3] *Stuff up his lust, as* minutes fill up hours;] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"——to see the *minutes* how they run,
"How many make the *hour* full-complete."

MALONE.

[4] *The Roman lord* marcheth *to Lucrece' bed.*] The edition of 1616 reads—*doth march.* MALONE.

[5] ——retires *his ward*;] Thus the quarto, and the editions 1598 and 1600. That of 1616, and the modern copies, read, unintelligibly:

Each one by one enforc'd, *recites* his ward.

Retires is *draws back.* Retirer, Fr. MALONE.

[6] *Which drives the creeping thief* to some regard:] Which makes him pause and *consider* what he is about to do. So before:

"——deep *regard* beseems the sage." MALONE.

[7] ——*to have him heard*;] That is, to discover him; to proclaim his approach." MALONE.

[8] *Night-wandring* weesels *shriek* &c.] The property of the *weesel* is to *suck eggs.* To this circumstance our author alludes in *As you like it*: "I suck melancholy out of a song, as a *weesel sucks eggs.*" Again, in *K. Henry V*:

"For

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case [9];
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the torch:

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks;
He takes it from the rushes where it lies [1];
And griping it, the neeld his finger pricks [2]:
As who should say, this glove to wanton tricks
Is not inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove that did delay him,

"For once the eagle England being in prey,
"To her unguarded nest the *weasel* Scot
"Comes sneaking, and so *sucks* her princely *eggs*."

Perhaps the poet meant to intimate, that even animals intent on matrimonial plunder, gave the alarm at sight of a more powerful invader of the nuptial bed. But this is mere idle conjecture. STEEVENS.

9 *Extinguishing his* conduct *in this case*;] *Conduct* for *conductor*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act V. sc. i:

"Come bitter *conduct*, come unsavoury guide——"

See the note there. MALONE.

1 *He takes it from the* rushes *where it lies*,] The apartments in England being strewed with rushes in our author's time, he has given Lucretia's chamber the same covering. MALONE.

2 *And griping it, the* neeld *his finger pricks*:] *Neeld* for *needle*. Our author has the same abbreviation in his *Pericles*:

"Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her *neeld* composes
"Nature's own shape——"

Again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"——Have with our *neelds* created both one flower."

MALONE.

He

He takes for accidental things of trial;
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let [3],
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he, these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime [4],
And give the sneaped birds more cause to sing [5].
Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and sands,
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber door
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought [6],
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin [7],
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

[3] *Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth* let,] To *let*, in ancient language, is *to obstruct*, to retard. So, in *Hamlet*:

"——I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me."

MALONE.

[4] *To add a* more *rejoicing*——] That is, a *greater* rejoicing. So, in *K. Richard II*:

"To make *a more* requital of your loves."

The *prime* is the *spring*. MALONE.

[5] *And give the* sneaped *birds*——] *Sneaped* is *checked*. So Falstaff, in *K. Henry IV*. P. II: "My lord, I will not undergo this *sneap* without reply." MALONE.

[6] *That shuts him from the* heaven *of his thought*,] Thus, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
"My sole earth's *heaven*——" MALONE.

[7] *That for his* prey *to* pray *he doth begin*,] A jingle not less disgusting occurs in Ovid's narration of the same event:

"*Hostis* ut *hospes* init penetralia Collatina." STEEVENS.

But

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power,
That his foul thoughts might compass his fair fair[8],
And they would stand auspicious to the hour[9],
Even there he starts:—quoth he, I must deflower;
  The powers to whom I pray, abhor this fact,
  How can they then assist me in the act?

Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my guide!
My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams till their effects be tried,
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution[1];
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
  The eye of heaven is out[2], and misty night
  Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide:
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch;
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent, steps aside;

[8] —*might compass his fair fair,*] His fair beauty. *Fair*, it has been already observed, was anciently used as a substantive. MALONE.

[9] *And* they *would stand auspicious to the hour,*] This false concord perhaps owes its introduction to the rhime. In the second line of the stanza *one* deity only is invoked; in the fourth line he talks of more. We must therefore either acknowledge the want of grammar, or read:

And *he* would stand auspicious to the hour, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] The blackest *sin is clear'd with absolution;*] The duodecimo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

Black sin is clear'd with absolution.

Our author has here rather prematurely made Tarquin a disciple of modern Rome. MALONE.

[2] *The* eye of heaven,—] So, in *K. Richard II:*

"All places that the *eye of heaven* visits." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Now ere the *sun* advance his burning *eye*—" MALONE.

But

But she, found sleeping, fearing no such thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks [3],
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon [4],
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look as the fair and firy-pointed sun [5],
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is, that she reflects so bright,

[3] *Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,*] This line strongly confirms the correction that has been made in a passage in *Macbeth*:
" With Tarquin's ravishing *strides*, towards his design
" Moves like a ghost."
where the old copy reads—*sides*. So, in a subsequent passage, when Lucretia is describing Tarquin's entrance into her chamber, she says:
" For in the dreadful dark of deep midnight,
" With shining falchion in my chamber came
" A *creeping* creature, with a flaming light,
" And softly cry'd———"
Thus also, in a preceding stanza:
" Which drives the *creeping* thief to some regard."
MALONE.

[4] *Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,*] The duodecimo, 1616, reads—*too* soon. MALONE.

[5] ——*firy-pointed sun,*] I would read:—fire-ypointed. So, Milton:
" Under a *star-ypointing* pyramid." STEEVENS.

I have not observed that our author has any where, except in the antiquated choruses of *Pericles*, (if they were his composition) imitated the elder poets in prefixing *y* to any word, and therefore suppose the old reading to be right. In Shakspeare's edition the word is spelt *fierie*-pointed. MALONE.

That

That dazzleth them, or else some shame supposed;
But blind they are, and keep themselves enclosed.

O, had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill!
Then Collatine again by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed[6] might have reposed still:
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill;
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under[7],
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss[8];
Who therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling

[6] *In his clear bed*——] *Clear* is pure, spotless. So, in *Macbeth*:
"——This Duncan
"Hath been so *clear* in his great office——" MALONE.

[7] —— *her rosy cheek lies under*,] Thus the first copy. The edition of 1600, and the subsequent impressions have *cheeks*. MALONE.

[8] *Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under*,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;] Among the poems of Sir John Suckling, (who is said to have been a great admirer of our author) is one entitled *A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr. William Shakspeare's*; which begins with these lines, somewhat varied. We can hardly suppose that Suckling would have called a passage extracted from a regular poem an imperfect *copy of verses*. Perhaps Shakspeare had written the lines quoted below (of which Sir John might have had a manuscript copy) on some occasion previous to the publication of his *Lucrece*, and afterwards used them in this poem, with some variation. In a subsequent page the reader will find some verses that appear to have been written before *Venus and Adonis* was composed, of which, in like manner, the leading thoughts were afterwards employed in that poem. This supposed fragment is thus supplied by Suckling.—The variations are distinguished by Italick characters.

I.

"*One of her hands one of her cheeks lay* under,
"Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;
"*Which* therefore *swell'd and seem'd* to part *asunder*,
"*As angry to be robb'd of such a* bliss:

"The

Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſs;
Between whoſe hills her head intombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, ſhe lies *,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whoſe perfect white
Show'd like an April daiſy on the graſs,

" *The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,*
" *While t'other bluſh'd 'cauſe it had done the wrong.*

II.

" *Out of* the bed *the* other fair hand was,
" On *a* green *ſattin quilt*; whoſe perfect white
" *Look'd* like a daiſy *in a field of* graſs *,
" And ſhew'd like unmelt ſnow unto the ſight:
" There lay this pretty perdue, ſafe to keep
" The reſt o' the body that lay faſt aſleep.

III.

" Her eyes (and therefore it was night) cloſe laid,
" Strove to impriſon beauty till the morn;
" But yet the doors were of ſuch fine ſtuff made,
" That it broke through and ſhew'd itſelf in ſcorn;
" Throwing a kind of light about the place,
" Which turn'd to ſmiles, ſtill as't came near her face.

IV.

" Her beams, which ſome dull men call'd hair, divided
" Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did ſport;
" But theſe, as rude, her breath put by ſtill: ſome †
" Wiſelier downward ſought; but falling ſhort,
" Curl'd back in rings, and ſeem'd to turn again
" To bite the part ſo unkindly held them in."

MALONE.

* *Where, like a virtuous* monument, *ſhe lies*,] On our ancient monuments the heads of the perſons repreſented are commonly repoſed on *pillows*. Our author has nearly the ſame image in *Cymbeline*:

" And be her ſenſe *but as a monument*,
" Thus in a chapel lying." STEEVENS.

* *Thus far* (ſays Suckling) *Shakſpeare*.
† From the want of rhime here, I ſuſpect this line to be corrupt.

With

With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night [1].
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light [2],
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;
O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph [3] in the map of death [4],
And death's dim look in life's mortality.
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no strife [5],
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered [6],
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew [7],

[1] *With pearly* sweat, *resembling* dew of night.] So, Dryden:
"And sleeping flow'rs beneath *the night-dew sweat*." STEEVENS.

[2] *Her* eyes, *like marigolds, had sheath'd their light,*
And canopied *in darkness, sweetly lay*, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"———The flame o' the taper
"Bends towards her, and would under-peep her lids,
"To see the enclosed *lights, now canopied*
"Under these windows." MALONE.

[3] Showing *life's triumph*——] The duodecimo, 1616, reads *Showring*. MALONE.

[4] ——*in the* map *of death*,] So, in *King Richard II*:
"Thou *map* of honour." STEEVENS.

[5] *As if between them twain there was no* strife,
But that life *liv'd in* death, *and* death *in* life.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"That *death* and *nature* do *contend* about them,
"Whether they *live* or *die*." STEEVENS.

[6] *A pair of* maiden worlds *unconquered*,] *Maiden worlds!* How happeneth this, friend Collatine, when Lucretia hath so long lain by thy side? Verily, it insinuateth thee of coldness. AMNER.

[7] *Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew*,] So, Ovid, describing Lucretia in the same situation:
"Effugiet? positis urgetur pectora palmis,
"*Nunc primum externâ pectora tacta manu*." MALONE.

And him by oath they truly honoured [8].
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner out [9].

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desired?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tired [*].
With more than admiration he admired
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified [1];
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her side,

[8] *And him by oath they truly honoured.*] Alluding to the ancient practice of swearing domesticks into service. So, in *Cymbeline:*
"Her *servants* are all *sworn* and honourable." STEEVENS.
The *matrimonial* oath was, I believe, alone in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

[9] —— *to heave the owner out.*] So, in a subsequent stanza:
"My sighs like whirlwinds labour hence to *heave* thee."
The duodecimo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:
—— to *have* the owner out. MALONE.

[*] *And in his will his wilful eye he tired.*] This may mean—*He glutted his lustful eye in the imagination of what he had resolved to do.* To *tire* is a term in falconry. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece:* "Must with keen fang *tire* upon thy flesh." Perhaps we should read—And *on* his will &c. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *by gazing* qualified,] i. e. softened, abated, diminished. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
" —————— I have heard
" Your grace hath ta'en great pains to *qualify*
" His rigorous courses." STEEVENS.
Again, in *Othello:* "I have drank but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too." MALONE.

His

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting [2],
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans respecting,
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarum striking,
Gives the hot charge [3], and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart chears up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand [4];
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoaking with pride, march'd on to make his stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land [5];

2 —*fell exploits* effecting,] Perhaps we should read—*affecting*. STEEVENS.

The preceding line and the two, that follow, support, I think, the old reading. Tarquin only *expects* the onset; but the slaves here mentioned do not *affect* or meditate fell exploits, they are supposed to be actually *employed* in carnage:

"——for pillage *fighting*,
"Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans *respecting*."

The subsequent line,

"Swell in their pride, the onset still *expecting*—"

refers, not to the *slaves*, but to Tarquin's *veins*. MALONE.

3 Gives the *hot* charge,——] So, in *Hamlet*:

"——proclaim no shame
"When the compulsive ardour *gives the charge*." STEEV.

4 *His eye* commends *the leading to his hand*;] i. e. recommends. So, in *Macbeth*:

"I wish your horses swift and sure of foot,
"And so I do *commend* you to their backs."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"*Commend* unto his lips thy favouring hand." STEEVENS.

5 *On her bare breast, the* heart *of all her land*;] So in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——the very *heart of loss*."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"———I will wear him
"In my heart's core; ay, in my *heart* of heart." MALONE.

Whoſe ranks of blue veins, as his hand did ſcale,
Left their round turrets deſtitute and pale.

They muſtering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governeſs and lady lies,
Do tell her ſhe is dreadfully beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and control'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull ſleep by dreadful fancy waking,
That thinks ſhe hath beheld ſome gaſtly ſprite,
Whoſe grim aſpect ſets every joint a ſhaking;
What terrour 'tis! but ſhe, in worſer taking,
From ſleep diſturbed, heedfully doth view
The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terrour true [6].

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thouſand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird ſhe trembling lies [7];
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears
Quick-ſhifting antics, ugly in her eyes:
Such ſhadows are the weak brain's forgeries [8];
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights [*],
In darkneſs daunts them with more dreadful ſights.

[6] *The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terrour* true.] The duodecimo, 1616, and the modern editions, read:

——which make ſuppoſed terror *rue*. MALONE.

[7] *Wrapp'd and confounded in a thouſand fears,*
Like to a new-kill'd bird ſhe trembling *lies*;] So, Ovid, deſcribing Lucretia in the ſame ſituation:

"Illa nihil; neque enim vocem vireſque loquendi
"Aut aliquid toto pectore mentis habet.
"Sed *tremit*——" MALONE.

[8] *Such ſhadows are the weak brain's* forgeries;] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"Theſe are the *forgeries* of jealouſy." STEEVENS.

[*] ——*the eyes fly from their lights*,] We meet with this conceit again in *Julius Cæſar*:

"His coward *lips* did from their *colour fly*." STEEVENS

His

His hand that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram, to batter such an ivory wall!)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal [9]
This moves in him more rage, and lesser pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe,
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin [1],
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face [2]
(That even for anger makes the lily pale,

[9] *Beating her* bulk, *that his hand shakes withal.*] *Bulk* is frequently used by our author and other ancient writers for *body*. So, in *K. Richard III:*

"——still the envious flood
"Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
"To seek the empty vast, and wandring a[illegible]
"But smother'd it within my panting *bulk.*"

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
"As it did seem to shatter all his *bulk*,
"And end his being." MALONE.

[1] ——*o'er the white sheet peers her whiter chin,*] So, Otway, in *Venice Preserved:*

"——in virgin sheets,
"White as her bosom." STEEVENS.

[2] *Under what* colour *he commits this ill.*
Thus he replies: The colour *in thy face,*] The same play on the same words occurs in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:

"——this that you heard, was but a *colour*.
Shal. "A *colour*, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John."
STEEVENS.

And the red rose blush at her own disgrace [3],)
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale:
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never-conquer'd fort; the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will that marks thee for my earth's delight [4],
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred [5].

I see what crosses my attempt will bring;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends;
I think the honey guarded with a sting [6];
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends:
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends;
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;

But

[3] *And the red rose* blush at her own disgrace,] A thought somewhat similar occurs in May's *Supplement to Lucan:*
"——labra rubenus
"Non rosea æquaret, nisi primo victa fuisset,
"Et pudor augeret quem dat natura ruborem."
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *my earth's delight,*] So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*
"My sole *earth's* heaven." STEEVENS.

[5] *By thy bright beauty* was it *newly bred.*] The duodecimo, 1616, reads:
——*it was* newly bred. MALONE.

[6] I think *the honey guarded with a sting;*] *I am aware* that the honey is guarded with a sting. MALONE.

[7] *I see what crosses* ——
I have debated &c.] On these stanzas Dr. Young might have

But nothing can affection's courſe control,
Or ſtop the headlong fury of his ſpeed.
I know repentant tears enſue the deed,
Reproach, diſdain, and deadly enmity;
Yet ſtrive I to embrace mine infamy.

This ſaid, he ſhakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which like a faulcon towering in the ſkies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings' ſhade [8],
Whoſe crooked beak threats if he mount he dies:
So under the inſulting falchion lies
Harmleſs Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear faulcons' bells [9].

Lucrece, quoth he, this night I muſt enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force muſt work my way,
For in thy bed I purpoſe to deſtroy thee;

have founded the lines with which he diſmiſſes the prince of Egypt, who is preparing to commit a ſimilar act of violence, at the end of the third act of *Buſiris:*

" Deſtruction full of tranſport! Lo I come
" Swift on the wing to meet my certain doom:
" I know the danger, and I know the ſhame;
" But, like our phœnix, in ſo rich a flame,
" I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
" And dote on death in that luxurious bed."

STEEVENS.

[8] —*like a* faulcon *towering in the ſkies,*
Coucheth *the* fowl *below*—] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" Nips youth i' th' head, and follies doth enmew
" As *faulcon* doth the *fowl.*"

I am not certain but that we ſhould read—*Cov'reth.* To *couch* the fowl may, however, mean, to *make it couch*; as to *brave* a man, in our author's language, ſignifies either to *inſult* him, or to *make him brave*, i. e. fine. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew:* " —Thou haſt *brav'd* many men; *brave* not me." Petruchio is ſpeaking to the Taylor. STEEVENS.

[9] —*as* fowl *hear* faulcons' bells.] So, in *K. Henry VI. P. III:*

" —not he that loves him beſt
" Dares ſtir a wing, if Warwick *ſhake his bells.*"

STEEVENS.

That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
  And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
  Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye[1];
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy[2]:
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
  Shall have thy trespass cited up in rhimes[3],
  And sung by children in succeeding times[4].

[1] The scornful mark *of every open* eye;] So, in *Othello:*
"A *fixed figure* for the time of *scorn.*"
STEEVENS.

[2] *Thy issue blurr'd with* nameless *bastardy:*] The poet calls bastardy *nameless*, because an illegitimate child has no name by inheritance, being considered by the law as *nullius filius.*
MALONE.

[3] *Shall have thy* trespass cited *up in rhimes,*] So, in *K. Henry VI. P. I:*
"He made a blushing *cital* of his *faults.*"
Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
"——for we *cite* our *faults.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Shall have thy trespass* cited up *in* rhimes,
And sung *by children in succeeding times.*] So, in *King Richard III:*
"——Thence we looked towards England,
"And *cited up* a thousand heavy times."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"——Saucy lictors
"Will catch at us like strumpets, and scald *rhimers*
"*Ballad* us out o' tune."
Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe." *Hor.*
Thus elegantly imitated by Pope:
"Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
"Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhime;
"Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
"And the sad burthen of some merry song."
MALONE.

But

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
 In a pure compound [5]; being so applied,
 His venom in effect is purified.

Then for thy husband's and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit [6]: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe [7], or birth-hour's blot [8]:
 For marks descried in men's nativity
 Are nature's faults, not their own infamy [9].

Here

5 *In a pure compound* ——] Thus the early quarto, and the edition of 1600. That of 1616 reads:

In *purest compounds* —— MALONE.

A thought somewhat similar occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Within the infant rind of this small flower
"*Poison* hath residence, and *medicine* power." STEEVENS.

6 Tender *my suit*: ——] Cherish, regard my suit. So, in *Hamlet*:

"*Tender* yourself more dearly." MALONE.

7 *Worse than a* slavish wipe,] More disgraceful than the brand with which slaves were marked. MALONE.

8 —— *or birth-hour's* blot:] So, in *King John*:

"If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim,
"Ugly and slanderous to thy *mother's womb*,
"Full of unpleasing *blots*, and sightless stains——
"Patch'd with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
"I would not care."

It appears that in Shakspeare's time the arms of bastards were distinguished by some kind of *blot*. Thus, in the play above quoted:

"To look into the *blots* and stains of *right*."

But in the passage now before us, those corporal blemishes with which children are sometimes born, seem alone to have been in our author's contemplation. MALONE.

9 *For* marks *descried in men's* nativity
Are nature's *faults*, not their own infamy.] So, in *Hamlet*:

"That

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye [1],
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause,
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grype's sharp claws [2],
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor ought obeys but his foul appetite.

Look, when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat [3],
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust doth get,
Which

" That for some vicious *mole* of *nature* in them,
" As, in their *birth (wherein they are not guilty)*—"
STEEVENS.

[1] —*with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" From the *death-darting eye of cockatrice*." STEEVENS.

[2] —under *the* grype's *sharp claws*,] All the modern editions read:
——*beneath* the *gripe's* sharp claws.
The quarto, 1594, has:
Like a white hinde *under* the *grype's* sharp claws—
The *gryphon* was meant, which in our author's time was usually written *grype*, or *gripe*. MALONE.

The *gripe* is properly the *griffin*. See Cotgrave's *Dictionary*, and Mr. Reed's improved edition of *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. I. p. 124. where *gripe* seems to be used for *vultur*:
" Ixion's wheele
" Or cruell *gripe* to gnaw my growing harte."
Ferrex and Porrex.
It was also a term in the hermetick art. Thus, in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*:
" ——let the water in glass E be filter'd
" And put into the *gripe's* egg."
As *griffe* is the French word for a claw, perhaps anciently those birds which are remarkable for *griping* their prey in their talons, were occasionally called *gripes*. STEEVENS.

[3] Look, *when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth threat*,] The quarto, 1594, and all the other ancient copies (that I have seen) read:
But when &c.
But was evidently a misprint; there being no opposition whatsoever between this and the preceding passage. We had before:
" *Look*,

Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing;
So his unhallow'd haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth:
Her sad behaviour feeds his vultur folly *,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth:
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining:
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face [4];
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place,
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks [5].

" *Look*, as the fair and firy-pointed sun &c.
" Even *so* —— "
Again, in a subsequent stanza, we meet:
" *Look*, as the full-fed hound &c.
" *So* surfeit-taking Tarquin——"
Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:
" *Look* how the world's poor people are amazed——
" *So* she with fearful eyes ——" MALONE.

* —— *his vultur* folly,] *Folly* is used here, as it is in the sacred writings, for *depravity of mind*. So also, in *Othello*:
" She turn'd to *folly*, and she was a whore." MALONE.

4 *In the* remorseless *wrinkles of his face*;] *Remorseless* is *pitiless*. MALONE.

5 *She* puts the period often from his place,
And 'midst the sentence *so her* accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin ere once she speaks.] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:
" Make *periods in the midst of sentences*,
" Throttle their practis'd *accent* in their fears,
" And in conclusion dumbly have *broke* off &c."
STEEVENS.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality[6]
With such black payment as thou hast pretended[7];
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim, before thy shoot be ended[8]:
He

6 ——*reward not* hospitality &c.] So, in *K. Lear*:
" ———my *hospitable* favours
" You should not ruffle thus." STEEVENS.

7 ——*pretended*;] i. e. proposed to thyself. So in *Macbeth*.
" Alas the day!
" What good could they *pretend*?" STEEVENS.

8 *End thy ill aim, before thy* shoot *be ended.*] Thus the old copy; but *shoot* was probably an error of the press, or a mistake of the copyist. It is manifest from the context, that the author intended the word to be taken in a double sense; *suit* and *shoot* being in his time pronounced alike. So, in *Love's Lab. lost*, Vol. II. p. 431:
" Who is the *shooter*?" [r. suitor.]
See the note there.—Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607:
" Enter the *Sutors*.
" Are not these archers,—what do you call them,—*shooters*? &c." Again, in *The London Prodigal*, 1605:
" But there's the other black-browes, a shrood girl,
" She hath wit at will, and *shuters* two or three."
The word *shoot* not admitting more than one idea, I doubt whether *suit* ought not rather to be placed in the text, which agrees sufficiently well with the preceding and subsequent words. However, I have made no change.

In the original edition of this poem many words are printed according to their sound. So, a few lines higher, instead of—" though marble *wear* with raining," we have—" though marble *were* &c." MALONE.

I adhere to the old reading, nor apprehend the least equivoque. A sentiment nearly parallel occurs in *Macbeth*:
" ——the murd'rous shaft that's shot,
" Hath not yet lighted."

" He

He is no wood-man that doth bend his bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave me;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me.
Thou look'st not like deceit; do not deceive me:
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans;

All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate [9].

In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee:
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his princely name.
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring [1]?

If

"He is no wood-man that doth *bend his bow*,"
very strongly supports my opinion. STEEVENS.

[9] *Soft pity enters at an* iron gate.] Meaning, I suppose, the *gates of a prison*. STEEVENS.

[1] *How will thy shame be* seeded *in thine age,*
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?] This thought is more amplified in our author's *Troilus and Cressida*:
"——the *seeded* pride

"That

If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not when once thou art a king [2]?
O be remember'd [3], no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay [*].

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear,
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look [4].

" That hath to its maturity grown up
" In rank Achilles, must or now be cropt,
" Or, shedding, breed a nursery of evil,
" To over-bulk us all." STEEVENS.

[2] *If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,*
What dar'st thou not when thou art once a king?] This sentiment reminds us of King Henry IVth's question to his son:
" When that my care could not withold thy riots,
" What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?" STEEVENS.

[3] *O be remember'd,*——] Bear it in your mind. So, in *King Richard II*:
" ——joy being wanting,
" It doth *remember* me the more of sorrow." MALONE.

[*] *Then kings' misdeeds cannot be* hid in clay.] The memory of the ill actions of kings will remain even after their death. So, in *The Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596:
" Mine owne good father, thou art gone; thine ears are *stopp'd* with *clay*."
Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:
" The *corps* clapt fast in clotted *clay*,
" That here *engrav'd* doth lie." MALONE.

[4] *For princes are the* glass, *the school, the* book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.] So, in *K. Henry IV*. P II:
" He was the mark and *glass*, copy and *book*,
" That fashion'd others."
Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis. *Claud.*
MALONE.

And

And wilt thou be the ſchool where Luſt ſhall learn?
Muſt he in thee read lectures of ſuch ſhame?
Wilt thou be glaſs, wherein it ſhall diſcern
Authority for ſin, warrant for blame,
To privilege diſhonour in thy name?
Thou back'ſt reproach againſt long-living laud,
And mak'ſt fair reputation but a bawd.

Haſt thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy ſword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canſt thou fulfill,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may ſay,
He learn'd to ſin, and thou didſt teach the way?

Think but how vile a ſpectacle it were
To view thy preſent treſpaſs in another.
Men's faults do ſeldom to themſelves appear;
Their own tranſgreſſions partially they ſmother:
This guilt would ſeem death-worthy in thy brother.
O how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own miſdeeds aſkaunce their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to ſeducing luſt, thy raſh relier[5];
I ſue for exil'd majeſty's repeal[*];
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true reſpect will 'priſon falſe deſire,

[5] *Not to ſeducing luſt, thy raſh* relier;] Thus the firſt copy. The edition of 1616 has——thy raſh *reply*.
Dr. Sewel, without authority, reads:
Not to ſeducing luſt's *outrageous fire*. MALONE.

[*] ——*for exil'd majeſty's* repeal;] For the *recall* of exiled majeſty. So, in one of our author's plays:
"——If the time thruſt forth
"A cauſe for thy *repeal*——" MALONE.

And

And wipe the dim miſt from thy doting eyne,
That thou ſhalt ſee thy ſtate, and pity mine.

Have done, quoth he; my uncontrolled tide
Turns not, but ſwells the higher by this let.
Small lights are ſoon blown out, huge fires abide[6],
And with the wind in greater fury fret[7]:
The petty ſtreams that pay a daily debt
To their ſalt ſovereign, with their freſh falls' haſte,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taſte[8].

Thou art, quoth ſhe, a ſea, a ſovereign king;
And lo, there falls into thy boundleſs flood
Black luſt, diſhonour, ſhame, miſgoverning,
Who ſeek to ſtain the ocean of thy blood.
If all theſe petty ills ſhall change thy good,
Thy ſea within a puddle's womb is herſed[9],
And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed.

So ſhall theſe ſlaves be king, and thou their ſlave[1];
Thou nobly baſe, they baſely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou

[6] *Small lights are ſoon blown out, huge fires abide,*] So, in *K. Henry VI*:
"*A little fire is quickly trodden out* &c." STEEVENS.

[7] *And with the wind in greater fury* fret:] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"When they are *fretted* with the *guſts* of heaven." STEEVENS.

[8] *Add to his flow, but alter not his taſte.*] The duodecimo, 1616, reads:
Add to *this* flow, but alter not *the* taſte. MALONE.

[9] *Thy ſea within a puddle*'s *womb is* herſed,] Thus the quarto. The duodecimo, 1616, reads, unintelligibly:
Thy ſea within a *puddle* womb is *berſed*.
Dr. Sewel, not being able to extract any meaning from this, reads:
Thy ſea within a *puddle* womb is *burſt*,
And not the puddle in thy ſea diſpers'd. MALONE.

[1] *So ſhall theſe* ſlaves *be* kings, *and thou their ſlave*;] This line ſerves to confirm an emendation made by Mr. Tyrwhitt in a paſſage in *K. John*, in which he would read: "*King'd* of our fears,"
i. e.

Thou loathed in their ſhame, they in thy pride:
The leſſer thing ſhould not the greater hide;
The cedar ſtoops not to the baſe ſhrub's foot,
But low ſhrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vaſſals to thy ſtate—
No more, quoth he, by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Inſtead of love's coy touch [2], ſhall rudely tear thee;
That done, deſpitefully I mean to bear thee
Unto the baſe bed of ſome raſcal groom,
To be thy partner in this ſhameful doom.

This ſaid, he ſets his foot upon the light,
For light and luſt are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When moſt unſeen, then moſt doth tyrannize.
The wolf hath ſeiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries [3],
Till with her own white fleece her voice controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' ſweet fold:

For with the nightly linnen that ſhe wears [4],
He pens her piteous clamours in her head;
Cooling his hot face in the chaſteſt tears

[1] i. e. ſubjected to our fears, which ought to be our *ſlaves*, but (like the unruly paſſions here mentioned, luſt, diſhonour, &c.) are become our *maſters*. See laſt edit. of our author's plays, Vol. V. p. 39. MALONE.

[2] —*love's* coy touch,—] i. e. the delicate, the reſpectful approach of love. STEEVENS.

[3] *The wolf hath ſeiz'd his prey, the poor lamb cries,*]
" Illa nihil: ————
" Sed tremit ut quondam ſtabulis deprenſa relictis
" Parva ſub infeſto cum jacet agna lupo." *Ovid.*
I believe the *Faſti* were not tranſlated in Shakſpeare's time; ſo that probably the coincidence is accidental. MALONE.

[4] *For with the* nightly *linnen that ſhe wears,*] Thus the firſt quarto. The duodecimo, 1616, reads, unintelligibly:
For with the *mighty* linnen &c. MALONE.

That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed[5]!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life[6],
And he hath won what he would lose again.
This forced league doth force a further strife,
This momentary joy breeds months of pain,
This hot desire converts to cold disdain:
Pure chastity is rifled of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt[7],

[5] *O that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!*] Thus the first quarto. The edition of 1600 instead of *prone* has *proud*. That of 1616 and the modern copies *foul*. *Prone* is headstrong, forward, prompt. In *Measure for Measure* it is used in somewhat a similar sense:

"—— in her youth
"There is a *prone* and speechless dialect." MALONE.

Thus more appositely, in *Cymbeline*: "Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so *prone*." STEEVENS.

[6] *But she hath lost* &c.] Shakspeare has in this instance practised the delicacy recommended by Vida:

"Speluncam Dido dux et Trojanus eandem
"Deveniant, pudor ulterius nihil addere curet."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"To make *desire vomit* emptiness." STEEVENS.

Ere

Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire [8].

And then with lank and lean discolour'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feeble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case:
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her fore-sight could not fore-stall their will.

[8] *Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"*Anger is like*
"*A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,*
"*Self-mettle tires him.*" STEEVENS.

Even in this thought, through the dark night he
 ſtealeth,
A captive victor, that hath loſt in gain[9];
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The ſcar that will, deſpite of cure, remain,
Leaving his ſpoil[1] perplex'd in greater pain.
 She bears the load of luſt he left behind,
 And he the burthen of a guilty mind.

He, like a theeviſh dog, creeps ſadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there;
He ſcouls, and hates himſelf for his offence,
She deſperate, with her nails her fleſh doth tear;
He faintly flies, ſweating with guilty fear;
 She ſtays exclaiming on the direful night,
 He runs, and chides his vaniſh'd, loath'd, delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite[2],
She there remains a hopeleſs caſt-away[3]:
He in his ſpeed looks for the morning light,
She prays ſhe never may behold the day:
For day, quoth ſhe, night-ſcapes doth open lay[4];

9 *——that hath* loſt in gain;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
 "——teach me how to *loſe a winning match*——"
 STEEVENS.

1 *Leaving his* ſpoil——] That is, *Lucretia*. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
 "——Set them down
 "For ſluttiſh *ſpoils* of opportunity,
 "And daughters of the game." MALONE.

2 *He then departs a heavy* convertite,] A *convertite* is a *convert*. Our author has the ſame expreſſion in *K. John*:
 "But, ſince you are a gentle *convertite*,
 "My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war."
 MALONE.

3 *——a hopeleſs* caſt-away:] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
 "That ever I ſhould call thee *caſt-away!*" STEEVENS.

4 *For* day, quoth ſhe, *night-ſcapes doth open lay*;] So, in *K. Hen. VI*:
 "The gaudy, *blabbing*, and remorſeful day." STEEVENS.

And

And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves behold;
And therefore would they still in darkness be [5],
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth eat in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel.

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind [6].
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence, where it may find
Some purer chest, to close so pure a mind.
Frantick with grief thus breathes she forth her spite
Against the unseen secrecy of night.

O comfort-killing night, image of hell [7]!
Dim register and notary of shame!
Black stage for tragedies [8] and murders fell!

Vast

[5] *And therefore would they still in darkness be,*] The duodecimo, 1616, and the modern editions, read, without authority:
——they still in darkness *lie*. MALONE.

[6] *Here she exclaims against repose and rest,*
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.] This passage will serve to confirm the propriety of Dr. Johnson's emendation in *Cymbeline*. See last edit. Vol. IX. p 258:
"I'll *wake* mine eye-balls *blind* first." STEEVENS.

[7] O *comfort-killing* night! image of hell!] So, in *King Henry V*:
"Never sees horrid *night*, the *child of hell*."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Black stage for tragedies*——] In our author's time, I believe, the stage was hung with black, when tragedies were performed. The hanging however was, I suppose, no more than one piece of black baize placed at the back of the stage, in the room of

Vaſt ſin-concealing chaos! nurſe of blame!
Blind muffled bawd! dark harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death, whiſpering conſpirator
With cloſe-tongued treaſon and the raviſher!

O hateful, vaporous and foggy night,
Since thou art guilty of my cureleſs crime,
Muſter thy miſts to meet the eaſtern light,
Make war againſt proportion'd courſe of time!
Or if thou wilt permit the ſun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poiſonous clouds about his golden head.

With rotten damps raviſh the morning air;
Let their exhal'd unwholeſome breaths make ſick
The life of purity, the ſupreme fair [9],
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide prick [1];
And let thy miſty vapours march ſo thick [2],
That in their ſmoky ranks his ſmother'd light
May ſet at noon, and make perpetual night.

of the tapeſtry which was the common decoration when comedies were acted. See the *Account of the Antient Engliſh Theatres*, ante, p. 21. MALONE.

[9] *Let their* exhal'd unwholeſome breaths *make ſick*
The life of purity, the ſupreme fair,] So, in *King Lear*:
"——*infect* her beauty,
"Ye *fen-ſuck'd fogs*——" STEEVENS.

[1] —— *noon-tide prick*:] So, in one of our author's plays:
"And make an evening at the noon-tide *prick*."
i. e. the *point* of noon. Again, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1571:
"It *pricketh* faſt upon noon." STEEVENS.
Again, in *Acolaſtus his after-wit*, 1600:
"Scarce had the ſun attain'd his noon-tide *prick*."
MALONE.

[2] *And let thy* miſty *vapours march ſo thick*,] The quarto, by an evident error of the preſs, reads—*muſty*. The ſubſequent copies have—*miſty*. So, before:
"Muſter thy *miſts* to meet the eaſtern light."
Again:
"——*miſty* night
"Covers the ſhame that follows ſuch delight." MALONE.

Were

Were Tarquin night, (as he is but night's child [3],)
The silver-shining queen he would distain [4];
Her twinkling handmaids [5] too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black bosom should not peep again;
So should I have copartners in my pain:
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage [6],
As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage [7].

Where now I have no one to blush with me [8],
To cross their arms, and hang their heads with mine,
To mask their brows, and hide their infamy;

But

[3] ——(*as he is but* night's child,)] The wicked, in scriptural language, are called the *children of darkness*. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*he would* distain;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:

The silver-shining queen he would *disdain*.

Dr. Sewell, unwilling to print nonsense, altered this to:

——*him* would *disdain*. MALONE

[5] *Her twinkling* handmaids——] That is, *the stars*. In one of our author's plays, they are called, I think, *Diana's waiting-women*. MALONE.

[6] *And* fellowship *in* woe *doth woe assuage*,] So, in *King Lear*:

" But then the mind much *sufferance* doth *o'er-skip*,
" When *grief* hath *mates*, and bearing *fellowship*."

MALONE.

" Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris." STEEVENS.

[7] *As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1594. The duodecimo, 1616, and all the modern editions, read, unintelligibly:

As palmers *that make* short their pilgrimage. MALONE.

As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.] So, in *King Richard II*:

" ————rough uneven ways
" Draw out our miles, and make them wearisome:
" And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,
" Making the hard way sweet and delectable."

Again, ibid:

" ————wanting your company,
" Which, I protest, hath very much beguil'd
" The tediousness and process of my travel."

STEEVENS.

[8] Where *now I have no one to blush with me*,] *Where* for *whereas*. So, in *K. Henry VI*. P. II. last edit. Vol. VI. p. 374:

 " *Where*,

But I alone, alone muſt ſit and pine,
Seaſoning the earth with ſhowers of ſilver brine,
  Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
  Poor waſting monuments of laſting moans.

O night, thou furnace of foul-reeking ſmoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodeſtly lies martyr'd with diſgrace!
Keep ſtill poſſeſſion of thy gloomy place,
  That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
  May likewiſe be ſepùlcher'd in thy ſhade [9]!

Make me not object to the tell-tale day!
The light will ſhew, charàcter'd [1] in my brow,
The ſtory of ſweet chaſtity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock's vow:
Yea, the illiterate that know not how
  To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
  Will quote my loathſome treſpaſs in my looks [2].

The

"*Where*, from thy ſight I ſhould be raging mad,
"And cry out for thee to cloſe up mine eyes." MALONE.

[9] *May likewiſe be* ſepùlcher'd *in thy ſhade!*] The word *ſepul-cher'd* is accented by Milton in the ſame manner as here, in his Verſes on our author:

"And ſo ſepùlcher'd in ſuch pomp does lie,
"That kings for ſuch a tomb would wiſh to die."
MALONE.

[1] *The light will ſhew,* charàcter'd *in my* brow.] So, in one of Daniel's *Sonnets*, 1592:

"And if a *brow* with care's *charàcters* painted—"

This word was, I ſuppoſe, thus accented when our author wrote, and is at this day pronounced in the ſame manner by the common people of Ireland, where, I believe, much of the pronunciation of queen Elizabeth's age is yet retained. MALONE.

[2] *Will* quote *my loathſome treſpaſs in my looks.*] Will *mark* or *obſerve.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"I am ſorry that with better heed and judgment
"I had not *quoted* him."

Again

The nurſe, to ſtill her child, will tell my ſtory,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name [3];
The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's ſhame:
Feaſt-finding minſtrels [4], tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

Let my good name, that ſenſeleſs reputation,
For Collatine's dear love be kept unſpotted:
If that be made a theme for diſputation,
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeſerv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attaint of mine,
As I, ere this, was pure to Collatine.

O unſeen ſhame! inviſible diſgrace!
O unfelt ſore! creſt-wounding, private ſcar!
Reproach is ſtamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar [5],
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear ſuch ſhameful blows,
Which not themſelves, but he that gives them, knows!

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
"And how *quote* you my folly?
—I *quote* it in your jerkin." MALONE.

[3] *And* fright her crying babe *with* Tarquin's name;] Thus, in Dryden's *Don Sebaſtian:*
"Nor ſhall *Sebaſtian's* formidable *name*
"Be longer us'd to *ſtill the crying babe.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Feaſt-finding minſtrels,*—] Our ancient minſtrels were the conſtant attendants on feaſts. I queſtion whether Homer's *Demodocus* was a higher character. STEEVENS.

[5] —*may read the* mot *afar,*] The *motto,* or *word,* as it was ſometimes formerly called. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609:
"*The* word, *lux tua vita mihi.*"
The modern editions read unintelligibly:
—— may read the *mote* afar. MALONE.

If,

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by ſtrong aſſault it is bereft.
My honey loſt, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my ſummer left,
But robb'd and ranſack'd by injurious theft:
  In thy weak hive a wandering waſp hath crept,
  And ſuck'd the honey which thy chaſte bee kept.

Yet am I guiltleſs of thy honour's wreck[6];
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been diſhonour to diſdain him:
Beſides of wearineſs he did complain him,
  And talk'd of virtue:—O unlook'd for evil,
  When virtue is prophan'd in ſuch a devil!

Why ſhould the worm intrude the maiden bud?
Or hateful cuckows hatch in ſparrows' neſts?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breaſts[7]?
Or kings be breakers of their own beheſts?

[6] *Yet am I* guiltleſs *of thy honour's wreck;*] The old copy reads, I think, corruptedly:

Yet am I *guilty* of thy honour's wreck;

Dr. Sewell has endeavoured to make ſenſe by a different punctuation:

Yet, am I guilty of thy honour's wreck?

But this does not correſpond with the next verſe, where the words are arranged as here, and yet are not interrogatory but affirmative. *Guilty* was, I am perſuaded, a miſprint. Though the firſt quarto ſeems to have been printed under our author's inſpection, we are not therefore to conclude that it is entirely free from typographical faults. Shakſpeare was probably not a very diligent corrector of his ſheets; and however attentive he might have been, I am ſorry to be able to obſerve, that, notwithſtanding an editor's beſt care, ſome errors will happen at the preſs. MALONE.

[7] *Or tyrant* folly *lurk in* gentle *breaſts?*] Folly is, I believe, here uſed as in ſcripture, for wickedneſs. *Gentle* is *well-born*. MALONE.

But no perfection is so absolute [8],
That some impurity doth not pollute.

The aged man that coffers up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits [9];
Having no other pleasure of his gain,
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So then he hath it when he cannot use it [1],
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their cursed blessed fortune long.
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

[8] *But no perfection is so* absolute,] So complete. So, in our author's *Pericles*:

"——— still she vies
"With *absolute* Marina. MALONE.

——*no* perfection *is so absolute*,
That some impurity *doth not pollute*.] So, in *Othello*:
"——Where's that *palace*, whereinto *foul* things
"Sometimes intrude not?" STEEVENS.

[9] *And useless* barns *the harvest of his wits*;] Thus all the copies before that of 1616, which reads:

And useless *bans* the harvest of his wits.

This has been followed by all the modern editions.
MALONE.

[1] *So then he hath it when he cannot use it,*
And leaves it to be master'd by his young; &c.] Thus, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Thou hast nor youth nor age,
"But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
"Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
"Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
"Of palsied eld: and when thou art *old* and *rich*,
"*Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty*,
"*To make thy riches pleasant*." MALONE.

Unruly blaſts wait on the tender ſpring;
Unwholeſome weeds take root with precious flowers;
The adder hiſſes where the ſweet birds ſing;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours:
We have no good that we can ſay is ours,
 But ill-annexed opportunity
 Or kills his life, or elſe his quality.

O Opportunity! thy guilt is great:
'Tis thou that execut'ſt the traitor's treaſon;
Thou ſet'ſt the wolf where he the lamb may get;
Whoever plots the ſin, thou point'ſt the ſeaſon;
'Tis thou that ſpurn'ſt at right, at law, at reaſon;
 And in thy ſhady cell, where none may ſpy him,
 Sits Sin, to ſeize the ſouls that wander by him.

Thou mak'ſt the veſtal violate her oath [2];
Thou blow'ſt the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
Thou ſmother'ſt honeſty, thou murder'ſt troth;
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
Thou planteſt ſcandal, and diſplaceſt laud:
 Thou raviſher, thou traitor, thou falſe thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy ſecret pleaſure turns to open ſhame,
Thy private feaſting to a publick faſt;
Thy ſmoothing titles to a ragged name [3];

Thy

[2] *Thou mak'ſt the* veſtal violate her oath;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"———women are not
"In their beſt fortunes ſtrong; but want will *perjure*
"The ne'er-touch'd *veſtal.*" STEEVENS

[3] *Thy* ſmoothing *titles to a ragged name;*] Thy *flattering* titles. So, in *K. Lear* [1608, and 1623]:

"Such ſmiling rogues as theſe—
"————*ſmooth* ev'ry paſſion
"That in the nature of their lords rebels."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

"The

Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste[4]:
Thy violent vanities can never last[5].
How comes it then, vile opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,
And bring him where his suit may be obtained?
When wilt thou sort an hour[6] great strifes to end?
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?
Give physick to the sick, ease to the pained?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out for thee;
But they ne'er meet with opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds[7];
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds:
Wrath,

" The sinful father
" Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*."
The edition of 1616, and all afterwards, read without authority:
Thy *smoth'ring* titles—— MALONE.

4 *Thy* sugar'd *tongue to* bitter wormwood *taste*:] So, in *Othello*:
"——the food that to him now is *luscious* as locusts, shall be to him shortly as *bitter* as *coloquintida*." STEEVENS.

5 *Thy violent vanities can never last*.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" These *violent delights* have *violent ends*,
" And in their triumph die."
Again, in *Othello*: " ——it was a *violent commencement* in her, and thou shalt see an *answerable sequestration*." MALONE.

Fierce vanities is an expression in *K. Henry VIII*. Scene I. STEEVENS.

6 *When wilt thou* sort *an hour*——] When wilt thou *choose out* an hour. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
" Let us into the city presently
" To *sort* some gentlemen well-skill'd in musick."
MALONE.

Again, in *King Richard III*:
" But I will *sort a pitchy day* for thee." STEEVENS.

7 Advice *is sporting while infection breeds*;] While infection is spreading.

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee,
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid;
They buy thy help: but Sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well appay'd [8]
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
My Collatine would else have come to me
When Tarquin did, but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;
Guilty of perjury and subornation;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift;
Guilty of incest, that abomination:
An accessary by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

Mishapen Time, copesmate [9] of ugly night,
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;
Thou nursest all, and murderest all that are.
O hear me then, injurious, shifting time!
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

spreading, the grave rulers of the state, that ought to guard against its farther progress, are careless and inattentive.—*Advice* was formerly used for *knowledge*. So, in *The Two Gent. of Verona*:

"How shall I dote on her with more *advice*,
"That thus without *advice* begin to love her?"

MALONE.

This idea was probably suggested to Shakspeare by the rapid progress of the *plague* in London. STEEVENS.

[8] —*and thou art well* appay'd] *Appay'd* is *pleased*. The word is now obsolete. MALONE.

[9] —*copesmate*—] i. e. companion. So, in *Hubbard's Tale*:

"Till that the foe his *copesmate* he had found."

STEEVENS.

Why

Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose?
Cancel'd my fortunes, and enchained me
To endless date of never-ending woes?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes [1];
To eat up error by opinion bred [2],
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right [3];
To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours [4],
And smear with dust their glittering golden towers:

To

[1] *Time's office is to* fine *the hate of foes;*] It is the business of time to soften and *refine* the animosities of men; to sooth and reconcile enemies. The modern editions read without authority or meaning:

——to *find* the hate of men. MALONE.

"To *fine* the hate of foes" is to *bring it to an end*. So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*

"——still the *fine's* the crown,
"Whate'er the course, the end is the renown."

The same thought has already occurred in the poem before us:

"When wilt thou sort an hour *great strife's to end?*" STEEVENS.

[2] *To* eat up error *by opinion bred,*] This likewise is represented as the office of Time in the chorus to the *Winter's Tale:*

"— that make and *unfold* error." STEEVENS.

[3] *To* wrong *the wronger till he render right;*] To *punish* by the *compunctious visiting of conscience* the person who has done an injury to another, till he has made compensation. The *wrong* done in this instance by Time, must be understood in the sense of *damnum sine injuria*; and in this light serves to illustrate and support Mr. Tyrwhitt's explanation of a passage in *Julius Cæsar*, even supposing that it had stood as Ben Jonson has maliciously represented it—"Know, Cæsar, doth not *wrong*, but with *just cause*, &c." See Vol. VII. p. 58.

Dr. Farmer very elegantly would read:

To *wring* the wronger till he render right. MALONE.

[4] *To ruinate proud buildings with* thy hours,] As we have here

no

To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents [5],
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs [6];

To

no invocation to *time*, I suspect the two last words of this line to be corrupted, and would read:

To ruinate proud buildings with *their bowers*.

STEEVENS.

To ruinate *proud* buildings *with thy* hours,] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"Shall love in *building* grow so *ruinate*?"

Hours is, I believe, the true reading. So, in our author's 19th *Sonnet*:

"Devouring *Time*———
"O carve not *with thy hours* my love's fair brow—"

To ruinate proud buildings with thy hours—is to destroy buildings by thy slow and unperceived progress. It were easy to read—with *his* hours; but the poet having made Lucretia address Time personally in the two preceding stanzas, and again a little lower—

Why work'st *thou* mischief in thy pilgrimage—

probably was here inattentive, and is himself answerable for the present inaccuracy. MALONE.

[5] *To blot old books, and alter their contents*,] Our author probably little thought, when he wrote this line, that his own compositions would afford a more striking example of this species of devastation than any that has appeared since the first use of types.

MALONE.

[6] *To dry the old oak's sap, and* cherish springs,] The two last words, if they make any sense, it is such as is directly contrary to the sentiments here advanced; which is concerning the *decays* and not the *repairs* of time. The poet certainly wrote:

To dry the old oak's sap, and *tarish* springs;

i. e. to dry up springs, from the French *tarir*, or *tarissement*, *exarefacere*, *exsiccatio*: these words being peculiarly applied to springs or rivers. WARBURTON.

This note of Dr. Warburton's has given rise to various observations, which it is unnecessary to quote at large here, as the reader may find them in the last edition of our author, Vol. VII. p. 417.

Dr. Johnson thinks that Shakspeare wrote:

———and *perish* springs;

And Dr. Farmer has produced from the *Maid's Tragedy* a passage in which the word *perish* is used in an active sense.

If

To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel [7],
And turn the giddy round of fortune's wheel :

If change were necessary, that word might perhaps have as good a claim to admission as any other; but I know not why the text has been suspected of corruption. The operations of Time, here described, are not all uniform; nor has the poet confined himself solely to its *destructive* qualities. In some of the instances mentioned, its *progressive* quality is adverted to. Thus we are told, his glory is—

"To wake the morn, and centinel the night——
"And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel."

In others, its salutary effects are pointed out:

"To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops—
"To unmask falshood, and bring truth to light,—
"To wrong the wronger till he render right."

Where then is the difficulty of the present line, even supposing that we understand the word *springs* in its common acceptation? It is the office of Time (says Lucretia) to dry up the sap of the oak, and to furnish springs with a perpetual supply; to deprive the one of that moisture which she liberally bestows upon the other. In the next stanza the employment of Time is equally various and discordant:

"To make the child a man, the man a child——"

to advance the infant to the maturity of man, and to reduce the aged to the imbecility of childhood.

By *springs* however may be understood (as has been observed by Mr. Tollet) the *shoots* of young trees; and then the meaning will be—It is the office of Time, on the one hand, to destroy the ancient oak, by drying up its sap; on the other, to *cherish young plants*, and to bring them to maturity. So, in our author's 15th *Sonnet*:

"When I perceive that men as *plants* increase,
"*Cheered* and check'd even by the self-same sky—"

I believe this to be the true sense of the passage. *Springs* have this signification in many ancient English authors; and the word is again used in the same sense in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Even in the spring of love thy love *springs* rot."

MALONE.

[7] *To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,*] The poet was here, I believe, thinking of the costly monuments erected in honour of our ancient kings and some of the nobility, which were frequently made of cast iron, or copper, wrought with great nicety; many of which had probably even in his time begun to decay. There are some of these monuments yet to be seen in Westminster-abbey, and other old cathedrals. MALONE.

To ſhew the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To ſlay the tyger that doth live by ſlaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the ſubtle, in themſelves beguil'd;
  To cheer the ploughman with increaſeful crops,
  And waſte huge ſtones with little water-drops.

Why work'ſt thou miſchief in thy pilgrimage,
Unleſs thou could'ſt return to make amends?
One poor retiring minute in an age[8]
Would purchaſe thee a thouſand thouſand friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends:
  O, this dread night, would'ſt thou one hour come back,
  I could prevent this ſtorm, and ſhun this wrack!

Thou ceaſeleſs lackey to eternity,
With ſome miſchance croſs Tarquin in his flight
Deviſe extremes beyond extremity[9],
To make him curſe this curſed crimeful night:
Let ghaſtly ſhadows his lewd eyes affright;
  And the dire thought of his committed evil
  Shape every buſh a hideous ſhapeleſs devil[1].

Diſturb his hours of reſt with reſtleſs trances[2],
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;

Let

[8] *One poor retiring minute in an age*] *Retiring* here ſignifies *returning*, coming back again. MALONE.

[9] ——*extremes* beyond extremity,] So, in *K. Lear*:
"—— to make much more,
"And *top extremity*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Shape every* buſh *a hideous ſhapeleſs* devil.] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:
"How eaſy is a *buſh* ſuppos'd a *bear*?"
Again, in *K. Henry VI. P. III*:
"The thief doth fear each *buſh* an *officer*." STEEVENS.

[2] *Let ghaſtly ſhadows his lewd eyes affright,——*
Diſturb his hours of reſt with reſtleſs trances, &c.] Here

we

Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair[3],
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave;
And time to see one that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort:

we find in embryo that scene of *K. Richard III.* in which he is terrified by the ghosts of those whom he had slain. MALONE.

[3] *Let him have time to tear his* curled *hair*, &c.] This now common fashion is always mentioned by Shakspeare as a distinguishing characteristick of a person of rank. So, in *Othello:*

"The wealthy *curled* darlings of our nation——"

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"If she first meet the *curled* Antony——"

This and the next stanza, and many other passages both of the present performance and *Venus and Adonis*, are inserted with very slight variations, in a poem entitled *Acolastus his After Witte*, by S. Nicholson, 1600; a circumstance which I should hardly have thought worth mentioning, but that in the same poem is also found a line taken from *The Third Part of K. Henry VI.* and a passage evidently copied from *Hamlet*; from whence we may, I think, conclude with certainty, that there was an edition of that tragedy (probably before it was enlarged) of an earlier date than any yet discovered. The reader may find the passage alluded to in the last edition of our author's plays, Vol. X. p. 110. MALONE.

Surely a passage short as the first of these referred to, might have been carried away from the play-house by an auditor of the weakest memory. Of Hamlet's address to the ghost, the idea, not the language, is preserved. Either of them, however, might have been caught during representation. STEEVENS.

Let him have time to mark how ſlow time goes
In time of ſorrow, and how ſwift and ſhort
His time of folly and his time of ſport:
  And ever let his unrecalling crime [4]
  Have time to wail the abuſing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curſe him that thou taught'ſt this ill!
At his own ſhadow let the thief run mad,
Himſelf himſelf ſeek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands ſuch wretched blood ſhould ſpill.
  For who ſo baſe would ſuch an office have
  As ſlanderous death's-man to ſo baſe a ſlave? [*]

The baſer is he, coming from a king,
To ſhame his hope with deeds degenerate.
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greateſt ſcandal waits on greateſt ſtate.
  The moon being clouded preſently is miſs'd,
  But little ſtars may hide them when they liſt.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the ſnow-white ſwan deſire,
The ſtain upon his ſilver down will ſtay.
Poor grooms are ſightleſs night [5], kings glorious day.
Gnats

[4] *And ever let his unrecalling crime,*] His crime which cannot be unacted. *Unrecalling* for *unrecalled*, or rather for *unrecallable*. This licentious uſe of the participle is common in the writings of our author and his contemporaries.

The edition of 1616, which has been followed by all ſubſequent, reads:

——his unrecalling *time*. MALONE.

[*] *As ſlanderous* death's-man *to ſo baſe a ſlave?*] i. e. executioner. So, in one of our author's plays:

"——he's dead; I am only ſorry
"He had no other *death's-man*." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſightleſs night*,——] So, in *King John*:

"—thou

Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

Out idle words [6], servants to shallow fools!
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators:
For me, I force not argument a straw [7],
Since that my case is past the help of law.

In vain I rail at opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful night [8];
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite:
This helpless smoke of words [9] doth me no right.

"—— thou and *envy's* night
"Have done me shame." STEEVENS.

6 *Out idle words,* ——] Thus the quarto. The duodecimo, 1607, has:

Our idle words ——

which has been followed by that of 1616. Dr. Sewell reads without authority:

O idle words —— MALONE.

7 *For me, I force not argument a straw,*] I do not *value* or *esteem* argument. So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"But when he, many monthes, hopeless of his recure,
"Had served her, who *forced* not what paynes he did endure ——"

Again, in *Love's Labour's lost*:

"Your oath broke once, you *force* not to forswear."

MALONE.

8 *At time, at Tarquin, and* uncheerful *night*;] The duodecimo, 1607, and all the subsequent copies, have:

—— *unsearchful* night.

Uncheerful is the reading of the quarto, 1594. MALONE.

9 *This helpless* smoke of words ——] So, in *K. John*:

"They shoot but calm *words* folded up in *smoke*."

STEEVENS.

The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul, defiled, blood.

Poor hand, why quiver'ſt thou at this decree?
Honour thyſelf to rid me of this ſhame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'ſt in my defame:
Since thou could'ſt not defend thy loyal dame,
And waſt afraid to ſcratch her wicked foe,
Kill both thyſelf and her, for yielding ſo.

This ſaid, from her be-tumbled couch ſhe ſtarteth,
To find ſome deſperate inſtrument of death.
But this no-ſlaughter-houſe no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for paſſage of her breath,
Which thronging through her lips ſo vaniſheth
As ſmoke from Ætna, that in air conſumes,
Or that which from diſcharged cannon fumes.

In vain, quoth ſhe, I live, and ſeek in vain
Some happy mean to end a hapleſs life.
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be ſlain,
Yet for the ſelf-ſame purpoſe ſeek a knife:
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife;
So am I now:—O no, that cannot be;
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me.

O! that is gone, for which I ſought to live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this ſpot by death, at leaſt I give
A badge of fame to ſlander's livery [1];
A dying life to living infamy:
Poor helpleſs help, the treaſure ſtolen away,
To burn the guiltleſs caſket where it lay!

[1] *A badge of fame to ſlander's* livery;] In our author's time the ſervants of the nobility all wore ſilver *badges* on their liveries, on which the arms of their maſters were engraved. MALONE.

Well

Well, well, dear Collatine, thou ſhalt not know
The ſtained taſte of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection ſo,
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This baſtard graff ſhall never come to growth [2]:
He ſhall not boaſt, who did thy ſtock pollute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

Nor ſhall he ſmile at thee in ſecret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy ſtate;
But thou ſhalt know thy intereſt was not bought
Baſely with gold, but ſtolen from forth thy gate.
For me, I am the miſtreſs of my fate,
And with my treſpaſs never will diſpenſe,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

I will not poiſon thee with my attaint,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuſes;
My ſable ground of ſin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this falſe night's abuſes:
My tongue ſhall utter all; mine eyes like ſluices,
As from a mountain-ſpring that feeds a dale,
Shall guſh pure ſtreams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly ſorrow,
And ſolemn night with ſlow-ſad gait deſcended
To ugly hell; when lo, the bluſhing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will borrow:

[2] *This baſtard* graff *ſhall never come to growth.*] The edition of 1616, and all the moderns, have:
This baſtard *graſs*———
The true reading was ſupplied by the earlieſt copy. MALONE.

This ſentiment is adopted from the *Wiſdom of Solomon*, ch. 4. v. 3: "But the multiplying brood of the ungodly ſhall not thrive, nor take deep rooting from *baſtard ſlips*, nor lay any faſt foundation." The ſame alluſion is employed in one of our author's hiſtorical plays. STEEVENS.

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks: O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping:
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light,
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child [3],
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees.
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractiz'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare;
No object but her passion's strength renews;
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords [4].

[3] *True grief is* fond *and testy as a child,*] *Fond*, in old language, is *silly*. MALONE.

[4] *Sometime* her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, *and* too much talk affords.] Thus, Lothario speaking of Calista:
"At first *her rage was dumb, and wanted words*;
"But when the storm found way, *'twas wild and loud*,
"*Mad* as the priestess of the Delphick god &c."
STEEVENS.

The

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their ſweet melody [5].
For mirth doth ſearch the bottom of annoy;
Sad ſouls are ſlain in merry company [*];
Grief beſt is pleas'd with grief's ſociety:
True ſorrow then is feelingly ſuffic'd,
When with like ſemblance it is ſympathiz'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of ſhore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
To ſee the ſalve doth make the wound ake more;
Great grief grieves moſt at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who being ſtopp'd, the bounding banks o'er-flows:
Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

You mocking birds, quoth ſhe, your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-ſwelling feather'd breaſts!
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb [6]!
(My

[5] *The little birds that tune their morning's joy,*
Make her moans mad *with their ſweet* melody.] So the unhappy king Richard II. in his confinement exclaims:
"This *muſick mads* me, let it ſound no more;
"For though it have holpe madmen to their wits,
"In me it ſeems it will make wiſe men mad."

Shakſpeare has here (as in all his writings) ſhewn an intimate acquaintance with the human heart. Every one that has felt the preſſure of grief will readily acknowledge that "mirth doth ſearch the bottom of annoy." MALONE.

[*] *Sad ſouls are* ſlain *in* merry company;] So, in *Love's Labour's loſt:* "Oh, I am *ſtabb'd* with *laughter.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *And in my hearing be you* mute and dumb!] The ſame pleonaſm of expreſſion is found in *Hamlet:*
"Or given my heart a working *mute and dumb.*"
The editor of the duodecimo in 1616, to avoid the tautology, reads without authority:
And in my hearing be you *ever* dumb. MALONE.

[7] *You mocking birds, quoth ſhe,* your tunes entomb
Within your hollow-ſwelling feather'd breaſts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!
My reſtleſs diſcord loves no ſtops nor reſts;
A woeful hoſteſs brooks not merry gueſts:] Thus, Caliſta:
"Be

(My restless discord loves no stops nor rests;
A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests [7]:)
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears [8];
Distress likes dumps [9] when time is kept with tears.

Come Philomel that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st, better skill [1].

" *Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,*
" Nor let thy fond officious love disturb
" *My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *A woeful hostess brooks not merry guests.*)] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:
" A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks."
STEEVENS.

[8] Relish *your nimble notes to pleasing ears*;] The quarto and all the other editions till that of 1616, read *raise*, which seems to have been a misprint. *Relish* is used by Daniel in his 52d *Sonnet* in the same manner as here:
" If any pleasing *relish* here I use,
" Then judge the world, her beauty gives the same
" O happy ground that makes the *musick* such—"
If *ears* be right, *pleasing*, I think, was used by the poet for *pleased*. In *Othello* we find *delighted* for *delighting*:
" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack—" MALONE.

[9] *Distress likes* dumps——] A *dump* is a melancholy song. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
" ——— to their instruments
" Tune a deploring *dump*." MALONE.

[1] *While thou on Tereus descant'st*, better skill.] There seems to be something wanting to complete the sense:
——— *with* better skill——
but this will not suit the metre. All the copies have:
While thou on Tereus *descants* better skill. MALONE.

Perhaps the author wrote, (I say *perhaps*, for in Shakspeare's licentious grammar nothing is very certain:)
———I'll hum on Tarquin's *ill*,
While thou on Tereus' descant'st better *skill*.
STEEVENS.

And

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye;
Who, if it wink [2], shall thereon fall and die.
These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart strings to true languishment.

And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the day,
As shaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows nor parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out [3]; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frighted deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better [4],
When life is sham'd, and Death Reproaches debtor [5].

To

[2] Who, *if* it *wink*,——] Shakspeare seldom attends to the last antecedent. The construction is—*Which* heart, *if the eye wink*, *shall fall* &c. MALONE.

[3] *Some dark deep desert*, seated from the way, &c.
Will we find out——] Thus, *Calista*:
"——————my sad soul
"Has form'd a dismal melancholy scene,
"Such a retreat *as I would wish to find*,
"An *unfrequented* vale." STEEVENS.

[4] *To live or die which of the twain were better*,] So, *Hamlet*:
"To be, or not to be, that is the question."
STEEVENS.

[5] *When life is sham'd, and Death* Reproaches *debtor.*] *Reproaches* is here, I think, the Saxon genitive:—When Death is

the

To kill myself, quoth she, alack! what were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in confusion.
That mother tries a merciless conclusion [6],
Who, having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer?
When the one pure, the other made divine.
Whose love of either to myself was nearer?
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine.
Ah me! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd away.

Her house is sack'd [7], her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole [*],
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

the debtor of *Reproach*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:
"I do wander every where
"Swifter than the *moones* sphere."
She debated whether it were better to live or to destroy herself; life being disgraceful in consequence of her violation, and her death being a *debt* which she *owes* to the *reproach* of her conscience.
MALONE.

[6] *That mother tries a merciless* conclusion,] A cruel *experiment*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"——she hath assay'd
"*Conclusions* infinite to die." MALONE.

[7] *Her* house is sack'd——] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"——tell me, that I may *sack*
"The hated *mansion*." STEEVENS.

[*] *If in this blemish'd* fort I make some hole, &c.] So, in *K. Richard II*
"——with a little pin
"*Bores* through his *castle* wall, and—farewel king." STEEV.

Yet

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death;
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath [8].
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted, shall for him be spent [9],
And as his due, writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'Tis honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, Love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me:
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And, for my sake, serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:
My soul and body to the skies and ground;
My resolution, husband, do you take;
Mine honour be the knife's, that makes my wound;
My shame be his that did my fame confound;

[8] *Revenge on him that made me* stop *my* breath.] So, in *Othello*:
"There lies your niece,
"Whose *breath* indeed these hands have newly *stopp'd*."
MALONE.

[9] *Which* by *him tainted, shall for him be spent*,] The first copy has, by an apparent error of the press,
"Which *for* him tainted——
The correction was made in the duodecimo, 1598.
MALONE.

And

And all my fame that lives, disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this Will[1];
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free it.
Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, *so be it.*
Yield to my hand; my hand shall conquer thee;
Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors be.

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright eyes,
With untun'd tongue she hoarsely call'd her maid,
Whose swift obedience to her mistress hies;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers flies[2].
Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem so
As winter meads when sun doth melt their snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-morrow,
With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty[3],
And

[1] Thou, Collatine, *shalt oversee this Will*;] Thus the quarto. The edition of [illegible] has:

Thou Collatine, &c. MALONE.

The *overseer* of a will was, I suppose, designed as a check upon executors. Our author appoints John Hall and his wife for his *executors*, and Thomas Russel and Francis Collins as his *overseers*. STEEVENS.

Overseers were frequently added in Wills from the superabundant caution of our ancestors; but our law acknowledges no such persons, nor are they (as contradistinguished from executors) invested with any legal rights whatsoever. In some old Wills the term *overseer* is used instead of *executor*. Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the Bodleian Library in Oxford, not content with appointing two executors and two *overseers*, has likewise added three *supervisors*. MALONE.

[2] —— *with* thought's feathers *flies*.] So, in *K. John*:
"——— set *feathers* to thy heels,
"And fly like *thought*." STEEVENS.

[3] *With* soft-slow tongue, *true mark of modesty*,] So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Such

And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow [4],
(For why? her face wore sorrow's livery;)
But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
  Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set [5],
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye [6];
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns, set in her mistress sky,
  Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their light,
  Which makes the maid weep like the dewy night [7].

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral cisterns filling *:
One justly weeps; the other takes in hand

"Such duty to the drunkard let him do
"With *soft-slow tongue* and lowly courtesy."
In *K. Lear* the same praise is bestowed on Cordelia:
"Her *voice* was ever *soft*,
"*Gentle* and *low*:—an excellent thing in woman."
MALONE.

[4] *And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow,*] To *sort* is to choose out. So before:
"When wilt thou *sort* an hour great strifes to end.
MALONE.

[5] *As the earth doth weep, the sun being set, &c.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"When *the sun sets* the air doth *drizzle dew*."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Each* flower *moistened like a* melting eye;] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:
"The moon, methinks, looks with a *watry eye*;
"And when she *weeps*, weeps every little *flower*."
STEEVENS.

[7] *Which makes the maid* weep like the dewy night.] So, in Dryden's *Oedipus*:
"Thus *weeping* blind *like dewy night* upon thee."
STEEVENS.

* *Like ivory* conduits *coral cisterns filling*:] So in *Titus Andronicus*:
"As from a *conduit* with their issuing spouts." STEEVENS.

No

No cause, but company, of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing;
Grieving themselves to guess at others' smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break their
hearts:

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble will[8];
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:
Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil[9].

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep:
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep:
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern
looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books[1].

[8] *And therefore are they form'd as marble will;*] Hence do they [women] receive whatever impression their marble-hearted associates [men] choose. The expression is very quaint.
MALONE.

[9] *Then call them not the authors of their ill,*
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.] So, in *Twelfth Night:*
"How easy is it for the proper false
"In *women's waxen hearts* to set their forms!
"Alas, *our frailty is the cause, not we,*
"For such as we are made, if such we be."
MALONE.

[1] ——*women's* faces *are their own faults'* books.] So, in *Macbeth:*
"Your *face*, my thane, is as a *book* where men
"May read strange matters." STEEVENS.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower [2],
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd!
Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O let it not be hild [*]
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses [3]: those proud lords, to blame,
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might ensue
By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread:
And who cannot abuse a body dead [4]?

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining [5]:

[2] *No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,*
But chide ——] Thus the quarto. All the other copies have *inveighs* and *chides*. MALONE.

[*] ——*O let it not be* hild] Thus the quarto, for the sake of the rhyme. MALONE.

[3] ——*that they are so* fulfill'd
With men's abuses;——] *Fulfilled* had formerly the sense of *filled*. It is so used in the Liturgy. MALONE.

——— fulfill'd
With men's abuses;——] i. e. completely filled, till there be no room for more. The word, in this sense, is now obsolete. So, in the Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*:
"And correspondive and *fulfilling* bolts." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*abuse a body dead?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"——to do some villainous shame
"On the *dead bodies* ——" STEEVENS.

[5] *To the poor* counterfeit *of her complaining*:] To her maid, whose countenance exhibited an image of her mistress's grief. A *counterfeit*, in ancient language, signified a *portrait*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"What have we here? fair Portia's *counterfeit*?"
MALONE.

My girl, quoth ſhe, on what occaſion break
Thoſe tears from thee, that down thy cheeks are
raining?
If thou doſt weep for grief of my ſuſtaining,
Know, gentle wench, it ſmall avails my mood:
If tears could help, mine own would do me good.

But tell me, girl, when went—(and there ſhe ſtay'd
Till after a deep groan) Tarquin from hence?
Madam, ere I was up, reply'd the maid,
The more to blame my ſluggard negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can diſpenſe;
Myſelf was ſtirring ere the break of day,
And, ere I roſe, was Tarquin gone away.

But lady, if your maid may be ſo bold,
She would requeſt to know your heavineſs.
O peace! quoth Lucrece; if it ſhould be told,
The repetition cannot make it leſs;
For more it is than I can well expreſs.
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.

Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen—
Yet ſave that labour, for I have them here.
What ſhould I ſay?—One of my huſband's men,
Bid thou be ready, by and by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear;
Bid him with ſpeed prepare to carry it:
The cauſe craves haſte, and it will ſoon be writ.

Her maid is gone, and ſhe prepares to write,
Firſt hovering o'er the paper with her quill:
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit ſets down, is blotted ſtraight with will;
This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill:

Much

Much like a preſs of people at a door,
Throng her inventions, which ſhall go before [6].

At laſt ſhe thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy perſon! next vouchſafe to afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt ſee,)
Some preſent ſpeed, to come and viſit me:
So I commend me from our houſe in grief [7];
My woes are tedious, though my words are brief."

Here folds ſhe up the tenour of her woe,
Her certain ſorrow writ uncertainly.
By this ſhort ſchedule Collatine may know
Her grief, but not her grief's true quality:
She dares not thereof make diſcovery,
Leſt he ſhould hold it her own groſs abuſe,
Ere ſhe with blood hath ſtain'd her ſtain'd excuſe.

Beſides, the life and feeling of her paſſion
She hoards, to ſpend when he is by to hear her;
When ſighs and groans and tears may grace the faſhion
Of her diſgrace, the better ſo to clear her
From that ſuſpicion which the world might bear her.

[6] *Much like a* preſs of people *at a door,*
Throng *her* inventions, *which ſhall go before.*] So, in *K. John:*
"—— legions of ſtrange *fantaſies,*
"Which, in their *throng* and *preſs* to that laſt hold,
"*Confound themſelves.*" MALONE.

[7] *So I commend me* from our houſe in grief;] Shakſpeare has here cloſely followed the practice of his own times. Thus Anne Bullen, concluding her pathetick letter to her ſavage murderer: "*From my doleful priſon in the Tower,* this 6th of May."

So alſo Gaſcoigne the poet ends his addreſs *to the Youth of England,* prefixed to his works: "*From my poor houſe* at Waltamſtowe in the Foreſt, the ſecond of February, 1575."
MALONE.

To shun this blot, she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better.

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told[8];
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold[9],
When every part a part of woe doth bear.
'Tis but a part of sorrow that we hear:
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords[1],
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her

[8] *To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,*]
"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
"Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus." *Hor.*
MALONE.

[9] *For then the eye interprets to the ear*
The heavy motion that it doth behold,] Our author seems to have been thinking of the *Dumb Shows*, which were exhibited on the stage in his time. *Motion*, in old language, signifies a *puppet show*, and the person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
"——to the *dumbness* of the *gesture*,
"One might *interpret*." MALONE.

[1] *Deep* sounds *make lesser noise than shallow fords,*] Thus the quarto, 1594, and all the subsequent copies. But surely the author must have written.
Deep *floods* make lesser noise &c.
So, before:
"*Deep woes* roll forward like a gentle *flood*." MALONE.

The old reading is perhaps the true one. A *sound*, in naval language, is such a part of the sea as may be *sounded*. We have all heard of Plymouth *sound*, the *depth* of which is sufficient to carry vessels that draw the most water. The contradiction in terms is of little moment. We still talk of the *back front* of a house, and every *ford*, or *sound*, is comparatively *deep*. STEEVENS.

As a meaning may be extracted from the reading of the old copy, I have not disturbed it, though I am persuaded that Shakspeare wrote not *sounds* but *floods*, for these reasons:

1. Because there is scarce an English poet that has not compared real sorrow to a deep water, and loquacious and counterfeited grief to a babbling shallow stream. The comparison is always between a *river* and a brook; nor have I observed the *sea* once mentioned in the various places in which this trite thought is expressed. Shakspeare, we see, has it in this very poem in a preceding passage, in which deep woes are compared to a gentle *flood*.

2. Be-

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
At Ardea to my lord with more than haste[2]:
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast[3].
Speed more than speed, but dull and slow she deems:
Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villein * curt'sies to her low;
And blushing on her, with a stedfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie.
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame;
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame,

When, silly groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect

2. Because, supposing the poet to have had the sea in his contemplation, some reason ought to be assigned why he should have chosen those parts of it which are called *sounds*. To give force to the present sentiment, they must be supposed to be peculiarly still; whereas the truth I believe is, that all parts of the ocean are equally boisterous; at least those which are called *sounds* are not less so than others.

Lastly, because those parts of the sea which are denominated *sounds*, so far from deserving the epithet *deep*, are expressly defined to be "*shallow* seas; such as may be sounded." MALONE.

[2] ———*and on it writ,*
At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste:] Shakspeare seems to have begun early to confound the customs of his own country, with those of other nations. About a century and a half ago, all our letters that required speed were superscribed—*With post post haste.* STEEVENS.

[3] *As lagging* fowls *before the northern blast.*] Thus the quarto. All the modern editions have—*fouls.* MALONE.

* *The homely* villein ——] *Villein* has here its ancient legal signification; that of a *slave.* MALONE.

To talk in deeds[4], while others saucily
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so, this pattern of the worn-out age[5]
Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish,
The more she thought he spy'd in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy;
Before the which[6] is drawn the power of Greece,

For

[4] *To talk in deeds,*——] So, in *Hamlet:*
"As he, in his peculiar act and force,
May give his *saying deed*" MALONE.
Again, more appositely, in *Julius Cæsar:*
"*Casca. Speak hands* for me." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *this pattern of the* worn-out age] We meet nearly the same expression in our author's 68th *Sonnet:*
"Thus is his cheek the *map of days out-worn.*"
MALONE.
So, in *As you like it:*
"——how well in thee appears
"The constant service of the *antique world.*"
STEEVENS.

[6] *Before the which*——] That is, before Troy. MALONE.

Before

For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy [7];
Which the conceited painter drew so proud [8],
As heaven (it seem'd) to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of Nature, Art gave lifeless life:
Many a dry drop seemed a weeping tear [9],
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strife;
And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights [1].

There

Before the which is drawn——] *Drawn*, in this instance, does not signify *delineated*, but *drawn out into the field*, as armies are. So, in *King Henry IV*:

"He cannot *draw his power* these fourteen days."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Threatening cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy*,] So, in *Pericles*:

"Whose towers bore heads so high they *kiss'd the clouds*."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"——like the herald Mercury,
"New-lighted on a *heaven-kissing* hill." MALONE.

[8] *Which the conceited painter drew so proud*,] *Conceited*, in old language, is *fanciful*, *ingenious*. MALONE.

[9] *Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear*,] Thus the quarto. The variation made in this line, in the edition of 1616, which is said in the title-page to be newly revised and corrected, would alone prove it not to have been prepared by our author. The editor, knowing that all drops are wet, and not observing that the poet is here speaking of a picture, discarded the old reading, and gave, instead of it:

Many a *dire* drop seem'd a weeping tear;

which has been followed by all the subsequent copies. Had he been at all acquainted with Shakspeare's manner, he never would have made this alteration. MALONE.

[1] *And dying eyes gleam'd forth their* ashy lights,
"*Like* dying coals burnt out *in tedious nights*.] Perhaps Milton had these lines in his thoughts when he wrote:

"Where glowing *embers* through the room
"Teach *light* to counterfeit a *gloom*."

It

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
  Such sweet observance in this work was had,
  That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth, quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces;
  Which heartless peasants did so well resemble,
  That one would swear he saw them quake and tremble.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd;
  But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,
  Show'd deep regard and smiling government.[2]

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 'twere encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguil'd attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,

It is probable he also remembered these of Spenser:
"His glistering armour made
"A little glooming light much like a *shade*." MALONE.

2 —— *deep regard and smiling government.*] Profound wisdom, and the complacency arising from the passions being under the command of reason. The former word [*regard*] has already occurred more than once in the same sense. MALONE.

Wagg'd



Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, which purl'd up to the ſky[3].

About him were a preſs of gaping faces[4],
Which ſeem'd to ſwallow up his ſound advice[5];
All jointly liſtening, but with ſeveral graces,
As if ſome mermaid did their ears entice;
Some high, ſome low, the painter was ſo nice:
The ſcalps of many, almoſt hid behind,
To jump up higher ſeem'd, to mock the mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His noſe being ſhadow'd by his neighbour's ear;
Here one being throng'd bears back, all blown and red[6];
An-

[3] *In ſpeech, it ſeem'd, his* beard all ſilver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin winding breath, *which purl'd up to the ſky.*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
"—— and ſuch again
"As venerable Neſtor, hatch'd in *ſilver*,
"Should with a bond of *air* (ſtrong as the axle-tree
"On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekiſh ears
"To his experienc'd tongue. MALONE.

Thin winding breath which purl'd *up to the ſky.*] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read *curl'd*. Thus, Pope:
"While *curling* ſmoaks from village tops are ſeen."
Again, in *Cymbeline*:
"And let our *crooked* ſmoaks climb to their noſtrils."
STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Tempeſt*: "—to ride
"On the *curl'd clouds*——"
The copies, however, all agree; and perhaps *purl'd* had formerly the ſame meaning. MALONE.

[4] *About him were a preſs of gaping faces*, &c.] Had any engraving or account of Raphael's celebrated picture of *The School of Athens* reached England in the time of our author, one might be tempted by this deſcription to think that he had ſeen it. MALONE.

[5] *Which ſeem'd to* ſwallow *up his ſound advice*;] So, in *K. John*:
"With open mouth, *ſwallowing* a taylor's news."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Here one being throng'd bears back*, *all* blown *and red*;] The quarto and all the other copies have— *boln*.
Boln was, I think, a miſprint in the firſt edition for *blown*; i. e.

Another, ſmother'd, ſeems to pelt and ſwear [7];
And in their rage ſuch ſigns of rage they bear,
As, but for loſs of Neſtor's golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angry ſwords *.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, ſo compact, ſo kind [8],
That for Achilles' image ſtood his ſpear,
Grip'd in an armed hand; himſelf, behind,
Was left unſeen, ſave to the eye of mind [9]:
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of ſtrong-beſieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, ſharing joy

i. e. ſwelled. The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"This *blows* my heart."
Again: "—— Here on her breaſt
"There is a vent of blood, and ſomething *blown*."
MALONE.

I believe the poet wrote—*ſwoln*. So, in his *Venus and Adonis*:
"All *ſwoln* with chaſing, down Adonis ſits." STEEVENS.

[7] *Another, ſmother'd, ſeems to* pelt *and ſwear*;] To *pelt* meant, I think, to be clamorous, as men are in a paſſion. So, in an old collection of tales, entitled *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "The young man, all in a *pelting* chafe——" MALONE.

* ——debate *with angry ſwords*.] i. e. *fall to contention*. *Bate* is an ancient word ſignifying *ſtrife*. So, in the old play of *Acolaſtus*, 1540:
"We ſhall not fall to *bate*, or ſtryve for this matter."
STEEVENS.

Debate has here, I believe, its uſual ſignification. So, in *Julius Cæſar*: "*Speak hands* for me" Again, in *Hamlet*:
"I will *ſpeak daggers* to her, but uſe none." MALONE.

[8] *Conceit deceitful, ſo compact, ſo* kind,] An artful delineation, ſo nicely and *naturally* executed. *Kind* and nature, in old language, were ſynonymous. MALONE.

[9] *Was left unſeen, ſave to* the eye of mind:] We meet the ſame expreſſion in *Hamlet*, and in one of our author's *Sonnets*. MALONE.

To

To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That, through their light joy, seemed to appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy fear.

And, from the strond of Dardan where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than [1]
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois' banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stêl'd [2].

[1] *To break upon the galled shore, and* than] *Than* for *then*. This licence of changing the termination of words is sometimes used by our ancient poets, in imitation of the Italian writers. Thus, Daniel, in his *Cleopatra*, 1594:

"And now wilt yield thy streames
"A prey to other *reames*;"

i. e. realms. Again, in his *Complaint of Rosamond*, 1592:

"When cleaner thoughts my weakness 'gan upbray
"Against myself, and shame did force me say—"

Many other instances of the same kind might be added. See the next note. MALONE.

Reams, in the instance produced, is only the French *royaumes* affectedly anglicized. STEEVENS.

In Daniel's time the French word was usually written *royaulme*. MALONE.

[2] *To find a face where all distress is* stêl'd] Thus the quarto, and all the subsequent copies.—In our author's twenty-fourth *Sonnet* we meet these lines:

"Mine eye hath play'd the *painter*, and hath *steel'd*
"Thy beauty's form in table of my heart."

This therefore I suppose to have been the word intended here, which the poet altered for the sake of rhime. So before—*bild* for *beld*, and *than* for *then*. He might, however, have written:
——where all distress is *spell'd*.
i. e. *written*. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"And careful hours with time's deformed hand
"Have *written* strange defeatures in my face." MALONE.

Many

Many ſhe ſees, where cares have carved ſome,
But none where all diſtreſs and dolour dwell'd,
Till ſhe deſpairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies [3].

In her the painter had anatomiz'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wreck, and grim care's reign;
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were diſguis'd;
Of what ſhe was, no ſemblance did remain;
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the ſpring that thoſe ſhrunk pipes had fed,
Show'd life impriſon'd in a body dead.

On this ſad ſhadow Lucrece ſpends her eyes [4],
And ſhapes her ſorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to anſwer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her thoſe;
And therefore Lucrece ſwears he did her wrong,
To give her ſo much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor inſtrument, quoth ſhe, without a ſound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue:
And drop ſweet balm in Priam's painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy that burns ſo long;
And with my knife ſcratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

[3] Which *bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot lies.*] Dr. Sewell unneceſſarily reads—*Who* bleeding &c. The neutral pronoun was anciently often uſed for the perſonal. It ſtill remains in the Liturgy. *Which*, however, may refer to *wounds*. See p. 458. note 4. MALONE.

[4] *On this ſad ſhadow Lucrece* ſpends her eyes,] Fixes them earneſtly; gives it her whole attention. Hounds are ſaid *to ſpend their tongues*, when they join in full cry. MALONE.

Show

Show me the ſtrumpet that began this ſtir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of luſt, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear;
Thy eye kindled the fire that burneth here:
And here in Troy, for treſpaſs of thine eye,
The ſire, the ſon, the dame, and daughter, die.

Why ſhould the private pleaſure of ſome one
Become the publick plague of many moe[5]?
Let ſin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath tranſgreſſed ſo.
Let guiltleſs ſouls be freed from guilty woe:
For one's offence why ſhould ſo many fall,
To plague a private ſin in general?

Lo here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus ſwounds[6];
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadviſed wounds[7],
And one man's luſt theſe many lives confounds:
Had doting Priam check'd his ſon's deſire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire.

Here feelingly ſhe weeps Troy's painted woes:
For ſorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once ſet on ringing, with his own weight goes;

[5] —— *the plague of many* moe?] *Moe* for *more*. The word is now obſolete. MALONE.

[6] *Here manly Hector faints, here* Troilus ſwounds;] In the play of *Troilus and Creſſida*, his name is frequently introduced in the ſame manner as here, as a diſſyllable. The mere Engliſh reader ſtill pronounces the word as, I believe, Shakſpeare did.

Swounds is *ſwoons*. *Swoon* is conſtantly written *ſound* in the old copies of our author's plays; and from this ſtanza it appears that the word was anciently pronounced as it is here written. MALONE.

[7] *And friend to friend gives* unadviſed wounds,] *Advice*, it has been already obſerved, formerly meant *knowledge*. *Friends wound friends*, not knowing *each other*. It ſhould be remembered that Troy was ſacked in the night. MALONE.

Then

Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece set a-work, sad tales doth tell
  To pencil'd pensiveness and colour'd sorrow;
  She lends them words, and she their looks doth
    borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting, round [8],
And whom she finds forlorn, she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show'd content:
  Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
  So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn his woes [9].

In him the painter labour'd with his skill,
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show [1]
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent, that seem'd to welcome woe;
Cheeks, neither red nor pale, but mingled so
  That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
  Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain'd a show so seeming just,
And therein so ensconc'd his secret evil [2],

[8] *She throws her eyes about the* painting, *round*,] The duodecimo, 1616, and all the subsequent copies, read:
——about the painted round. MALONE.

[9] *So mild, that Patience seem'd to scorn* his *woes*.] That is, the woes suffered by *Patience*. We have nearly the same image in our author's *Twelfth Night*:
"She seem'd like *Patience* on a monument
"*Smiling* at *grief*——"
Again, in his *Pericles*: "——like *Patience* gazing on kings' graves, and *smiling extremity out of act*." MALONE.

[1] ——*and give the harmless* show] The harmless painted figure. MALONE.

[2] *And therein so* ensconc'd *his secret evil*,] And by that means so *concealed* his secret treachery. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I will *ensconce* myself behind the arras." MALONE.

That

That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac'd storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skill'd workman this mild image drew
For perjur'd Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words, like wild-fire, burnt the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view'd their faces [3].

This picture she advisedly perus'd [4],
And chid the painter for his wond'rous skill;
Saying, some shape in Sinon's was abus'd,
So fair a form lodg'd not a mind so ill;
And still on him she gaz'd, and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spy'd,
That she concludes the picture was bely'd.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile
(She would have said) *can lurk in such a look*;
But Tarquin's shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, *can lurk* from *cannot* took;
It cannot be she in that sense forsook,

[3] *And little* stars shot *from their* fixed places,
When the glass fell wherein they view'd their faces.] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*
" ——the rude sea grew civil at her song,
" And certain *stars shot* madly from their *spheres*,
" To hear the sea-maid's musick."
Why Troy, however beautiful or magnificent, should be called the mirrour in which the fixed stars beheld themselves, I do not see. The image is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.

[4] *This picture she* advisedly *perus'd*,] *Advisedly* is *attentively*; with deliberation. MALONE.

And

And turn'd it thus: "It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked mind:

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguild [5]
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice: as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those borrow'd tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls [6], a Trojan bleeds;
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds:

[5] *So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,*
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,
To me came Tarquin armed; so *beguil'd*
With outward honesty ——] *To me came Tarquin with the same armour of hypocrisy that Sinon wore.* The old copy reads:
To me came Tarquin armed *to* beguild
With outward honesty &c
To must, I think, have been a misprint for *so*. *Beguil'd* is for *beguiling*. Our author frequently confounds the active and passive participle. Thus, in *Othello*, *delighted* for *delighting*:
"If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack——" MALONE.

I think the reading proposed is right; and would point thus:
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil'd
With outward honesty, but yet &c.
So beguil'd is so cover'd, so masked with fraud, i. e. like Sinon. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, act III. sc. ii:
"Thus ornament is but the *guiled* shore
"To a most dangerous sea." STEEVENS.

[6] *For every tear he* falls——] He lets fall. So, in *Othello*:
"Each *tear* she *falls* would prove a crocodile."
MALONE.

A similar thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*:
"*For every false drop in her bawdy veins,*
"A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
"In her contaminated carrion weight,
"*A Trojan hath been slain.*" STEEVENS.

Those

Those round clear pearls of his that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, hot-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assails,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining:
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining.
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch, see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent;
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured,
To think their dolour others have endured.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company;

Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black;
And round about her tear-diſtained eye
Blue circles ſtream'd, like rain-bows in the ſky.
These water-galls in her dim element[7]
Foretell new ſtorms to thoſe already ſpent.

Which when her ſad-beholding huſband ſaw,
Amazedly in her ſad face he ſtares:
Her eyes, though ſod in tears, look'd red and raw[8],
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to aſk her how ſhe fares,
But ſtood, like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At laſt he takes her by the bloodleſs hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befallen, that thou doſt trembling ſtand?
Sweet love, what ſpite hath thy fair colour ſpent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in diſcontent[9]?
Unmaſk, dear dear, this moody heavineſs,
And tell thy grief, that we may give redreſs.

Three times with ſighs ſhe gives her ſorrows fire,
Ere once ſhe can diſcharge one word of woe:
At length addreſs'd to anſwer his deſire[1],

[7] *Theſe* water-galls *in her dim element*] The *water-gall* is ſome appearance attendant on the rainbow. The word is current among the ſhepherds on Saliſbury plain. STEEVENS.

[8] *——look'd red and raw,*] So, in *Hamlet:*

"The Daniſh cicatrice *looks red and raw.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *Why art thou thus* attir'd in diſcontent?] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"For my part, I am ſo *attir'd in wonder,*
"I know not what to ſay." STEEVENS.

[1] *At length* addreſs'd *to anſwer his deſire,*] *Addreſs'd* is *ready prepared.* So, in *K. Henry V:*

"To-morrow for our march we are *addreſs'd.*"

MALONE.

She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending:
Few words, quoth she, shall fit the trespass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending:
In me more woes than words are now depending;
And my laments would be drawn out too long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

Then be this all the task it hath to say:—
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head*;
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas! thy Lucrece is not free.

For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cry'd, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

* *Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed*
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary head.]
"Vestigia viri alieni, Collatine, in lecto sunt tuo." *Liv.* lib. i. cap. 58. MALONE.

Peradventure the pillow, which the lady here speaketh of, was what in a former stanza is denominated *the heart of all her land.* Tarquin *slept not*, it is to be presumed, though, like Jachimo, he *had that was well worth watching.* AMNER.

For ſome hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unleſs thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder ſtraight, and then I'll ſlaughter thee,
And ſwear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathſome act of luſt, and ſo did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to ſtart and cry,
And then againſt my heart he ſet his ſword,
Swearing, unleſs I took all patiently,
I ſhould not live to ſpeak another word:
So ſhould my ſhame ſtill reſt upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was ſtrong, my poor ſelf weak,
And far the weaker with ſo ſtrong a fear:
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to ſpeak;
No rightful plea might plead for juſtice there:
His ſcarlet luſt came evidence to ſwear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is robb'd, the priſoner dies.

O teach me how to make mine own excuſe!
Or, at the leaſt, this refuge let me find;
Though my groſs blood be ſtain'd with this abuſe,
Immaculate and ſpotleſs is my mind;
That was not forc'd; that never was inclin'd
To acceſſary yieldings, but ſtill pure
Doth in her poiſon'd cloſet yet endure.

Lo here, the hopeleſs merchant of this loſs,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up with woe,
With ſad-ſet eyes, and wretched arms acroſs,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that ſtops his anſwer ſo:

But

But wretched as he is, he ſtrives in vain;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haſte;
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the ſtrait that forc'd him on ſo faſt;
In rage ſent out, recall'd in rage, being paſt [3]:
Even ſo his ſighs, his ſorrows, make a ſaw,
To puſh grief on, and back the ſame grief draw.

Which ſpeechleſs woe of his, poor ſhe attendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh:
Dear lord, thy ſorrow to my ſorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining ſlaketh.
My woe too ſenſible thy paſſion maketh
More feeling-painful: let it then ſuffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes [4].

And for my ſake, when I might charm thee ſo,
For ſhe that was thy Lucrece,—now attend me;
Be ſuddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own; ſuppoſe thou doſt defend me
From what is paſt: the help that thou ſhalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For ſparing juſtice feeds iniquity *.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth ſhe,
(Speaking to thoſe that came with Collatine)

[3] *In rage ſent out, recall'd in rage, being paſt:*] Should we not read:
In rage ſent out, recall'd, *the* rage being paſt. FARMER.

[4] *To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.*] The quarto has:
To drown *on* woe,——
On and *one* are perpetually confounded in old Engliſh books. The former does not ſeem to have any meaning here. The edition of 1600 has—*one* woe. We might read:
To drown *in* woe one pair of weeping eyes. MALONE.

* *For ſparing juſtice feeds iniquity.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill." MALONE.

Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms:
Knights, by their oaths [5], should right poor ladies' harms.

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd.
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protestation stops. O speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain be wip'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poisoned fountain clears itself again;
And why not I from this compelled stain [6]?

With

[5] *Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies' harms.*] Here one of the laws of chivalry is somewhat prematurely introduced. MALONE.

[6] *The poison'd fountain clears itself again;*
And why not I from this compelled stain?] There are perhaps few who would not have acquiesced in the justice of this reasoning. It did not however, as we learn from history, satisfy this admired heroine of antiquity. Her conduct on this occasion has been the subject of much speculation. It is not alleged by any of the historians that actual violence was offered to her. Διὰ μὲν οὖν ταῦτ' (says Dion) ΟΥΚ ΑΚΟΥΣΑ δὴ ἐμοιχεύθη. Why then, it is asked, did she not suffer death rather than submit to her ravisher? An ingenious French writer thinks she killed herself too late to be entitled to any praise. *Les Oeuvres de Sarazin*, p. 18?. edit. 1694.—A venerable father of the church (St. Austin) censures her still more severely, concluding his strictures on her conduct with this dilemma: "Ita hæc causa ex utroque latere coarctatur; ut si extenuatur homicidium, adulterium confirmetur; si

purgatur

With this, they all at once began to ſay,
Her body's ſtain her mind untainted clears;
While with a joyleſs ſmile ſhe turns away
The face, that map which deep impreſſion bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
No, no, quoth ſhe, no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuſe ſhall claim excuſe's giving[7].

purgatur adulterium, homicidium cumulatur; nec omnino invenitur exitus, ubi dicitur, ſi adulterata, cur laudata? ſi pudica cur occiſa?"—On theſe words a writer of the laſt century [Renatus Laurentius de la Barre] formed the following Latin epigram:

"Si tibi forte fuit, Lucretia, gratus adulter,
"Immerito ex merita præmia cæde petis;
"Sin potius caſto vis eſt allata pudori,
"Quis furor eſt hoſtis crimine velle mori?
"Fruſtra igitur laudem captas, Lucretia; namque
"Vel furioſa ruis, vel ſcelerata cadis."

"If Tarquin's guilt, Lucretia, pleas'd thy ſoul,
"How could thy blood waſh out a ſtain ſo foul?
"But if by downright force the joy he had,
"To die on his account, muſt prove you mad:
"Then be thy death no more the matron's pride,
"You liv'd a ſtrumpet, or a fool you dy'd."

The ladies muſt determine the queſtion.

I am indebted to a friend for perhaps the beſt defence that can be made for this celebrated ſuicide:

"Heu! miſera, ante alias, Lucretia! Rumor iniquus
"Me referet pactum me violâſſe fidem?
"Criminis et ſocius fingetur ſervus? Imago
"Vincit, et horrendis cedo, Tyranne, minis.
"Te, pudor, heu violo;—valeant jam gaudia vitæ!
"Carior et vitâ, care marite, vale!
"Ferrum at reſtituet læſo ſua jura pudori,
"Ad cœlum et ſurget ſanguine Fama meo."

MALONE.

7 ——*no dame, hereafter living,*
By my excuſe ſhall claim excuſe's giving.] "Ego me, etſi peccato abſolvo, ſupplicio non libero; *nec ulla deinde impudica exemplo Lucretiæ vivet.*" *Liv.* lib. i. cap. 58.—No tranſlation of the firſt book of Livy had appeared before the publication of this poem. MALONE.

Here with a figh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: *He, he*, fhe fays,
But more than *he* her poor tongue could not fpeak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, fick and fhort affays,
  She utters this: He, he, fair lords, 'tis he,
  That guides this hand to give this wound to me.

Even here fhe fheathed in her harmlefs breaft
A harmful knife, that thence her foul unfheathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unreft
Of that polluted prifon where it breathed:
Her contrite fighs unto the clouds bequeathed
  Her winged fprite, and through her wounds doth fly
  Life's lafting date from cancel'd deftiny.

Stone-ftill, aftonifh'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' father that beholds her bleed,
Himfelf on her felf-flaughter'd body threw;
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
  The murderous knife, and as it left the place,
  Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in chafe;

And bubbling from her breaft, it doth divide
In two flow rivers, that the crimfon blood
Circles her body in on every fide,
Who like a late-fack'd ifland vaftly ftood [8]
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.

[8] ——vaftly *ftood*] i. e. like a *wafte*. *Vaftum* is the law-term for *wafte* ground. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—fhook hands as over a *vaft*." Again, in *Pericles*:

"Thou God of this great *vaft*, rebuke the furges."

STEEVENS.

Some

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood, a watery rigol goes [9],
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter, old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here depriv'd.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd [1]?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours [2].

[9] —*a watery rigol goes*,] A *rigol* is a circle. MALONE.
So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
"——a sleep
"That from this golden *rigol* hath divorc'd
"So many English kings." STEEVENS.

[1] ——un*liv'd?*] The quaintness of this word has only been equalled by another of the same kind in *Chrononhotonthologos:*
"Himself he *un*fatigues with pleasing slumbers."
STEEVENS.

I do not perceive any peculiar uncouthness in this expression. What is *unliv'd* but *liveless* (for so the word *lifeless* was frequently written in our author's time)? The privative *un* may be joined to almost any English participle. When indeed it is annexed to a word that is itself of a privative nature, (as *fatigue*,) the word so formed becomes ridiculous. But *unliv'd* does not appear to me more exceptionable than *unhoused*, *unpaved*, and twenty more.
MALONE.

[2] *If children pre-decease progenitors*,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"——oh, thou untaught!
"To press before thy father to a grave!"
STEEVENS.

Poor

Poor broken glaſs, I often did behold
In thy ſweet ſemblance my old age new-born;
But now that fair freſh mirror, dim and old [3],
Shows me a bare-bon'd death [4] by time out-worn [5];
O, from thy cheeks my image thou haſt torn [6]!
And ſhiver'd all the beauty of my glaſs,
That I no more can ſee what once I was.

[3] *But now that fair freſh mirror, dim and* old,] Thus the quarto. The modern editions have—dim and *cold*, which is perhaps the true reading. This indeed is not a very proper epithet, becauſe all mirrors are cold. But the poet might have thought that its being deſcriptive of Lucretia's ſtate was ſufficient. MALONE.

Old, I believe, is the true reading. Though *glaſs* may not prove ſubject to decay, the quickſilver behind it will periſh, through *age*, and it then exhibits a faithleſs reflection: A *ſteel-glaſs*, however, would certainly grow *dim* in proportion as it grows *old*. STEEVENS.

Some difficulty will however ſtill remain. A *ſteel-glaſs* was, I believe, not very liable to be *broken*. MALONE.

[4] *Shows me a* bare-bon'd death——] So, in *King John*:
"——and on his forehead ſits
"A *bare-ribb'd death*——" STEEVENS.

[5] *Poor* broken glaſs, *I often did behold*
In thy ſweet ſemblance *my old age new-born*:
But now that fair freſh mirror, *dim and old*
Shows me a bare-bon'd death *by time out-worn*;] So, in *K. Richard III*:
"I have bewept a worthy huſband's death,
"And liv'd by looking on his images;
"But now two *mirrors* of his princely *ſemblance*
"Are *crack'd in pieces* by malignant *death*."
Again, in our author's third *Sonnet*:
"Thou art thy mother's *glaſs* &c." MALONE.

Compare this ſtanza with the ſpeech of K. Richard II. when he commands a mirror to be brought, and afterwards daſhes it on the ground. STEEVENS.

[6] O, *from* thy *cheeks my image thou haſt torn*!] Thus the quarto. The edition of 1600, and all ſubſequent to it, have:
O from *my* cheeks my image thou haſt torn!
But the father's image was in his daughter's countenance, which ſhe had now disfigured. The old copy is therefore certainly right. MALONE.

O time,

O time, ceafe thou thy courfe, and laft no longer [7],
If they furceafe to be, that fhould furvive.
Shall rotten death make conqueft of the ftronger,
And leave the faltering feeble fouls alive?
The old bees die, the young poffefs their hive:
Then live fweet Lucrece, live again, and fee
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this ftarts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his forrow place *;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding ftream [8]
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a fpace;
Till manly fhame bids him poffefs his breath,
And live, to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward foul
Hath ferv'd a dumb arreft upon his tongue;
Who mad that forrow fhould his ufe controll,
Or keep him from heart-eafing words fo long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips do throng
Weak words, fo thick come, in his poor heart's aid,
That no man could diftinguifh what he faid.

Yet fometime Tarquin was pronounced plain,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempeft, till it blow up rain,

* *And bids Lucretius* give his forrow place;] So, Queen Margaret, in *K. Rich. III*:

" *And let my griefs frown on the upper band.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *O time, ceafe thou thy courfe, and* laft *no longer,*] Thus the quarto. The duodecimo, 1616, reads:

——*hafte* no longer——

which has been followed by all the modern editions. MALONE.

[8] *And then in* key-cold *Lucrece' bleeding ftream*] This epithet is frequently ufed by our author and his contemporaries. So, in *K. Richard III*:

" Poor *key-cold* figure of a loyal king." MALONE.

Held

Held back his sorrow's tide, to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er[9]:
  Then son and father weep with equal strife,
  Who should weep most for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, she's mine: O mine she is,
Replies her husband: Do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
  He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
  And only must be wail'd by Collatine.

O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd[1].
Woe, woe, quoth Collatine, she was my wife,
I owed her, and 'tis mine that she hath kill'd.
My daughter and *my wife* with clamours fill'd
  The dispers'd air, who holding Lucrece' life,
  Answer'd their cries, *my daughter and my wife*.

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,
Seeing such emulation in their woe,
Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,
Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
  As silly-jeering ideots are with kings,
  For sportive words, and uttering foolish things:

[9] *At last it* rains, *and busy* winds give o'er; So, in *Macbeth:*
"That *tears* shall *drown the wind*" STEEVENS.

[1] *O, quoth Lucretius, I did* give that life,
Which she too early *and* too late *hath spill'd.*] The same conceit occurs in the third part of *K. Henry VI:*
"O boy, thy father *gave thee life too soon,*
"And hath bereft thee of thy life *too late!*" STEEVENS.

Which she too early and too late *hath spill'd.*] *Too late* here means *too recently*. So, in *King Richard III.* act III. sc. i:
"*Too late* he died, that might have kept that title,
"Which by his death hath lost much majesty."
MALONE.

But

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise;
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise;
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

Why Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds:
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself, that should have slain her foe.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations *,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part;
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

Now by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stained,
By heaven's fair sun, that breeds the fat earth's store,
By all our country rights in Rome maintained,
And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late complained
Her wrongs to us [2], and by this bloody knife,
We will revenge the death of this true wife.

This

* *That they will suffer these abominations*, &c.] The construction is—that they will suffer these abominations to be chased, &c. MALONE.

[2] *And by chaste Lucrece' soul that late* complained
Her wrongs to us——] To *complain* was anciently used in

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,
And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow;
And to his protestation urg'd the rest,
Who wondering at him, did him words allow [3]:
Then jointly to the ground their knees they bow;
  And that deep vow which Brutus made before,
  He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece thence;
To show the bleeding body thorough Rome,
And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence:
Which being done with speedy diligence,
  The Romans plausibly [4] did give consent
  To Tarquin's everlasting banishment [5].

an active sense, without an article subjoined to it. So, in Fairfax's translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered:*

> "Pale death our valiant leader hath oppress'd;
> "Come wreak his loss *whom* bootless ye *complain.*"

MALONE.

[3] *Who wondering at him, did his words* allow:] Did *approve* of what he said. So, in *King Lear:*

> "——if your sweet sway
> "*Allow* obedience——" MALONE.

[4] *The Romans* plausibly——] That is, *with acclamations.* To express the same meaning, we should now say, *plausively.* The text however is, I think, not corrupt. MALONE.

Plausibly may mean, *with expressions of applause.* *Plausibilis*, Lat. Thus, in the *Argument* prefixed to this poem: "—wherewith the people were so moved, that with one consent, and a general *acclamation*, the Tarquins were all exiled." STEEVENS.

[5] In examining this and the preceding poem, we should do Shakspeare injustice were we to try them by a comparison with more modern and polished productions, or with our present idea of poetical excellence.

It has been observed, that few authors rise much above the age in which they live. If their performances reach the standard of perfection established in their own time, or surpass somewhat the productions of their contemporaries, they seldom aim farther; for if their readers are satisfied, it is not probable that they should be discontented. The poems of *Venus and Adonis*, and *The Rape of Lucrece*, whatever opinion may be now entertained of them,

were

were certainly much admired in Shakspeare's life-time. In thirteen years after their first appearance, six impressions of each of them were printed, while in the same period his *Romeo and Juliet* (one of his most popular plays) passed only twice through the press. They appear to me superior to any pieces of the same kind produced by Daniel or Drayton, the most celebrated writers in this species of narrative poetry that were then known. The applause bestowed on *The Rosamond* of the former author, which was published in 1592, gave birth, I imagine, to the present poem. The stanza is the same in both.

No compositions were in that age oftner quoted, or more honourably mentioned, than these two of Shakspeare. Among others, Drayton, in the first edition of his *Matilda*, has pronounced the following eulogium on the preceding poem:

"Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long,
Lately reviv'd to live another age,
And here arriv'd to tell of Tarquin's wrong,
Her chaste denial, and the tyrant's rage,
Acting her passions on our stately stage,
She is remember'd, all forgetting me,
Yet I as fair and chaste as ere was she *."

If it should be asked, how comes it to pass that Shakspeare in his dramatick productions also, did not content himself with only doing as well as those play-wrights who had gone before him, or perhaps somewhat surpassing them; how it happened, that whilst his contemporaries on the stage crept in the most groveling and contemptible prose, or stalked in ridiculous and bombastick blank verse, he has penetrated the inmost recesses of the human mind, and, not contented with ranging through the wide field of nature, has with equal boldness and felicity often expatiated *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, the answer, I believe, must be, that his disposition was more inclined to the drama than to the other kinds of poetry; that his genius for the one appears to have been almost a gift from heaven, his abilities for the other, only the same as those of other mortals.

The great defect of these two poems seems to be, the wearisome circumlocution with which the tale in each of them is told. When the reader thinks himself almost at his journey's end, he is led through many an intricate path, and after travelling for some hours, finds his inn yet at a distance: nor are his wanderings repaid, or his labour alleviated, by any extraordinary fertility in the country through which he passes; by grotesqueness of imagery, or variety of prospect. MALONE.

* *Matilda, the faire and chaste Daughter of Lord Robert Fitzwater.* By Michael Drayton, 1594. If the reader should look for these lines in any edition of *Matilda* but the first, he will be disappointed. It is observable that Daniel and Drayton made many alterations in their poems at every re-impression.

SONNETS.

TO THE ONLY BEGETTER
OF THESE ENSUING SONNETS,
MR. W. H [1].
ALL HAPPINESS
AND THAT ETERNITY PROMISED
BY OUR EVER-LIVING POET
WISHETH THE
WELL-WISHING ADVENTURER
IN SETTING FORTH,

T. T [2].

[1] Dr. Farmer ſuppoſes that many of theſe Sonnets are addreſſed to our author's nephew Mr. William Harte. But this, I think, may be doubted. Shakſpeare's ſiſter, *Joan Harte*, was born in April, 1569. Suppoſing her to have married at ſo early an age as ſixteen, her eldeſt ſon William could not have been more than twelve years old in 1598 [*], at which time theſe Sonnets were compoſed though not publiſhed for ſeveral years afterwards. Many of them are written to ſhow the propriety of marriage; and therefore cannot well be ſuppoſed to be addreſſed to a ſchool-boy.

Mr. Tyrwhitt has pointed out to me a line in the twentieth Sonnet, which inclines me to think that the initials W. H. ſtand for W. Hughes. Speaking of this perſon, the poet ſays he is—

"A man in *hew* all *Hewes* in his controlling—"

ſo the line is exhibited in the old copy. When it is conſidered that one of theſe Sonnets is formed entirely on a play on our author's Chriſtian name, this conjecture will not appear improbable.—To this perſon, whoever he was, one hundred and twenty ſix of the following poems are addreſſed; the remaining twenty-eight are addreſſed to a lady. MALONE.

[2] i. e. Thomas Thorpe. See the extract from the Stationers' books in the next page. MALONE.

[*] I have here ſuppoſed our author's eldeſt nephew to have been twelve years old in 1598, but perhaps he was not then even born. It is obſervable, that Shakſpeare, when he had occaſion in his Will to mention the children of his ſiſter Joan Harte, did not recollect the Chriſtian name of her ſecond ſon; from which circumſtance we may infer, that in 1616 they were all young.

SONNETS[3].

I.

From faireſt creatures we deſire increaſe,
That thereby beauty's roſe might never die,
But as the riper ſhould by time deceaſe,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'ſt thy light's flame with ſelf-ſubſtantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyſelf thy foe, to thy ſweet ſelf too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's freſh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy ſpring,
Within thine own bud burieſt thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'ſt waſte in niggarding[4].

[3] Shakſpeare's *Sonnets* were entered on the Stationers' books by Thomas Thorpe, on the 20th of May, 1609, and printed in the ſame year. They were, however, written many years before, being mentioned by Meres in his *Wits' Treaſury*, 1598: "As the ſoul of Euphorbus (ſays he) was thought to live in Pythagoras, ſo the ſweet witty ſoul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakeſpeare. Witneſs his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his ſugred SONNETS among his private friends &c."

The general ſtyle of theſe poems, and the numerous paſſages in them which remind us of our author's plays, leave not the ſmalleſt doubt of their authenticity.

In theſe compoſitions, Daniel's Sonnets, which were publiſhed in 1592, appear to me to have been the model that Shakſpeare followed. MALONE.

[4] *And, tender churl,* mak'ſt waſte *in* niggarding.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"Then ſhe hath ſworn that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?
"*Rom.* She hath: and in that *ſparing makes* huge *waſte.*"
C.

Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee [5].

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed [4], of small worth held:

—*this glutton be,*
To eat the world's due, by the *grave and thee.*] The ancient editors of Shakspeare's works, deserve at least the praise of impartiality. If they have occasionally corrupted his noblest sentiments, they have likewise depraved his most miserable conceits; as, perhaps, in this instance. I read (piteous constraint, to read such stuff at all!)

—— this glutton be;
To eat the world's due, *be thy* grave and thee.

i. e. be at once thyself, and thy grave. The letters that form the two words were probably transposed. I did not think the late Mr. Rich had such example for the contrivance of making Harlequin jump down his own throat. STEEVENS.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the text. Mankind being daily thinned by the grave, the world could not subsist if the places of those who are taken off by death were not filled up by the birth of children. Hence Shakspeare considers the propagation of the species as *the world's due*, as a right to which it is entitled, and which it may demand from every individual. The sentiment in the lines before us, it must be owned, is quaintly expressed; but the obscurity arises chiefly, I think, from the aukward collocation of the words for the sake of the rhime. The meaning seems to me to be this.—Pity the world, *which is daily depopulated by the grave, and beget children, in order to supply the loss; or if you do not fulfill this duty, acknowledge, that as a* glutton *swallows and consumes more than is sufficient for his own support, so you, (who by the course of nature must die, and by your own remissness are likely to die childless) thus "living and dying in single blessedness," consume and destroy* the world's due; *to the desolation of which you will doubly contribute*; 1. by thy death, 2. by thy dying childless.

Our author's plays, as well as the poems now before us, affording a sufficient number of conceits, it is rather hard that he should be answerable for such as can only be obtained through the medium of alteration. MALONE.

[4] *Will be a tatter'd* weed,—] A torn *garment*. MALONE.

Then

Then being aſk'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treaſure of thy luſty days;
To ſay, within thine own deep-ſunken eyes,
Were an all-eating ſhame, and thriftleſs praiſe.
How much more praiſe deſerv'd thy beauty's uſe,
If thou could'ſt anſwer—"*This fair child of mine
Shall ſum my count, and make my old excuſe*—"
Proving his beauty by ſucceſſion thine.
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And ſee thy blood warm when thou feel'ſt it cold.

III.

Look in thy glaſs, and tell the face thou vieweſt,
Now is the time that face ſhould form another;
Whoſe freſh repair if now thou not reneweſt,
Thou doſt beguile the world, unbleſs ſome mother.
For where is ſhe ſo fair, whoſe un-eard womb [6]
Diſdains the tillage of thy huſbandry?
Or who is he ſo fond [7], will be the tomb
Of his ſelf-love, to ſtop poſterity?

6 ——*whoſe* unear'd *womb*] *Unear'd* is *untilled.* So, in our author's dedication of his *Venus and Adonis*: "——if the firſt heir of my invention prove deformed, I ſhall be ſorry it had ſo noble a godfather, and never after *ear* ſo barren a land for fear it yield me ſtill ſo bad a harveſt." MALONE.

——*whoſe un-ear'd* womb
Diſdains the *tillage* of thy *huſbandry*] Thus in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"——her plenteous *womb*
"Expreſſeth his full *tilth* and *huſbandry*." STEEVENS.

7 *Or who is he ſo fond, will be the tomb
Of his ſelf-love*, to ſtop poſterity?] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"——beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
"*Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.*"
Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:
"What is thy body but a ſwallowing *grave*,
"Seeming to *bury* that *poſterity*
"Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have,
"If thou deſtroy them not in their obſcurity?"
Fond, in old language, is *fooliſh*. MALONE.

Thou art thy mother's glaſs, and ſhe in thee *
Calls back the lovely April of her prime [8]:
So thou through windows of thine age ſhalt ſee,
Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time [9].
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die ſingle, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty lovelineſs, why doſt thou ſpend
Upon thyſelf thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend,
And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free [1].
Then, beauteous niggard, why doſt thou abuſe
The bounteous largeſs given thee to give?
Profitleſs uſurer, why doſt thou uſe
So great a ſum of ſums, yet canſt not live?
For having traffick with thyſelf alone,
Thou of thyſelf thy ſweet ſelf doſt deceive.

* *Thou art thy mother's* glaſs &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"Poor broken *glaſs*, I often did behold
"*In thy ſweet ſemblance my old age new-born.*" MALONE.

[8] *Calls back the lovely* April *of her prime*;] So, in *Timon of Athens*:
"She whom the ſpital houſe and ulcerous ſores
"Would caſt the gorge at, this embalms and ſpices
"To the *April* day again." MALONE.

[9] *So thou through* windows *of thine* age *ſhalt ſee,*
Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.] Thus, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:
"Time had not ſcythed all that youth begun,
"Nor youth all quit; but, ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
"Some beauty peep'd through *lattice* of ſear'd *age*."
MALONE.

[1] Nature's *bequeſt gives nothing, but doth lend,*
And being frank, ſhe lends to thoſe are free &c.] So, Milton, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:
"Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to yourſelf,
"And to thoſe dainty limbs which *nature lent*
"For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy?
"But you invert the covenants of her truſt,
"And harſhly deal like an ill borrower,
"With that which you receiv'd on other terms." STEEV.

Then

Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave [2]?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives thy executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excell [3];
For never-resting time leads summer on [4]
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and bareness every where [5]:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet [6].

VI.

[2] *What acceptable* audit *canst thou leave?*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"To make their *audit* at your highness' pleasure."
STEEVENS.

[3] *And that* unfair *which fairly doth excell;*] And render that which was once beautiful, no longer fair. To *unfair*, is, I believe, a verb of our author's coinage. MALONE.

[4] *For never-resting* time leads summer on] So, in one of our author's plays:
"For, with a word, the *time will bring on summer.*"
STEEVENS.

[5] *Beauty o'er snow'd, and* bareness *every where:*] Thus the quarto, 1609. The modern editions have
—— *barrenness* every where.
In the 97th *Sonnet* we meet again with the same image:
"What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
"What old December's *bareness* every where!"
MALONE.

[6] *But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,*
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.] This is

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy ſummer, ere thou be diſtill'd:
Make ſweet ſome phial, treaſure thou ſome place
With beauty's treaſure, ere it be ſelf-kill'd.
That uſe is not forbidden uſury,
Which happies thoſe that pay the willing loan;
That's for thyſelf to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
Ten times thyſelf were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then, what could death do if thou ſhould'ſt depart,
Leaving thee living in poſterity?
Be not ſelf-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be death's conqueſt, and make worms thine heir.

VII.

Lo in the orient when the gracious light [6]
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing ſight,
Serving with looks his ſacred majeſty;
And having climb'd the ſteep-up heavenly hill,
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age [7],
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty ſtill,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage [8];

But

is a thought with which Shakſpeare ſeems to have been much pleaſed. We find it again in the 54th *Sonnet*, and in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*, act I. ſc. i. MALONE.

[7] *And having climb'd the ſteep-up heavenly hill,*
Reſembling ſtrong youth in his middle age,] Perhaps our author had the ſacred writings in his thoughts: "—in them hath he ſet a tabernacle for the *ſun*, *which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his courſe.* It goeth forth from the uttermoſt part of the heaven, and runneth about unto the end of it again: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." MALONE.

[8] *Yet mortal looks* adore *his beauty ſtill,*
Attending on his golden *pilgrimage*;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Madam,

But when from high-moft pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way:
So thou, thyfelf out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on dieft, unlefs thou get a fon.

VIII.

Mufick to hear, why hear'ft thou mufick fadly?
Sweets with fweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'ft thou that which thou receiv'ft not gladly?
Or elfe receiv'ft with pleafure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned founds,
By unions married [9], do offend thine ear,

They

" Madam, an hour before the *worfhipp'd fun*
" Peer'd forth the *golden* window of the eaft——"

MALONE.

[9] *If the true concord of well-tuned founds,*
By unions married,—] So, in *Romeo and Juliet* [quarto, 1599]:

" Examine ev'ry *married* lineament,
" And fee how one another lends content."

Again, in *Troilus and Creffida:*

" The *married* calm of ftates——"

Milton had perhaps thefe lines in his thoughts when he wrote:

" And ever againft eating cares
" Lap me in foft Lydian airs,
" *Married* to immortal verfe,
" Such as the meeting foul may pierce,
" In notes with many a winding bout
" Of *linked* fweetnefs long drawn out,
" With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
" The melting voice through *mazes* running;
" Untwifting all the *chains* that tie
" The hidden foul of harmony." *L' Allegro.*

I know not whether it has been obferved that one of our author's contemporaries feems to have furnifhed Milton with the image prefented in thefe latter lines:

" Cannot

They do but ſweetly chide thee, who confounds
In ſingleneſs the parts that thou ſhould'ſt bear.
Mark how one ſtring, ſweet huſband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Reſembling ſire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleaſing note do ſing:
Whoſe ſpeechleſs ſong, being many, ſeeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou ſingle wilt prove none."

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou conſum'ſt thyſelf in ſingle life?
Ah! if thou iſſueleſs ſhalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeleſs wife [1];
The world will be thy widow and ſtill weep,
That thou no form of thee haſt left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her huſband's ſhape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth ſpend,
Shifts but his place, for ſtill the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waſte hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the uſer ſo deſtroys it.
No love toward others in that boſom ſits,
That on himſelf ſuch murderous ſhame commits.

"Cannot your *trembling wires* throw a *chain*
"Of powerful *rapture* 'bout our *mazed* ſenſe?"
Marſton's *What you Will*, a comedy, 1607. MALONE.

[1] —*like a* makeleſs *wife*;] As a widow bewails her loſt huſband. *Make* and *mate* were formerly ſynonymous. So, in *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, 1510: "Certes madam, I ſholde have great joye yte ye had ſuch a prynçe to your *make*."

Again, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, ante, p. 343:
"Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect-loving *make*."
MALONE.

X. For

X.

For ſhame! deny that thou bear'ſt love to any,
Who for thyſelf art ſo unprovident.
Grant if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But that thou none lov'ſt, is moſt evident;
For thou art ſo poſſeſs'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainſt thyſelf thou ſtick'ſt not to conſpire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate [a],
Which to repair ſhould be thy chief deſire.
O change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy preſence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyſelf, at leaſt, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another ſelf, for love of me,
That beauty ſtill may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As faſt as thou ſhalt wane, ſo faſt thou grow'ſt
In one of thine, from that which thou departeſt;
And that freſh blood which youngly thou beſtow'ſt,
Thou may'ſt call thine, when thou from youth converteſt.
Herein lives wiſdom, beauty, and increaſe;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded ſo, the times ſhould ceaſe,
And threeſcore years would make the world away.
Let thoſe whom nature hath not made for ſtore,
Harſh, featureleſs, and rude, barrenly periſh:

[a] *Seeking that beauteous roof to* ruinate &c.] This is a metaphor of which our author is peculiarly fond. So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Shall love in building grow ſo *ruinate?*"

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"O thou that doſt inhabit in my breaſt,
"Leave not the manſion ſo long tenantleſs,
"Leſt, growing *ruinous*, the building fall,
"And leave no memory of what it was.
"*Repair* me with thy preſence, Silvia." STEEVENS.

Look whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more [3];
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou should'st print more, nor let that copy die [4].

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls, all silver'd o'er with white [5];
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd [6],
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard [7];

Then

[3] *Look whom she best endow'd, she gave* thee *more;*
Which bounteous gift thou should'st in bounty cherish:] On a survey of mankind, you will find that Nature, however liberal she may have been to others, has been still more bountiful to you. The old copy reads—she gave *the* more; which was evidently a misprint. MALONE.

[4] *Thou should'st print more,* nor let that copy die.] So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
"If you will lead these graces to the grave,
"And leave the world *no copy.*" MALONE.

[5] *And sable curls,* all *silver'd o'er with white:*] The old copy reads:

———*or* silver'd o'er with white.

Or was clearly an error of the press. Mr. Tyrwhitt would read:

——— *are* silver'd o'er with white. MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet:*

"His beard was, as I've seen it in his life,
"A *sable silver'd.*" STEEVENS.

[6] *When lofty* trees *I see, barren of leaves,*
Which erst from heat did canopy *the herd,*] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"———a bank
"Quite *over-canopy'd* with luscious woodbine."
MALONE.

[7] *And* summer's green *all girded up in sheaves,*
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard,]

So,

Then of thy beauty do I queſtion make,
That thou among the waſtes of time muſt go,
Since ſweets and beauties do themſelves forſake,
And die as faſt as they ſee others grow;
And nothing 'gainſt time's ſcythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him [8], when he takes thee hence.

XIII.

O that you were yourſelf! but, love, you are
No longer your's, than you yourſelf here live:
Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give [9].
So ſhould that beauty which you hold in leaſe [1],
Find no determination: then you were
Yourſelf again, after yourſelf's deceaſe,
When your ſweet iſſue your ſweet form ſhould bear.
Who lets ſo fair a houſe fall to decay,
Which huſbandry in honour might uphold [2]

Againſt

So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" ——and the *green* corn
" Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a *beard*." C.

[8] *Save breed, to brave him*——] Except children, whoſe youth may ſet the ſcythe of Time at defiance, and render thy own death leſs painful. MALONE.

[9] *Againſt this coming end you ſhould prepare,*
And your ſweet ſemblance to ſome other give.] This is a ſentiment that Shakſpeare is never weary of expreſſing. We meet it again in *Venus and Adonis:*

" By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
" That thine may live when thou thyſelf art dead;
" And ſo in ſpite of death thou doſt ſurvive,
" In that thy likeneſs ſtill is left alive." MALONE.

[1] ——*that beauty which you hold in* leaſe] So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——our high-plac'd Macbeth
" Shall live the *leaſe* of nature." STEEVENS.

Again, ibid:

" But in them Nature's *copy's* not eterne." MALONE.

[2] *Which* huſbandry *in honour might uphold*] *Huſbandry* is generally uſed by Shakſpeare for *œconomical prudence*. So, in *K. Henry V:*

" For

Againſt the ſtormy guſts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts:—Dear my love, you know,
You had a father; let your ſon ſay ſo.

XIV.

Not from the ſtars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have aſtronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or ſeaſons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain and wind;
Or ſay, with princes if it ſhall go well,
By oft predict [3] that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive [4],
And (conſtant ſtars) in them I read ſuch art,
As truth and beauty ſhall together thrive,
If from thyſelf to ſtore thou would'ſt convert [5]:
Or elſe of thee this I prognoſticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

"For our bad neighbours make us early ſtirrers,
"Which is both healthful and good *huſbandry*."
MALONE.

[3] *By* oft *predict*——] Dr. Sewel reads, perhaps rightly:
By *aught* predict—— MALONE.

The old reading may be the true one. *By oft predict*—may mean—By what is moſt *frequently* prognoſticated. STEEVENS.

[4] *But from thine* eyes *my knowledge* I derive,] So, in *Love's Labour's loſt*:
"*From* women's *eyes* this doctrine *I derive*." STEEVENS.

[5] *If from thyſelf* to ſtore *thou would'ſt convert*:] If thou would'ſt change thy ſingle ſtate, and beget a numerous progeny. So before:
"Let thoſe whom Nature hath not made for *ſtore*."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"O ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
"That when ſhe dies, with beauty dies her *ſtore* &c."
MALONE.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheared and check'd even by the self-same sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night[6];
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhime?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear you living flowers[7],
Much liker than your painted counterfeit[8]:

[6] *To change your day of youth to sullied night,*] So, in *K. Richard III:*

"Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*would bear* you *living flowers,*] The first edition reads, by an apparent error of the press:

——*your* living flowers. MALONE.

[8] *Much liker than your painted* counterfeit:] A *counterfeit* formerly signified a portrait. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, 1617: "Why do the painters, in figuring forth the *counterfeit* of Love, draw him blind?" MALONE.

So ſhould the lines of life [*] that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen [9],
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourſelf in eyes of men.
To give away yourſelf, keeps yourſelf ſtill [1];
And you muſt live, drawn by your own ſweet ſkill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verſe in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your moſt high deſerts?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and ſhows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in freſh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would ſay, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So ſhould my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be ſcorn'd, like old men of leſs truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And ſtretched metre of an antique ſong:
But were ſome child of yours alive that time,
You ſhould live twice;—in it, and in my rhime.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a ſummer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do ſhake the darling buds of May [2],
And ſummer's leaſe hath all too ſhort a date

Some-

* *So ſhould the lines of life*] This appears to me obſcure. Perhaps the poet wrote—the *lines* of life, i. e. children. MALONE.

[9] —— *my* pupil *pen,*] This expreſſion may be conſidered as a ſlight proof that the poems before us were our author's earlieſt compoſitions. STEEVENS.

[1] *To give away yourſelf keeps yourſelf ſtill,*] To produce likeneſſes of yourſelf, (that is, children,) will be the means of preſerving your memory. MALONE.

[2] *Rough* winds *do* ſhake *the darling* buds *of May,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" And

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven ſhines [3],
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair ſometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing courſe, untrimm'd [4];
But thy eternal ſummer ſhall not fade,
Nor loſe poſſeſſion of that fair thou oweſt [5];
Nor ſhall death brag thou wander'ſt in his ſhade,
When in eternal lines to time thou groweſt:
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can ſee,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own ſweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tyger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood [6];

" And like the *tyrannous breathing of the north*,
" *Shakes* all our *buds* from growing."
Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:
" Confounds thy fame as *whirlwinds ſhake* fair *buds*."
MALONE.

[3] *Sometime too hot the* eye of heaven—] That is, the ſun, So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Now ere the *ſun* advance his *burning eye*——"
Again, in *King Richard II*:
" ——when the ſearching *eye of heaven* is hid
" Behind the globe, and lights the lower world."
Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" *The eye of heaven* is out." MALONE.

[4] —*untrimm'd*,] i. e. diveſted of ornament. So, in *K. John*
" ——a new *untrimmed* bride." STEEVENS.

[5] *Nor loſe poſſeſſion of that* fair *thou oweſt*;] Or that beauty thou poſſeſſeſt. *Fair* was, in our author's time, uſed as a ſubſtantive. MALONE.

See note on *The Comedy of Errors*, laſt edit. Vol. II. p. 180.
STEEVENS.

[6] *And* burn *the long-liv'd phœnix* in her blood;] So, in *Coriolanus*:
" Your temples *burned in their cement*."
The meaning of neither phraſe is very obvious; however, *burned in her blood*, may ſignify *burnt alive*; and *burned in their cement*, burnt *while they were ſtanding*. STEEVENS.

 Make

Make glad and ſorry ſeaſons as thou fleet'ſt,
And do whate'er thou wilt, ſwift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading ſweets;
But I forbid thee one moſt heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy courſe untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to ſucceeding men.
Yet, do thy worſt, old Time: deſpite thy wrong,
My love ſhall in my verſe ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with nature's own hand painted,
Haſt thou, the maſter-miſtreſs of my paſſion [7];
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With ſhifting change, as is falſe women's faſhion;
An eye more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth [8];

[7] —*the* maſter-miſtreſs *of my paſſion*,] It is impoſſible to read this fulſome panegyrick, addreſſed to a male object, without an equal mixture of diſguſt and indignation. We may remark alſo, that the ſame phraſe employed by Shakſpeare to denote the height of encomium, is uſed by Dryden to expreſs the extreme of reproach:

"That woman, but more daub'd; or, if a man,
"Corrupted to a woman; thy *man-miſtreſs*."
Don Sebaſtian.

Let me be juſt, however, to our author, who has made a proper uſe of the term *male varlet*, in *Troilus and Creſſida*. See edit. 1778, Vol. IX. p. 130. STEEVENS.

[8] An eye *more bright than theirs, leſs falſe in rolling,*
Gilding *the object whereupon it gazeth*:] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with moſt gracious eyliads; ſometimes *the beam of her view gilded* my foot, ſometimes my portly belly." C.

A man

A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes [9], and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting [1],
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure [2],
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI.

So it is not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement [3] of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,

[9] *Which steals men's eyes,*——] So, in our author's *Pericles:*
" ———— reserve
" That excellent complexion, which did *steal*
" *The eyes* of young and old." MALONE.

[1] *And for a woman wert thou first created;*
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting, &c.] There is an odd coincidence between these lines and a well-known modern epigram:
" Whilst nature H-rv-y's clay was blending,
" Uncertain what the thing would end in,
" Whether a female or a male,
" A pin dropp'd in, and turn'd the scale." MALONE.

[2] *But since she* prick'd *thee out* &c] To *prick* is to nominate by a puncture or mark. So, in *Julius Cæsar:*
" These many then shall die, their names are *prick'd.*"
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" Shall I *prick* him, Sir John?"—I have given a wrong explanation of this phrase elsewhere. STEEVENS.

[3] *Making a* couplement ——] That is, a union. This word is, I believe, of our author's invention. The modern editions read:
Making a *compliment* of proud compare. MALONE.

With April's firſt-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems [4].
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not ſo bright
As thoſe gold candles fix'd in heaven's air [5]:
Let them ſay more that like of hear-ſay well;
I will not praiſe, that purpoſe not to ſell [6].

XXII.

My glaſs ſhall not perſuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold [7],
Then look I death my days ſhould expiate [8].

For

4 *That heaven's air in this huge* rondure *hems.*] *Rondure* is a *round. Rondeur*, Fr. The word is again uſed by our author in *K. Henry V*:

"'Tis not the *roundure* of your old-fac'd walls."
MALONE.

5 *As thoſe* gold candles *fix'd in heaven's air*:] That is, the ſtars. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*Night's candles* are burnt out ——"

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"There's huſbandry in heaven;
"Their *candles* are all out." MALONE.

——*thoſe gold* candles fix'd *in heaven's air*:] So, in the old copies of *Pericles*:

"——the *air-remaining lamps.*" STEEVENS.

6 *I will not* praiſe, *that purpoſe not to* ſell.] So, in one of our author's plays:

"To things of *ſale* a ſeller's *praiſe* belongs." STEEVENS.

7 ——*time's* furrows *I behold*,] Dr. Sewell reads:

——time's *ſorrows*—— MALONE.

8 *Then look I, death my days ſhould* expiate.] I do not comprehend how the poet's days were to be *expiated* by death. Perhaps he wrote:

——my days ſhould expirate,

i. e. bring them to an end. In this ſenſe our author uſes the verb *expire*, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——and *expire* the term
"Of a deſpiſed life."

I am

For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
  Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
  Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage [9],
Who with his fear is put beside his part,
Or

I am sure I have met with the verb I would supply, though I have no example of it to offer in support of my conjecture. Shakspeare, however, delights to introduce words with this termination. Thus we meet with *festinate* and *conspirate*, in *K. Lear*; *combinate* in *Measure for Measure*; and *ruinate*, in *K. Henry VI*. STEEVENS.

The old reading is, I believe, right. Then do I expect, says Shakspeare, that death *should fill up the measure* of my days. The word *expiate* is used nearly in the same sense in the tragedy of *Locrine*, 1595:

"Lives Sabren yet to *expiate* my wrath?"

i. e. *fully to satisfy* my wrath. MALONE.

[9] *As an unperfect actor on the stage*,] From the introductory lines of this Sonnet, it may be conjectured that these poems were not composed till after our author had arrived in London, and became conversant with the stage. He had perhaps himself experienced what he here describes. MALONE.

It is highly probable that our author had seen plays represented, before he left his own county, by the servants of Lord Warwick. Most of our ancient noblemen had some company of comedians who enrolled themselves among their vassals, and sheltered themselves under their protection. See notes on *The Taming of the Shrew*, edit. 1778, Vol. III. p. 403, and 404. STEEVENS.

The *seeing* a few plays exhibited by a company of strollers in a barn at Stratford, or in Warwick castle, would not however have made Shakspeare acquainted with the *feelings* of a timid actor on the

Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burthen of mine own love's might
O let my books be then the eloquence[1]
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast[2];
Who plead for love, and look for recompence,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,

the stage. It has never been supposed that our author was himself a player before he came to London. Whether the lines before us were founded on experience, or observation, cannot now be ascertained. What I have advanced is merely conjectural.
MALONE.

[1] *O let my books be then the eloquence*,] A gentleman to whom I am indebted for the observations which are marked with the letter C, would read:

O let my *looks* &c.

But the context, I think, shows that the old copy is right. The poet finding that he could not sufficiently collect his thoughts to express his esteem by *speech*, requests that his *writings* may speak for him. So afterwards:

"O learn to *read* what silent love hath *writ*."

Had *looks* been the author's word, he hardly would have used it again in the next line but one. MALONE.

[2] *And* dumb presagers *of my speaking breast*;] So, in *K. John*:

"And *sullen presage* of your own decay." MALONE.

Which

Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done;
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars,
Of publick honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread *,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite [3],
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:

Then

* *Great princes'* favourites *their fair* leaves *spread*, &c.] Compare Wolsey's speech in *K. Henry VIII.* Vol. VII. p. 272. edit. 1778:

"This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
"The tender *leaves* of hope &c" MALONE.

3 *The painful warrior famoused for* worth,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,] In all the preceding verses of this little poem the alternate rhime is regularly preserved; here in the first and third lines it is interrupted. There are two ways of restoring the text. We must either read in the third line—razed *forth*, or in the first—famoused for *fight*. Perhaps this last emendation is to be preferred. THEOBALD.

This stanza is not worth the labour that has been bestowed on it. By transposition, however, the rhime may be recovered, without further change:

The painful warrior for worth *famoused*,
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour quite *rased*——

"My

Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
Thy merit hath my duty ſtrongly knit [4],
To thee I ſend this written embaſſage,
To witneſs duty, not to ſhow my wit [5].
Duty ſo great, which wit ſo poor as mine
May make ſeem bare, in wanting words to ſhow it;
But that I hope ſome good conceit of thine
In thy ſoul's thought, all naked, will beſtow it:
Till whatſoever ſtar that guides my moving,
Points on me graciouſly with fair aſpect [6],

"My name be *blotted* from the *book of life*,"
is a line in *K. Richard II.* STEEVENS.

Is from the book of honour raſed *quite*,] So, in *K. Rich. II:*
"——'tis not my meaning
"To *raze* one title of your *honour* out."
Mr. Theobald's emendation is, I think, right. MALONE.

4 *Thy merit hath* my duty ſtrongly knit;] So, in *Macbeth*:
"——Lay your highneſs'
"Command upon me; to the which my *duties*
"Are with a moſt *indiſſoluble tye*
"For ever *knit*." STEEVENS.

Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
Thy merit *hath my* duty *ſtrongly* knit,
To thee I ſend this written embaſſage,
To witneſs duty, not to ſhow my wit.] So, in the Dedication of *The Rape of Lucrece*: "*The warrant I have of your honourable diſpoſition, not the worth of my untutor'd lines*, makes it aſſured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my *duty* ſhould ſhow greater; meantime, as it is, it is *bound* to your lordſhip." C.

6 *Till* whatſoever ſtar that guides *my moving*,
Points on me graciouſly with fair aſpect,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"As if that *whatſoever God who leads him*,
"Were ſlily crept into his human powers,
"*And gave him graceful poſture*." C.

And

And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect [7]:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee,
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide) [8]
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see.
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view [9],
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new [1].
Lo thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

[7] *To show me worthy of* thy *sweet respect*:] The old copy has
——of *their* sweet respect.
It was evidently a misprint. The same mistake has several times happened in these Sonnets, owing probably to abbreviations having been formerly used for the words *their* and *thy*, so nearly resembling each other as not to be easily distinguished. I have observed the same error in some of the old English plays.
MALONE.

[8] *For then my thoughts* (from far *where I abide*)] We might better read:
——*(far from* where I abide) MALONE.

[9] *Presents* thy *shadow to my sightless view*,] The quarto reads corruptly:
Presents *their* shadow—— MALONE.

[1] *Which, like a* jewel *hung in ghastly* night,
Makes black night beauteous, *and her old face new*.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"Her *beauty* hangs upon the *cheek* of *night*,
"Like a rich *jewel* in an Æthiop's ear." MALONE.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of reſt?
When day's oppreſſion is not eas'd by night,
But day by night and night by day oppreſs'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in conſent ſhake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, ſtill farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to pleaſe him, thou art bright,
And doſt him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the ſwart-complexion'd night;
When ſparkling ſtars twire not, thou gild'ſt the
even [2].

[2] *When ſparkling ſtars* twire *not, thou* gild'ſt *the even.*] The quarto reads corruptedly:
" ——thou *guil'ſt* the even.
Gild'ſt was formerly written—*guild'ſt*. Perhaps we ſhould read:
When ſparkling ſtars *twirl* not—— MALONE.

The word *twire* occurs in *Chaucer*. See *Boethius*, B. III. met. 2: " The bird *twireth*, deſiring the wode with her ſwete voice." *Twireth* (ſays Mr. Tyrwhitt) ſeems to be the tranſlation of *ſuſurrat*. In *The Merchant of Venice*, our author, ſpeaking of the *ſtars*, has the following paſſage:
" ——Look how the floor of heaven
" Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold:
" There's not the ſmalleſt *orb* which thou behold'ſt,
" But in his motion like an angel *ſings*,
" Still *quiring* to the young-ey'd cherubim."

Twire may perhaps have the ſame ſignification as *quire*. The poet's meaning will then amount to this—*When the ſparkling ſtars ſing not in concert* (as when they all appear he ſuppoſes them to do) *thou mak'ſt the evening bright and cheerful.*

Still, however, *twire* may be a corruption. If it is, we may read *twink* for *twinkle*. Thus, in *The Taming of the Shrew:*
" That in a *twink* ſhe won me to her love."
Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
" At firſt I did adore a *twinkling* ſtar."
So much for gueſs-work. STEEVENS.

But

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger [3].

XXIX.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes [4],
I all alone beweep my out-cast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate [5],
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,

3 *But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,*
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.] An anonymous correspondent, whose favours are distinguished by the letter C, proposes to make the two concluding words of this couplet change places. But I believe the old copy to be right. *Stronger* cannot well apply to *drawn out* or protracted *sorrow*. The poet, in the first line, seems to allude to the operation of spinning. The day at each return draws out my sorrow to an immeasurable length, and every revolving night renders my protracted grief still more intense and painful. MALONE.

4 *When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes*, &c.] This Sonnet appears to me peculiarly elegant and spirited. MALONE.

5 ——— *and then my state*
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;] The same image is presented in *Cymbeline*:
"Hark! hark! the *lark* at *heaven's gate sings*,
"And Phœbus 'gins to rise" MALONE.

I sigh

I ſigh the lack of many a thing I ſought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waſte:
Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow [6],
For precious friends hid in death's dateleſs night [7],
And weep afreſh love's long-ſince-cancel'd woe,
And moan the expence of many a vaniſh'd ſight [8].
Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The ſad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not pay'd before [9].

6 *Then can I drown an* eye, unus'd to flow,] So, in *Othello*:
" ——whoſe ſubdu'd *eyes*,
" Albeit *unuſed to the melting mood*,
" Drop tears as faſt as the Arabian trees
" Their med'cinable gum." MALONE.

7 ——*in death's* dateleſs *night*,] Shakſpeare generally uſes the word *dateleſs* for *endleſs*; having no certain time of *expiration*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" ——ſeal with a righteous kiſs
" A *dateleſs* bargain to engroſſing death." MALONE.

8 *And moan the expence of many a vaniſh'd* ſight.] I cannot ſee any connexion between this and the foregoing or ſubſequent lines; nor do I well underſtand what is meant by the *expence* of many a vaniſh'd ſight. I ſuſpect the author wrote:
And moan the expence of many a vaniſh'd *ſigh*,
which in his time might have been pronounced ſo hard as to make ſome kind of rhime to *night*. So, in *K. Henry VI*:
" ——blood-*conſuming ſighs*."
Again, in *Pericles*:
" Do not *conſume* your blood with *ſorrowing*."
MALONE.

Such laboured perplexities of language, and ſuch ſtudied deformities of ſtyle, prevail throughout theſe Sonnets, that the reader (after our beſt endeavours at explanation) will frequently find reaſon to exclaim with Imogen:
" I ſee before me, neither here, nor here,
" Nor what enſues; but have a fog in them
" That I cannot look through."
I ſuppoſe, however, that by the *expence of many a vaniſh'd ſight*, the poet means, the *loſs of many an object*, which, being " gone hence, *is no more ſeen*." STEEVENS.

9 *Which I* new pay *as if not pay'd* before.] So, in *Cymbeline*
" ——which I will be *ever to pay*, and yet *pay* ſtill." STEEVENS.

But

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All loſſes are reſtor'd, and ſorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy boſom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have ſuppoſed dead;
And there reigns love and all love's loving parts,
And all thoſe friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obſequious tear [1]
Hath dear religious love ſtolen from mine eye,
As intereſt of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie [2]!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) haſt all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou ſurvive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with duſt ſhall cover,
And ſhalt by fortune once more re-ſurvey
Theſe poor rude lines of thy deceaſed lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be out-ſtripp'd by every pen,
Reſerve them for my love, not for their rhime [3],
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

[1] *How many a holy and* obſequious *tear*] *Obſequious* is *funereal.* So, in *Hamlet:*

"——to do *obſequious ſorrow.*" MALONE.

[2] ——*that hidden in* there *lie!*] Thus the old copy. The next line ſhows clearly that it is corrupt. MALONE.

[3] Reſerve *them for my love, not for their rhime,*] *Reſerve* is the ſame as *preſerve.* So, in *Pericles:*

"*Reſerve* that excellent complexion—" MALONE.

O then

O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age[4],
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.

XXXII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye[5],
Kissing with golden face the meadows green[6],
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy[7];
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face[8],

And

[4] *Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,*] We may hence, as well as from other circumstances, infer, that these were among our author's earliest compositions. MALONE.

[5] *Full many a glorious* morning *have I seen,*
Flatter the mountain tops *with sovereign eye,*
Kissing with golden face——] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*
"Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund *day*
"Stands tiptoe on the misty *mountains' tops.*"
Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*
"And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
"The *sun* ariseth in his majesty;
"Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
"The cedar *tops and hills* seem burnish'd *gold.*"
MALONE.

[6] Kissing *with golden face* &c.] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.
"Didst thou never see Titan *kiss* a dish of butter?"
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*with heavenly* alchymy;] So, in *K. John:*
"——the glorious *sun*
"Stays in his course, and plays the *alchymist.*"
STEEVENS.

[8] *With ugly* rack *on his celestial face,*] *Rack* is the fleeting motion of the clouds. The word is again used by Shakspeare in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"That which is now a horse, even with a thought
"The *rack* dislimns."
Again, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess:*

"—shall

And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace[9]:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud[1] hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'er-take me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke[2]?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:

" —— shall I stray
" In the middle air, and stay
" The sailing *rack* ——" MALONE.

Anon permit the basest clouds *to ride*
With ugly *rack on his* celestial *face*,] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

" ——— herein will I imitate the *sun*,
" Who doth *permit* the *base* contagious *clouds*
" To smother up his *beauty* from the world;
" That when he please again to be himself,
" Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
" By breaking through the foul and *ugly* mists
" Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him." C.

[9] *Stealing unseen to* west *with this disgrace*:] The article *the* may have been omitted through necessity; yet I believe our author wrote, to *rest*. STEEVENS.

[1] *The* region *cloud*—] i. e. the clouds of this *region* or country. So, in *Hamlet*:

" I should have fatted all the *region* kites
" With this slave's offal —" STEEVENS.

[2] ——*that* rotten *smoke?*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —— the reek o' the *rotten* fens" STEEVENS.

Nor can thy ſhame give phyſick to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have ſtill the loſs:
The offender's ſorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the ſtrong offence's croſs [3].
  Ah! but thoſe tears are pearl which thy love ſheds,
  And they are rich, and ranſom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou haſt done:
Roſes have thorns, and ſilver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipſes ſtain both moon and ſun,
And loathſome canker lives in ſweeteſt bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authòrizing thy treſpaſs with compare,
Myſelf corrupting, ſalving thy amiſs [4],
Excuſing thy ſins more than thy ſins are [5]:
For to thy ſenſual fault I bring in ſenſe [6],
(Thy adverſe party is thy advocate,)

And

[3] *To him that bears the ſtrong offence's* croſs.] The old copy reads *loſs* here, as well as in the correſponding line. The word now ſubſtituted is uſed by our author (in the ſenſe required here) in the 42d Sonnet:

"And both for my ſake lay on me this *croſs*."

Again, in *As you like it:*

"If I ſhould bear you, I ſhould bear no *croſs*."

MALONE.

[4] ——*ſalving thy* amiſs,] That is, thy miſbehaviour. So, in *Hamlet:*

"Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great *amiſs*." MALONE.

[5] *Excuſing* thy *ſins more than* thy *ſins are:*] The old copy has here alſo *then* twice inſtead of *thy*. The latter words of this line, which ever reading we adopt, are not very intelligible.

MALONE.

Excuſing thy ſins more than thy ſins are, I believe, means only this—*Making the excuſe more than proportioned to the offenſe.*

STEEVENS.

[6] *For to thy ſenſual fault I bring* in ſenſe,] Thus the quarto. The line appears to me unintelligible. Might we read:

For to thy ſenſual fault I bring *incènſe*—

A jingle was evidently intended; but if this word was occaſionally accented on the laſt ſyllable (as perhaps it might formerly have been)

And 'gainſt myſelf a lawful plea commence:
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an acceſſary needs muſt be
To that ſweet thief, which ſourly robs from me.

XXXVI.

Let me confeſs that we two muſt be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So ſhall thoſe blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one reſpect,
Though in our lives a ſeparable ſpite [7],

been) it would afford it as well as the reading of the old copy. Many words that are now accented on an early ſyllable, had formerly their accent on one more remote. Thus, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"It ſtands as an edict in deſtiny."

Again, in *Hamlet:*

"Did ſlay this Fortinbras, who by a ſeal'd compàct—"

Again, in *King Henry V:*

"'Tis no finiſter, nor no aukward claim——"

Again, in *Locrine*, a tragedy, 1595:

"Nor my exìle can move you to revenge."

Again, in our author's 50th *Sonnet:*

"As it by ſome inſtìnct the wretch did find."

Again, in the 128th *Sonnet*:

"Do I envỳ thoſe jacks that nimble leap."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"With pure aſpècts did him peculiar duties."

Again, ibid:

"If in thy hope thou dar'ſt do ſuch outràge."

Again, ibid:

"But her fore-sìght could not foreſtall their will."

MALONE.

I believe the old reading to be the true one. The paſſage, diveſted of its jingle, ſeems deſigned to expreſs this meaning—*Towards thy exculpation, I bring in the aid of my soundeſt faculties, my keeneſt perception, my utmoſt ſtrength of reaſon, my* ſenſe.

I think I can venture to affirm that no Engliſh writer, either ancient or modern, ſerious or burleſque, ever accented the ſubſtantive *incenſe* on the laſt ſyllable. STEEVENS.

[7] *Though in our lives a* ſeparable ſpite,] A cruel fate, that *ſpitefully ſeparates* us from each other. *Separable* for *ſeparating*.

MALONE.

Which though it alter not love's ſole effect,
Yet doth it ſteal ſweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Leſt my bewailed guilt ſhould do thee ſhame;
Nor thou with publick kindneſs honour me,
Unleſs thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To ſee his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's deareſt ſpite [8],
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of theſe all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned ſit [9],
I make my love engrafted to this ſtore:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor deſpis'd,
Whilſt that this ſhadow doth ſuch ſubſtance give,
That I in thy abundance am ſuffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is beſt, that beſt I wiſh in thee;
This wiſh I have; then ten times happy me!

[8] *So I, made lame by fortune's* deareſt *ſpite,*] *Deareſt* is *moſt operative*. So, in *Hamlet*:
"Would I had met my *deareſt* foe in heaven." MALONE.
——made lame *by* fortune's *deareſt ſpite,*] So, in *K. Lear*:
"A moſt poor man, *made tame* to *fortune's* blows."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Entitled in* their *parts do crowned ſit,*] Here again the context ſhows that *their* was printed by miſtake inſtead of *thy*. MALONE.

Entitled in thy parts——] So, with equal obſcurity, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"But beauty, *in that white intituled,*
"From Venus doves doth challenge that fair field."
I ſuppoſe he means, that beauty *takes its title* from that fairneſs, or white. STEEVENS.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

How can my muſe want ſubject to invent,
While thou doſt breathe, that pour'ſt into my verſe
Thine own ſweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearſe?
Oh give thyſelf the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy peruſal, ſtand againſt thy ſight,
For who's ſo dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyſelf doſt give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muſe, ten times more in worth
Than thoſe old nine, which rhimers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my ſlight muſe do pleaſe theſe curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine ſhall be the praiſe.

XXXIX.

O how thy worth with manners may I ſing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praiſe to mine own ſelf bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praiſe thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love loſe name of ſingle one,
That by this ſeparation I may give
That due to thee, which thou deſerv'ſt alone.
O abſence, what a torment would'ſt thou prove,
Were it not thy ſour leiſure gave ſweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
(Which time and thoughts ſo ſweetly doth deceive,)[1]
And

[1] (*Which time and* thoughts *ſo ſweetly* doth *deceive*,)] Which (viz. *entertaining the time with thoughts of love*) doth ſo agreeably beguile the tedíouſneſs of abſence from thoſe we love, and the melancholy which that abſence occaſions. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

"A ſummer day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
"Being waſted in ſuch *time-beguiling* ſport."

And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain [2].

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more.
Then if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest [3];
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest [4]
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.

Thought in ancient language meant *melancholy.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act IV. sc. 6:

" ——but *thought* will do't, I fear."

Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, vol. I. p. 234:

" ——— their mother died for *thought.*"

The poet, it is observable, has here used the Latin idiom, probably without knowing it:

Jam vino quærens, jam somno *fallere curam.*

The quarto reads:

Which time and thoughts so sweetly *dost* deceive.

But there is nothing to which *dost* can refer. The change being so small, I have placed *doth* in the text, which affords an easy sense. MALONE.

[2] ——— *how to make one twain,*
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Our separation so abides and flies,
" That thou residing here, go'st yet with me,
" And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——for *my love thou usest;*] *For* has here the signification of *because.* MALONE.

[4] *But yet be blam'd, if thou* this *self deceivest*] Thus the quarto. It is evidently corrupt. MALONE.

Las-

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd [5];
And when a woman wooes, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd [6].
Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my sweet, forbear [7],
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold truth;

[5] *Gentle thou art, and therefore to be* won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;] So, in one of our author's plays:
"She's beautiful, and therefore to be *woo'd*;
"She is a woman, therefore to be *won*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*till* she *have prevail'd.*] The quarto reads:
——till *he* have prevail'd.
But the lady, and not the man, being in this case supposed the wooer, the poet without doubt wrote:
——till *she* have prevail'd.
The emendation was proposed to me by Mr. Tyrwhitt.
MALONE.

[7] *Ah me! but yet thou might'st my* seat *forbear,*] Surely here is a gross corruption. I do not hesitate to read:
Ah me! but yet thou might'st, my *sweet*, forbear,
And chide thy beauty &c.
So, in the 76th *Sonnet*:
"O know, *sweet* love, I always write of you."
Again, in the 89th *Sonnet*:
"Thou canst not, *love*, disgrace me half so ill—"
Again, in the 40th *Sonnet*:
"Take all my loves, my *love*——"
Again, in another *Sonnet*:
"——in my sight,
"*Dear heart, forbear* to glance thine eye aside."
MALONE.

Her's, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being falſe to me.

XLII.

That thou haſt her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be ſaid I lov'd her dearly;
That ſhe hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loſs in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuſe ye:—
Thou doſt love her, becauſe thou know'ſt I love her;
And for my ſake even ſo doth ſhe abuſe me,
Suffering my friend for my ſake to approve her.
If I loſe thee, my loſs is my love's gain [8],
And loſing her, my friend hath found that loſs;
Both find each other, and I loſe both twain,
And both for my ſake lay on me this croſs:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
Sweet flattery!—then ſhe loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When moſt I wink, then do mine eyes beſt ſee,
For all the day they view things unreſpected;
But when I ſleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright, are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whoſe ſhadow ſhadows doth make bright,
How would thy ſhadow's form form happy ſhow
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unſeeing eyes thy ſhade ſhines ſo?
How would (I ſay) mine eyes be bleſſed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect ſhade [9]
Through heavy ſleep on ſightleſs eyes doth ſtay?

[8] *If I loſe thee, my loſs is my* love's *gain,*] If I loſe thee, my miſtreſs gains by my loſs. MALONE.

[9] —thy *fair imperfect ſhade*] The quarto 1609, reads—*their*. The two words, it has been already obſerved, are frequently confounded in theſe Sonnets. MALONE.

All days are nights to ſee [1], till I ſee thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do ſhow thee me [2].

XLIV.

If the dull ſubſtance of my fleſh were thought,
Injurious diſtance ſhould not ſtop my way;
For then, deſpite of ſpace, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou doſt ſtay.
No matter then, although my foot did ſtand
Upon the fartheſt earth remov'd from thee,
For nimble thought can jump both ſea and land [3],
As ſoon as think the place where he would be.
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that, ſo much of earth and water wrought [4],
I muſt attend time's leiſure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements ſo ſlow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, ſlight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;

[1] *All days are nights to* ſee,] We ſhould, perhaps, read:
All days are nights to *me*.
The compoſitor might have caught the word *ſee* from the end of the line. MALONE.

As, *fair to ſee* (an expreſſion which occurs in a hundred of our old ballads) ſignifies *fair to ſight*, ſo, all days *are nights to ſee*, means, all days *are gloomy to be beheld*, i. e. look like nights. STEEVENS.

[2] —*do ſhow thee me*.] That is, do ſhow thee *to* me. MALONE.

[3] —*can* jump *both ſea and land*,] So, in *Macbeth*:
"We'd *jump* the life to come." MALONE.

[4] —*ſo much of earth and water* wrought,] i. e. being ſo thoroughly compounded of theſe two ponderous elements. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"—I am air and fire, my other *elements*
"I give to *baſer life*." STEEVENS.

The

The firſt my thought, the other my deſire,
Theſe preſent-abſent with ſwift motion ſlide.
For when theſe quicker elements are gone
In tender embaſſy of love to thee,
My life being made of four[5], with two alone,
Sinks down to death, oppreſs'd with melancholy;
Until life's compoſition be recured
By thoſe ſwift meſſengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, aſſured
Of thy fair health[6], recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I ſend them back again, and ſtraight grow ſad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war[7],
How to divide the conqueſt of thy ſight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's ſight would bar[8],
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead, that thou in him doſt lie,
(A cloſet never pierc'd with cryſtal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And ſays in him thy fair appearance lies[9].

[5] *My life being made of four,*——] So, in *Much ado about Nothing:* "Does not our *life conſiſt of the four elements?*" STEEVENS.

[6] *Of* thy *fair health,*——] The old copy has:
——*their* fair health. MALONE.

[7] *Mine eye and heart are at a* mortal war,] So, in a paſſage in Golding's *Tranſlation of Ovid*, 1576, which our author has imitated in *The Tempeſt* (ante, p. 85):
"Among the earth-bred brothers you a *mortal war* did ſet." MALONE.

[8] —thy *picture's ſight would bar,*] Here alſo *their* was printed inſtead of *thy*. MALONE.

[9] ——thy *fair appearance lies.*] The quarto has *their*. In this Sonnet this miſtake has happened four times. MALONE.

To 'cide this title is impannelled [1]
A queſt of thoughts [2], all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's moiety [3], and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other:
When that mine eye is famiſh'd for a look,
Or heart in love with ſighs himſelf doth ſmother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feaſt,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
Another time mine eye is my heart's gueſt,
And in his thoughts of love doth ſhare a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love [4],
Thyſelf away art preſent ſtill with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canſt move,
And I am ſtill with them, and they with thee;
Or if they ſleep, thy picture in my ſight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

[1] *To 'cide this title is impannelled*] To *'cide*, for to *decide*. The old copy reads—*ſide*. MALONE.

[2] *A queſt of thoughts,*——] An *inqueſt* or *jury*. So, in *K. Richard III:*

"What lawful *queſt* have given their verdict up
"Unto the frowning judge?" MALONE.

[3] *The clear eye's* moiety,——] *Moiety* in ancient language ſignifies any portion of a thing, though the whole may not be equally divided. So, in *K. Henry IV*. P. I:

"Methinks my *moiety*, north from Burton here,
"In quantity equals not one of yours."

Here the diviſion was into three parts. MALONE.

[4] *So either by* thy *picture* or *my love,*] The modern editions read unintelligibly:

So either by *the* picture *of* my love. MALONE.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

How careful was I when I took my way,
Each trifle under trueſt bars to thruſt,
That, to my uſe, it might unuſed ſtay
From hands of falſhood, in ſure wards of truſt!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Moſt worthy comfort, now my greateſt grief,
Thou, beſt of deareſt, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any cheſt,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle cloſure of my breaſt [5],
From whence at pleaſure thou may'ſt come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be ſtolen I fear,
For truth proves thieviſh for a prize ſo dear [6].

XLIX.

Againſt that time, if ever that time come,
When I ſhall ſee thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath caſt his utmoſt ſum [7],
Call'd to that audit by adviſ'd reſpects,
Againſt that time, when thou ſhalt ſtrangely paſs,
And ſcarcely greet me with that ſun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity [8],

[5] *Within the gentle* cloſure *of my breaſt*,] So, in *K. Rich. III:*
"Within the guilty *cloſure* of thy walls." STEEVENS.

[6] *For truth proves* thieviſh for a prize ſo dear] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
"*Rich preys* make rich men *thieves*." C.

[7] Whenas *thy love has caſt his utmoſt ſum.*] *Whenas*, in ancient language, was ſynonymous to *when*. MALONE.

[8] *When love, converted from the thing it was,*
Shall reaſons find of ſettled gravity,] A ſentiment ſomewhat ſimilar, occurs in *Julius Cæſar:*
"When love begins to ſicken and decay,
"It uſeth an enforced ceremony." STEEVENS.

Againſt

Against that time do I ensconce me here [9]
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since, why to love, I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek,—my weary travel's end,—
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend [1]!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on [2], to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

9 —*do I* ensconce *me here*] I fortify myself. A *sconce* was a species of fortification. MALONE.

1 *Thus far the miles are* measur'd from thy friend!] So, in one of our author's plays:

"*Measuring* our *steps from* a departed *friend*."
STEEVENS.

Again, in *K. Richard II:*

"——Every tedious stride I make,
"Will but remember me what a deal of world
"I wander from the jewels that I love." MALONE.

2 *Plods dully on,*——] The quarto reads—Plods *duly on*. The context supports the reading that I have chosen. So, in the next Sonnet:

"Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
"Of my *dull* bearer." MALONE.

LI.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow [3]?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind [4];
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect love being made,
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his firy race [5];
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful slow,
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

[3] *When* swift *extremity can seem but* slow?] So, in *Macbeth*:
"The *swiftest* wing of recompence is *slow*."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Then should I spur, though* mounted on the wind;] So, in *Macbeth*:
"And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
"*Striding the blast*, or Heaven's cherubin, *hors'd*
"*Upon the sightless couriers of the air*,
"Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye."
It is likewise one of the employments of Ariel,
"To *run* upon the sharp *wind* of the north."
MALONE.

[5] *Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his firy race*;] The expression is here so uncouth, that I strongly suspect this line to be corrupt. Perhaps we should read:
Shall neigh *to* dull flesh, in his firy race.
Desire, in the ardour of impatience, shall call to the sluggish animal (the horse) to proceed with swifter motion. MALONE.

Perhaps this passage is only obscured by the awkward situation of the words *no dull flesh*. The sense may be this: "Therefore desire, being *no dull* piece of horse-*flesh*, but composed of the most perfect love, shall neigh as he proceeds in his hot career." "A good piece of horse-*flesh*," is a term still current in the stable. Such a profusion of words, and only to tell us that our author's passion was impetuous, though his horse was slow! STEEVENS.

LII.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure [6].
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are [7],
Or captain jewels in the carcanet [8].
So is the time that keeps you, as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special-blest [9],
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
  Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
  Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

[6] For blunting *the fine point of seldom pleasure.*] That is, for *fear of* blunting &c.

Voluptates commendat rarior usus. *Hor.* MALONE.

——*aciesque hebetatur* amori
Mutato toties. *Alicubi.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Therefore are* feasts *so solemn and so rare,*
Since seldom coming, *in the long year set,*
Like stones of worth &c.] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
" If all the year were playing *holidays,*
" To sport would be as tedious as to work;
" But when they *seldom come,* they wish'd-for come;
" And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents." MALONE.

——feasts *so solemn and so rare,*] He means the four *festivals* of the year. STEEVENS.

[8] *Or* captain *jewels in the carcanet.*] Jewels of superior worth. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" The ass more *captain* than the lion, and the felon
" Loaden with irons wiser than the judge."

Again, in the 66th *Sonnet:*

" And captive Good attending *captain* Ill."

The carcanet was an ornament worn round the neck. MALONE.

[9] *Or as the wardrobe which the* robe *doth hide,*
To make some special instant special-blest,] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:
" Then did I keep my person fresh and new;
" My presence, like a *robe* pontifical,
" Ne'er seen but wonder'd at." STEEVENS.

LIII.

LIII.

What is your ſubſtance, whereof are you made,
That millions of ſtrange ſhadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one ſhade,
And you, but one, can every ſhadow lend.
Deſcribe Adonis, and the counterfeit [1]
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty ſet,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the ſpring, and foizon of the year [2];
The one doth ſhadow of your beauty ſhow,
The other as your bounty doth appear [3],
And you in every bleſſed ſhape we know.
In all external grace you have ſome part,
But you like none, none you, for conſtant heart.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous ſeem,
By that ſweet ornament which truth doth give!
The roſe looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that ſweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roſes [4],

Hang

[1] —*and the* counterfeit] A *counterfeit*, it has been already obſerved, formerly ſignified a *portrait*. MALONE.

[2] *Speak of the ſpring, and* foizon *of the year*;] *Foizon* is plenty. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"Earth's increaſe and *foizon* plenty,
"Barns and garners, never empty." MALONE.

[3] *The other as your bounty*—] The *foizon* or plentiful ſeaſon, that is, the autumn, is the emblem of your bounty. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"How does my *bounteous* ſiſter [Ceres]?" MALONE.

[4] *The* canker-blooms *have full as deep a dye,*
As the perfumed tincture of the roſes,] The *canker* is the *canker roſe* or *dog roſe*. The roſe and the canker are oppoſed in like manner in *Much ado about Nothing*: "I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge than a *roſe* in his grace." MALONE.

Shakſpeare had not yet begun to obſerve the productions of nature

Hang on ſuch thorns, and play as wantonly
When ſummer's breath their maſked buds diſcloſes [5]:
But, for their virtue [6] only is their ſhow,
They live unwoo'd and unreſpected fade;
Die to themſelves. Sweet roſes do not ſo;
Of their ſweet deaths are ſweeteſt odours made [7]:
And ſo of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that ſhall fade, my verſe diſtills your truth [8].

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments [9]
Of princes, ſhall out-live this powerful rhime;
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
Than unſwept ſtone, beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time [1].

When

ture with accuracy, or his eyes would have convinced him that the *cynorbodon* is by no means of as deep a colour as the *roſe*. But what has truth or nature to do with Sonnets? STEEVENS.

[5] *When ſummer's breath their* maſked *buds* diſcloſes:] So, in *Hamlet*:

"The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
"If ſhe un*maſk* her beauty to the moon:
"Virtue itſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
"The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
"Too oft before their *buttons* be *diſcloſed*." MALONE.

[6] *But*, for *their virtue*—] *For* has here the ſignification of *becauſe* So, in *Othello*:

"——haply *for* I am black." MALONE.

[7] ——*Sweet* roſes *do not ſo*;
Of their ſweet deaths are ſweeteſt odours made:] The ſame image occurs in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"——earthlier happy is the *roſe diſtill'd*
"Than that, which, withering on the virgin thorn,
"Grows, lives, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſs."
MALONE.

[8] —*my verſe diſtills your truth*.] The quarto reads, I think, corruptedly:

——*by* verſe diſtills your truth. MALONE.

[9] *Not marble, nor the gilded monuments* &c.]

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regalique ſitu pyramidum altius. *Hor*. MALONE.

[1] *Than* unſwept ſtone, *beſmear'd with ſluttiſh time*.] So, in *All's Well that ends Well*:

 "Where

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory [2].
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
Even in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted-new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view:
Or call it winter [3], which being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more rare.

"Where *dust* and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
"Of honour'd bones indeed." MALONE.

[2] *When wasteful war shall statues overturn,* &c.]
Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignes,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas. *Ovid.*
MALONE.

[3] *As call it winter,*——] Should we not read:
Or call it winter —— TYRWHITT.
I have paid this conjecture the attention it deserves, by inserting the reading proposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt in the text.
MALONE.

LVII.

LVII.

Being your ſlave, what ſhould I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your deſire?
I have no precious time at all to ſpend,
Nor ſervices to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour[4],
Whilſt I, my ſovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterneſs of abſence ſour,
When you have bid your ſervant once adieu;
Nor dare I queſtion with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs ſuppoſe,
But, like a ſad ſlave, ſtay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make thoſe:
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do any thing) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me firſt your ſlave,
I ſhould in thought control your times of pleaſure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vaſſal, bound to ſtay your leiſure!
Oh let me ſuffer (being at your beck)
The impriſon'd abſence of your liberty,
And patience, tame to ſufferance, bide each check[5]
Without accuſing you of injury.
Be where you liſt; your charter is ſo ſtrong,
That you yourſelf may privilege your time:

4 ——*the world-without-end hour*,] The tedious hour, that ſeems as if it would never end. So, in *Love's Labour's loſt*:
"A time, methinks, too ſhort
"To make a *world-without-end* bargain in."
i. e. an everlaſting bargain. This ſingular epithet our author borrowed probably from the Liturgy. MALONE.

5 *And patience, tame to ſufferance, bide each check*] So, in *K. Lear*:
"A moſt poor man, *made tame* to *Fortune's blows*."
MALONE.

Do what you will [6], to you it doth belong
Yourſelf to pardon of ſelf-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting ſo be hell;
Not blame your pleaſure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that, which is,
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which labouring for invention, bear amiſs
The ſecond burthen of a former child?
O that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courſes of the ſun,
Show me your image in ſome antique book,
Since mind at firſt in character was done [7]!
That I might ſee what the old world could ſay
To this compoſed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or whe'r better they [8],
Or whether revolution be the ſame.
O! ſure I am, the wits of former days
To ſubjects worſe have given admiring praiſe.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled ſhore,
So do our minutes haſten to their end;

[6] Do *what you will*———] The quarto reads:
To what you will ——
There can, I think, be no doubt that *To* was a miſprint.
MALONE.

[7] Show me your image in ſome antique book,
Since mind at firſt in character was done!] Would that I could read a deſcription of you in the earlieſt manuſcript that appeared *after the firſt uſe of letters*. That this is the meaning appears clearly from the next line:
" That I might ſee what the old world could *ſay*."
Again: " ——the *wits* of former days &c." MALONE.

This may allude to the ancient cuſtom of inſerting real portraits among the ornaments of illuminated manuſcripts, with inſcriptions under them. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*or* whe'r *better they*] *Whe'r* for *whether*. The ſame abbreviation occurs in *Venus and Adonis*, and in *King John*.
MALONE.

Each

Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity once in the main of light [9],
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth [1],
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow [2];
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand [3],
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great;
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:

[9] *Nativity once in the* main *of light,*] In the *great body* of light. So, the *main* of waters. MALONE.

[1] *Time doth transfix the* flourish——] The external decoration. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
"Like painted trunks o'er-*flourish'd* by the devil."
MALONE.

[2] *And* delves *the* parallels *in beauty's brow,*] Renders what was before smooth, rough and uneven. So, in the second *Sonnet*:
"When forty winters shall besiege thy *brow*,
"And *dig* deep *trenches* in thy *beauty's* field." MALONE.

[3] *And yet, to times* in hope, *my verse shall* stand,] So, in *K. Richard II*:
"Strong as a tower *in hope*, I say amen." STEEVENS.

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine [4],
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
'Bated and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity [5],
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read,
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

4 *Methink no face so* gracious *is as mine*,] *Gracious* was frequently used by our author and his contemporaries in the sense of *beautiful*. So, in *King John*:

"There was not such a *gracious* creature born." MALONE.

5 'Bated *and chopp'd with tan'd antiquity*,] The quarto has *beated*, which I suppose to have been a misprint for *'bated*. *'Bated* is properly *overthrown*; *laid low*; *abated*, from *abattre*, Fr. Hence (if this be the true reading) it is here used by our author with his usual licence, for *disfigured*, reduced to a *lower* or worse state than before. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"With *'bated* breath and whispering humbleness."

Perhaps, however, the poet might have written—*batter'd*. So, in the next *Sonnet*:

"With time's injurious hand *crush'd* and o'erworn."

Again, more appositely in the 65th *Sonnet*:

"O how shall summer's honey breath hold out,

"Against the wreckful siege of *battering* days."

After all, *beated*, the regular participle from the verb to *beat*, may be right. We had in a former Sonnet - weather-*beaten* face. In *K. Henry V.* we meet—*cased*, and in *Macbeth*—*thrusted*.

MALONE.

I think we should read *blasted*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

"——every part about you *blasted* with *antiquity*"

STEEVENS.

LXIII.

LXIII.

Againſt my love ſhall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand cruſh'd and o'erworn [6];
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his
brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's ſteepy night [7];
And all thoſe beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vaniſhing or vaniſh'd out of ſight,
Stealing away the treaſure of his ſpring;
For ſuch a time do I now fortify
Againſt confounding age's cruel knife,
That he ſhall never cut from memory
My ſweet love's beauty, though my lover's life.

6 *With time's injurious hand* cruſh'd *and o'erworn*;] The old copy reads *chruſht*. I ſuſpect that our author wrote *fruſh'd*, a word that occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"I'll *fruſh* it, and unlock the rivets all."

Again, Holinſhed in his *Deſcription of Ireland*, p. 29: "When they are ſore *fruſht* with ſickneſs, or ſo farre withered with age." To ſay that a thing is firſt *cruſh'd*, and then *over-worn*, is little better than to obſerve of a man, that he was firſt *killed*, and then *wounded*. STEEVENS.

7 ——— *when his youthful morn*
Hath travell'd on to age's ſteepy *night*;] I once thought that the poet wrote—*ſleepy* night. But the word *travell'd* ſhows, I think, that the old copy is right, however incongruous the epithet *ſteepy* may appear. So, in the 7th *Sonnet*:

"Lo in the *orient* when the *gracious light*
"Lifts up his burning head———
"And having climb'd the *ſteep*-up heavenly hill,
"Reſembling ſtrong *youth* in his middle age."

The ſame oppoſition is found in the 15th *Sonnet*:

"Then waſteful Time debateth with decay
"To change your *day* of *youth* to ſullied *night*."

Were it not for the antitheſis which ſeems to have been intended between *morn* and *night*, we might read:

———to age's ſteepy *height*. MALONE.

Age's ſteepy night ſeems to mean the *precipice of age from which we are to plunge into darkneſs*; or, in the words of *Macbeth*, "to *jump the life to come*." STEEVENS.

His beauty ſhall in theſe black lines be ſeen,
And they ſhall live, and he in them ſtill green.

LXIV.

When I have ſeen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud coſt of out-worn bury'd age;
When ſometime lofty towers I ſee down-ras'd,
And braſs eternal ſlave to mortal rage;
When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore[8],
And the firm ſoil win of the watry main,
Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate[9],
Or ſtate itſelf confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot chooſe
But weep to have that which it fears to loſe.

[8] ——— *the hungry ocean gain*
Advantage *on the kingdom of the ſhore*,] So, Mortimer, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. ſpeaking of the Trent:
" ——he bears his courſe and runs me up
" With like *advantage* on the other ſide,
" Gelding the oppoſed continent as much." STEEVENS.

[9] *When I have ſeen the hungry ocean gain*
Advantage on the kingdom of the ſhore,
And the firm ſoil win of the watry main,
Increaſing ſtore with loſs, and loſs with ſtore;
When I have ſeen ſuch interchange of ſtate, &c.] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" O heaven! that one might read the book of fate,
" And ſee the revolution of the times
" Make mountains level, and the continent,
" Weary of ſolid firmneſs, melt itſelf
" Into the ſea! and, other times, to ſee
" The beachy girdle of the ocean
" Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,
" And changes fill the cup of alteration
" With divers liquors." C.

LXV.

LXV.

Since braſs, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſs ſea,
But ſad mortality o'er-ſways their power,
How with this rage ſhall beauty hold a plea [1],
Whoſe action is no ſtronger than a flower?
O how ſhall ſummer's honey breath hold out
Againſt the wreckful ſiege of battering days [2],
When rocks impregnable are not ſo ſtout,
Nor gates of ſteel ſo ſtrong, but time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack!
Shall time's beſt jewel from time's cheſt lie hid [3]?
Or

[1] *How with this rage ſhall beauty hold a plea,*] Shakſpeare, I believe, wrote——with *his* rage—— i. e. with the rage of Mortality. MALONE.

[2] —— *the* ſiege *of battering days,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"——the *ſiege* of loving terms." STEEVENS.

[3] *O fearful meditation? where, alack!*
Shall time's beſt jewel from time's cheſt *lie hid?*] If the reader has no clearer idea of "a jewel lying hid *from* a cheſt" than I have, he will agree with me in thinking this paſſage corrupt. Our author, I believe, wrote:

Time's beſt jewel from time's *queſt* lie hid.

Time's beſt jewel was the poet's friend, who, he feared, would not be able to eſcape the *queſt* or *ſearch* of time, but fall a prey, however beautiful, to his all-ſubduing power. A jewel being mentioned, the copyiſt or printer thought it neceſſary to provide a caſket for it.—Mr. Theobald had, I find, propoſed the ſame alteration. MALONE.

Time's *cheſt* is the repoſitory into which he is poetically ſuppoſed to throw thoſe things which he deſigns to be forgotten. Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"*Time* hath, my lord, a *wallet* at his back,
"Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

Again, in *Sonnet* LII:

"So is the *time* that keeps you, as my *cheſt*."

The thief who evades purſuit, may be ſaid with propriety to *lie hid from juſtice*, or from *confinement*. I ſee no more difficulty in this paſſage, than in a thouſand others. STEEVENS.

I once had great confidence in the emendation here propoſed; but I am now ſatisfied that there is no need of change. The following lines in *K. Richard II.* add ſome ſupport to the reading of the old copy;

"A

Or what ſtrong hand can hold his ſwift foot back?
Or who his ſpoil of beauty can forbid [4]?
O none, unleſs this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may ſtill ſhine bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all theſe, for reſtful death I cry *,—
As, to behold deſert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trim'd in jollity,
And pureſt faith unhappily forſworn,
And gilded honour ſhamefully miſplac'd,
And maiden virtue rudely ſtrumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully diſgrac'd,
And ſtrength by limping ſway diſabled,
And art made tongue-ty'd by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controling ſkill,
And ſimple truth miſcall'd ſimplicity [5],
And captive Good attending captain Ill [6]:
Tir'd with all theſe, from theſe would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection ſhould he live,
And with his preſence grace impiety,

" A *jewel* in a ten-times-barr'd-up *cheſt*
" Is—a bold ſpirit in a loyal breaſt."

The *cheſt of Time* is the repoſitory where he lays up the moſt rare and curious productions of nature; one of which the poet eſteemed his friend.

———vobis male ſit, malæ tenebræ
Orci, quæ omnia bella devoratis. *Catul.* MALONE.

[4] *Or who his ſpoil of beauty can forbid?*] The reading of the quarto—his ſpoil *or* beauty, is manifeſtly a miſprint. MALONE.

* *Tir'd with all theſe* &c.] Compare Hamlet's celebrated ſoliloquy with this Sonnet. C.

[5] *And ſimple truth miſcall'd* ſimplicity,] *Simplicity* has here the ſignification of *folly*. MALONE.

[6] *And captive Good attending* captain *Ill:*] So, in *Timon:*
" ——more *captain* than the lion."
Again, in another of theſe Sonnets:
" Like *captain* jewels in the carcanet." MALONE.

That

That ſin by him advantage ſhould atchieve,
And lace itſelf with his ſociety[7]?
Why ſhould falſe painting imitate his cheek,
And ſteal dead ſeeing of his living hue[8]?
Why ſhould poor beauty indirectly ſeek
Roſes of ſhadow, ſince his roſe is true?
Why ſhould he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to bluſh through lively veins?
For ſhe hath no exchequer now but his,
And proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O, him ſhe ſtores, to ſhow what wealth ſhe had,
In days long ſince, before theſe laſt ſo bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days out-worn[9],
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before theſe baſtard ſigns of fair were borne[1],
Or durſt inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden treſſes of the dead,
The right of ſepulchres, were ſhorn away,
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head[2],
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:

In

[7] *And* lace *itſelf with his ſociety?*] i. e. embelliſh itſelf. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"——what envious ſtreaks
"Do *lace* the ſevering clouds." STEEVENS.

[8] *And ſteal dead* ſeeing *of his living hue?*] Dr. Farmer would ead——*ſeeming*. MALONE.

[9] ——*the* map of days out-worn,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
"Even ſo this *pattern of the worn-out age*
"Pawn'd honeſt looks——" MALONE.

[1] *Before theſe baſtard ſigns of* fair *were borne,*] *Fair* was formerly uſed as a ſubſtantive, for *beauty*. MALONE.

[2] *Before the* golden treſſes *of the dead,*
The right of ſepulchres, *were ſhorn away,*
To live a ſecond life on ſecond head,] Our author has again inveighed againſt this practice in *The Merchant of Venice:*
"So are thoſe criſped ſnaky *golden locks,*
"Which make ſuch wanton gambols with the wind,
"Upon ſuppoſed fairneſs, often known

"To

In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true [3],
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due [4],
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward [5] thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,

"To be the dowry of a *second head*,
"*The skull that bred them in the sepulchre*."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

"——thatch your poor thin *roofs*
"With *burdens of the dead*."

"My lady (says a writer of the time of James I.) holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh out her crownes to bestowe upon some new fashioned attire;—upon such artificial deformed *periwigs*, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a Christian woman." *The Honestie of this Age, proving by good Circumstance that the World was never honest till now.* By Barnabe Rych. Quarto, 1615. In our author's time, the false hair usually worn, perhaps in compliment to the queen, was of a sandy colour. Hence the epithet *golden*. See Hentzner's Account of Queen Elizabeth. MALONE.

[3] *Without all ornament, itself, and true,*] Surely we ought to read —*himself*, and true. In him the primitive simplicity of ancient times may be observed; in him, who scorns all adscititious ornaments, who appears in his native genuine state, [himself and true] &c. MALONE.

[4] *All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that* due,] The quarto has *end*. For the present emendation (which the rhime requires) the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. The letters that compose the word *due* were probably transposed at the press, and the *u* inverted. MALONE.

[5] Thy *outward*—] The quarto reads—*Their*. MALONE.

In

In other accents do this praiſe confound,
By ſeeing farther than the eye hath ſhown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in gueſs, they meaſure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank ſmell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy ſhow,
The ſolve is this [6], —that thou doſt common grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd ſhall not be thy defect,
For ſlander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is ſuſpect [7],
A crow that flies in heaven's ſweeteſt air.
So thou be good, ſlander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater [8], being woo'd of time;
For

[6] *The* ſolve *is this,*—] This is the *ſolution.* The quarto reads:
The *ſolye* is this,——
I have not found the word now placed in the text, in any author; but have inſerted it rather than print what appears to me unintelligible. We meet a ſimilar ſentiment in the 102d Sonnet:
"——ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight."
The modern editions read:—The *toil* is this—— MALONE.

I believe we ſhould read:
The *ſole* is this——
i. e. here the *only* explanation lies; this is *all.* STEEVENS.

[7] *The* ornament *of beauty is* ſuſpect,] *Suſpicion* or ſlander is a conſtant attendant on beauty, and adds new luſtre to it. *Suſpect* is uſed as a ſubſtantive by Middleton alſo, in *A Mad World my Maſters,* a comedy, 1608:
"And poize her words i' the ballance of *ſuſpect.*"
MALONE.

[8] Thy *worth the greater,* being woo'd of time,] The old copy here, as in many other places, reads corruptly—*Their* worth &c.

I ſtrongly ſuſpect the latter words of this line alſo to be corrupt. What idea does *worth* woo'd of [that is, *by*] time preſent? Shall we boldly read:
——being *void* of *crime*;
That is, *thou* being &c. MALONE.

Perhaps we are to diſentangle the tranſpoſition of the paſſage, thus:

For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love [9],
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd:
  If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
  Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts should'st owe [1].

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled [2]
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,

thus: *So thou be good, slander, being woo'd of time, doth but approve thy worth the greater.* i. e. if you are virtuous, slander, being the favorite of the age, only stamps the stronger mark of approbation on your merit.

I have already shewn, on the authority of Ben Jonson, that "*of time*" means, *of the* then *present one*. See note on *Hamlet* edit. 1778, Vol. X. p. 277. STEEVENS.

Might we not read

——— being *wood oftime?*

taking *wood* for an epithet applied to *slander*, signifying *frantic*, doing mischief at random. Shakspeare often uses this old word. So, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies *wood*."

I am far from being satisfied with this conjecture, but can make no sense of the words as they are printed. C.

[9] *For* canker *vice the* sweetest buds *doth love,*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"As in *the sweetest buds*
"The eating *canker* dwells, so eating love
"Inhabits in the finest wits of all." C.

[1] ——*should'st* owe,] That is, should *possess*. MALONE.

[2] *Than you shall hear the surly* sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled] So, in *K. Hen. IV.* P. II:

"——— and his tongue
"Sounds ever after as a *sullen bell*,
"*Remember'd knolling a departed friend.*" MALONE.

That

That I in your ſweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then ſhould make you woe.
O if (I ſay) you look upon this verſe,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay [3],
Do not ſo much as my poor name rehearſe;
But let your love even with my life decay:
  Leſt the wiſe world ſhould look into your moan,
  And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O, leſt the world ſhould taſk you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you ſhould love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unleſs you would deviſe ſome virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own deſert,
And hang more praiſe upon deceaſed I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, leſt your true love may ſeem falſe in this,
That you for love ſpeak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to ſhame nor me nor you.
  For I am ſham'd by that which I bring forth,
  And ſo ſhould you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'ſt in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang [4]
Upon thoſe boughs which ſhake againſt the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the ſweet birds ſang [5].
In

[3] *When I perhaps compounded am with clay,*] *Compounded* is *mixed*, blended. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
"Only *compound* me with forgotten *duſt*." MALONE.

[4] *When yellow leaves &c.*] So, in *Macbeth:*
"——my way of life
"Is fallen into the ſear, the *yellow leaf*." STEEVENS.

[5] *Bare* ruin'd choirs, *where late the ſweet birds ſang.*] The quarto has——Bare *rn'w'd* quiers—from which the reader muſt extract what meaning he can. The edition of our author's poems in

In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away *,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie [6],
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away [7],
My

in 1640, has—*ruin'd.*—*Quires* or *choirs* here means that part of cathedrals where divine service is performed, to which, when uncovered and in ruins,

"A naked subject to the weeping clouds,"

the poet compares the trees at the end of autumn, stripped of that foliage which at once invited and sheltered the feathered songsters of summer. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"Then was I as a *tree*
"Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but in one night,
"A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
"Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my *leaves*,
"And left me *bare to weather.*" MALONE.

This image was probably suggested to Shakspeare by our desolated monasteries. The resemblance between the vaulting of a Gothick isle, and an avenue of trees whose upper branches meet and form an arch over-head, is too striking not to be acknowledged. When the roof of the one is shattered, and the boughs of the other leafless, the comparison becomes yet more solemn and picturesque. STEEVENS.

* *Which by and by black night doth take away,*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"And by and by a cloud takes all away." STEEVENS.

6 ———*such fire*
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,] So, Chaucer:
"Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken.
See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Vol. VIII. p. 300. STEEVENS.

7 ——— *when that* fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,] So, in *Hamlet:*
"Had

My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth [8], which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that, is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains *.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife [9]
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime, all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look [1];

Pos-

"Had I but time, (as this *fell serjeant, death*,
"Is strict in his *arrest*) O I could tell you,——
"But let it be." C.

[8] *The earth can have but earth*,——] Shakspeare seems here to have had the burial service in his thoughts. MALONE.

* —*and this with thee remains.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"And I hence fleeting, here *remain with thee*." STEEV.

[9] *And for the* peace *of you I hold such strife*] The context seems to require that we should rather read:
——for the *price* of you——or—for the *sake* of you.
The conflicting passions described by the poet were not produced by a regard to the ease or quiet of his friend, but by the high value he set on his esteem: yet as there seems to have been an opposition intended between *peace* and *strife*, I have made no alteration in the text. MALONE.

[1] ——clean starved *for a look*,] That is, *wholly* starved. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

 "Clean

Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away[2].

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed[3],
That every word doth almost tell my name[4],
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;

"*Clean* from the purpose of the things themselves."
MALONE.

So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
"While I at home *starve for a* merry *look*." STEEVENS.

[2] *Or gluttoning on all, or all away.*] That is, either feeding on various dishes, or having nothing on my board,—*all* being *away*. We might read:
Or gluttoning on all, or *fall* away.
The expression is as ancient as our author's time. "Am I not *fallen away* vilely (says Falstaff) since the last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?" MALONE.

The amendment proposed, is, I think, at once defective and unnecessary. The natural opposition to *gluttoning on all*, would be *eating nothing*. Instead of this, the reading *fall away*, presents us only with the *effects of abstinence*, instead of *abstinence itself*. We must therefore attempt to explain the original words. Perhaps, *or all away*, may signify, *or away with all!* i. e. I either devour like a glutton what is within my reach, or *command all provisions to be removed out of my sight*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*in a* noted *weed*,] i. e. in a dress by which it is always *known*, as those persons are who always wear the same colours.
STEEVENS.

[4] *That every word doth almost tell my name*,] The quarto has:
—*fell* my name. MALONE.

So all my beſt is dreſſing old words new,
Spending again what is already ſpent:
For as the ſun is daily new and old,
So is my love ſtill telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glaſs will ſhow thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waſte;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'ſt thou taſte[5].
The wrinkles which thy glaſs will truly ſhow,
Of mouthed graves[6] will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's ſhady ſtealth may'ſt know
Time's thieviſh progreſs to eternity.

[5] *And of* this *book this learning may'ſt thou taſte.*] *This, their*, and *thy*, are ſo often confounded in theſe Sonnets, that it is only by attending to the context that we can diſcover which was the author's word. In the preſent inſtance, inſtead of *this* book, ſhould we not read *thy* book? So, in the laſt line of this Sonnet:
"Theſe offices, ſo oft as thou wilt look,
"Will profit thee, and much enrich *thy* book."
MALONE.

Probably this Sonnet was deſigned to accompany a preſent of a book conſiſting of blank paper. Were ſuch the caſe, the old reading (*this* book) may ſtand. Lord Orrery ſent a birth-day gift of the ſame kind to Swift, together with a copy of verſes of the ſame tendency. STEEVENS.

This conjecture appears to me extremely probable. We learn from the 122d Sonnet that Shakſpeare received a *table-book* from his friend. MALONE.

[6] *Of* mouthed *graves*——] That is, of *all-devouring* graves. Thus, in *K. Richard III:*
"—— in the *ſwallowing* gulph
"Of dark forgetfulneſs and deep oblivion."
Again, in *Venus and Adonis:*
"What is thy body but a *ſwallowing grave?*"
Again, in *K. John:*
"O now doth Death line his dead chaps with ſteel;
"And now he feaſts, *mouthing* the fleſh of men."
MALONE.

Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks [7], and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so soft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly [8],
Have added feathers to the learned's wing *,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee.
In others' works thou dost but mend the stile,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;

[7] *Commit to these waste* blacks,—] What meaning does *blacks* convey here? Let us examine a few of the verses that precede these, and see if from thence we may borrow any instruction:

"Thy glass will shew thee how thy beauties wear,
"Thy dial, how thy precious minutes waste;
"The *vacant leaves* thy mind's imprint will bear,
"And of this book this learning may'st thou taste."

Our poet must have written in the place first quoted—waste *blanks*; i. e. these *vacant leaves*, as he calls them in the other quotation. THEOBALD.

[8] *And* heavy ignorance *aloft to fly*,] So, in *Othello*: "O *heavy ignorance!* thou praisest the worst, best." Does not this line seem to favour a conjecture, proposed by Dr. Johnson, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,—"Ignorance itself is a plummet over me—" where he would read——"*has* a *plume* o' me?" He has indeed given a different interpretation; but if *plume* be right, the present line might lead one to think that Falstaff meant to say, that even *ignorance*, however heavy, could *soar* above him. MALONE.

* *Have added* feathers *to the learned's* wing,] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——your lord,
"(The best *feather* of our *wing*)——" STEEVENS.

But

But thou art all my art, and doſt advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilſt I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verſe alone had all thy gentle grace;
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my ſick muſe doth give another place.
I grant, ſweet love, thy lovely argument
Deſerves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he ſtole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praiſe to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth ſay,
Since what he owes thee thou thyſelf doſt pay.

LXXX.

O how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better ſpirit doth uſe your name [9],
And in the praiſe thereof ſpends all his might,
To make me tongue-ty'd, ſpeaking of your fame!
But ſince your worth (wide, as the ocean is,)
The humble as the proudeſt ſail doth bear [1],
My

[9] *Knowing a better ſpirit doth uſe your name,*] *Spirit* is here, as in many other places, uſed as a monoſyllable. Curioſity will naturally endeavour to find out who this *better ſpirit* was, to whom even Shakſpeare acknowledges himſelf inferior. There was certainly no poet in his own time with whom he needed to have feared a compariſon; but theſe Sonnets being probably written when his name was but little known, and at a time when Spenſer was in the zenith of his reputation, I imagine he was the perſon here alluded to. MALONE.

[1] *The humble as the proudeſt ſail doth bear,*] The ſame thought occurs in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" ———The ſea being ſmooth,
" How many ſhallow bauble boats dare ſail

 " Upon

My ſaucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your ſhalloweſt help will hold me up afloat,
Whilſt he upon your ſoundleſs deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthleſs boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then if he thrive, and I be caſt away,
The worſt was this;—my love was my decay.

LXXXI.

Or I ſhall live your epitaph to make,
Or you ſurvive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life ſhall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world muſt die.
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes ſhall lie.
Your monument ſhall be my gentle verſe,
Which eyes not yet created ſhall o'er-read;
And tongues to be, your being ſhall rehearſe,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You ſtill ſhall live (ſuch virtue hath my pen,)
Where breath moſt breathes,—even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my muſe,
And therefore may'ſt without attaint o'er-look
The dedicated words which writers uſe
Of their fair ſubject, bleſſing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit paſt my praiſe;

"Upon her patient breaſt, making their way
"With thoſe of nobler bulk?—where's then the *ſaucy* boat?"
See note on *Troilus and Creſſida*, laſt edit. Vol. IX. p. 28.
STEEVENS.

And

And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetorick can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend;
  And their gross painting might be better us'd
  Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set.
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt[2]:
And therefore have I slept in your report[3],
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short[4],
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow[5].
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;

[2] *The barren* tender *of a* poet's *debt*:] So, the poet in *Timon*:
"——all minds
"————*tender* down
"Their services to lord Timon."
Again, in *K John*:
"And the like *tender* of our love we make." MALONE.

[3] *And therefore have I* slept *in your report*,] And therefore I have not sounded your praises. MALONE.
The same phrase occurs in *K. Henry VIII*:
"——Heaven will one day open
"The king's eyes, that so long have *slept* upon
"This bold, bad man."
Again, in *K. Henry IV*. P. I:
"——hung their eyelids down,
"*Slept* in his face." STEEVENS.

[4] *How far a* modern *quill doth come too short*,] *Modern* seems to have formerly signified *common* or *trite*. So, in *As you like it*:
"Full of wise saws and *modern* instances." MALONE.
See note on *K. John*, p. 76. last edit. STEEVENS.

[5] ——what *worth in you doth grow*.] We might better read:
———*that* worth in you doth grow.
i. e. that worth, which &c. MALONE.

For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb [6].
Their lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praiſe deviſe.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that ſays moſt? which can ſay more,
Than this rich praiſe,—that you alone are you?
In whoſe confine immured is the ſtore
Which ſhould example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his ſubject lends not ſome ſmall glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, ſo dignifies his ſtory,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worſe what nature made ſo clear,
And ſuch a counter-part ſhall fame his wit,
Making his ſtile admired every where.
You to your beauteous bleſſings add a curſe,
Being fond on praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe [7].

LXXXV.

My tongue-ty'd muſe in manners holds her ſtill,
While comments of your praiſe, richly compil'd,
Reſerve their character with golden quill [8],
And precious phraſe by all the muſes fil'd.
I think good thoughts, whilſt others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, ſtill cry *Amen*

[6] *When others would give life, and bring a tomb.*] When others endeavour to celebrate your character, while in fact they diſgrace it by the meanneſs of their compoſitions. MALONE.

[7] *Being* fond on *praiſe, which makes your praiſes worſe.*] i. e. being fond of ſuch panegyrick as debaſes what is praiſe-worthy in you, inſtead of exalting it. *On* in ancient books is often printed for *of*. It may mean, "behaving fooliſhly *on* receiving praiſe." STEEVENS.

[8] Reſerve *their character with golden quill,*] *Reſerve* has here the ſenſe of *preſerve*. See p. 607. note [3]. MALONE.

To

To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you prais'd, I say, *'tis so, 'tis true*,
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hind-most, holds his rank before.
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew [9]?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence [1],
As victors, of my silence cannot boast;
I was not sick of any fear from thence.
But when your countenance fil'd up his line [2],
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

[9] *Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"The earth that's nature's *mother*, is her *tomb*;
"What is her burying *grave* that is her *womb*."
Again, in *Pericles*:
"For he's their *parent* and he is their *grave*."
So also, Milton:
"The *womb* of nature, and perhaps her *grave*."
MALONE.

[1] ——*that affable familiar ghost Which nightly gulls him with intelligence*,] Alluding perhaps to the celebrated Dr. Dee's pretended intercourse with an angel, and other familiar spirits. STEEVENS.

[2] ——fil'd *up his line*,] i. e. polish'd it. So, in Ben Jonson's Verses on Shakspeare:
"In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines." STEEVENS.

LXXXVII.

LXXXVII.

Farewel! thou art too dear for my poſſeſſing,
And like enough thou know'ſt thy eſtimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releaſing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deſerving?
The cauſe of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And ſo my patent back again is ſwerving.
Thyſelf thou gav'ſt, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'ſt it, elſe miſtaking;
So thy great gift, upon miſpriſion growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
  Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
  In ſleep a king *, but waking, no ſuch matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou ſhalt be diſpos'd to ſet me light,
And place my merit in the eye of Scorn [3],
Upon thy ſide againſt myſelf I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forſworn.
With mine own weakneſs being beſt acquainted,
Upon thy part I can ſet down a ſtory
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted [4];
That thou, in loſing me, ſhall win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myſelf I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.

* *In ſleep a king*,—] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"——I *dreamt* &c.
"That I reviv'd and was an *emperor*." STEEVENS.

[3] *And place my merit in* the eye of Scorn,] Our author has again perſonified *Scorn* in *Othello*:
"A fixed figure, for the time of *Scorn*
"To point his ſlow unmoving *finger* at." MALONE.

[4] ——*I can ſet down a ſtory*
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted;] So, in *Hamlet*: "——but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my mother had not borne me." STEEVENS.

Such

Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence:
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle [5], and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks [6]; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell;
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe *;

[5] *I will acquaintance* strangle,——] I will *put an end* to our familiarity. This singular expression is likewise used by Daniel in his *Cleopatra*, 1594:
"Rocks *strangle* up thy waves,
"Stop cataracts thy fall!" MALONE.

This uncouth phrase seems to have been a favourite with Shakspeare, who uses it again in *Macbeth:*
"——night *strangles* the travelling lamp." STEEVENS.

[6] *Be absent from thy* walks;] So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*
"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
"Hop in his *walks*." MALONE.

* *Come in the* rearward *of a conquer'd woe*;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"But with a *rearward* following Tybalt's death &c." STEEV.

Give

Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me laſt,
When other petty griefs have done their ſpite,
But in the onſet come; ſo ſhall I taſte
At firſt the very worſt of Fortune's might;
And other ſtrains of woe, which now ſeem woe,
Compar'd with loſs of thee, will not ſeem ſo.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, ſome in their ſkill,
Some in their wealth, ſome in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, ſome in their horſe;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleaſure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the reſt;
But theſe particulars are not my meaſure,
All theſe I better in one general beſt.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' coſt [7],
Of more delight than hawks or horſes be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boaſt.
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'ſt take
All this away, and me moſt wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worſt to ſteal thyſelf away,
For term of life thou art aſſured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will ſtay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worſt of wrongs,
When in the leaſt of them my life hath end.

[7] *Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' coſt,*] So, in *Cymbeline:*
"Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
"Prouder than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk." STEEVENS.

I ſee

I ſee a better ſtate to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canſt not vex me with inconſtant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's ſo bleſſed-fair that fears no blot?—
Thou may'ſt be falſe, and yet I know it not:

XCIII.

So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,
Like a deceived huſband [8]; ſo love's face
May

[8] *So ſhall I live, ſuppoſing thou art true,*
Like a deceived huſband; —] Mr. Oldys obſerves in one of his manuſcripts, that this and the preceding Sonnet "*ſeem to have been addreſſed by Shakſpeare to his beautiful wife on ſome ſuſpicion of her infidelity.*" He muſt have read our author's poems with but little attention; otherwiſe he would have ſeen that theſe, as well as all the preceding Sonnets, and many of thoſe that follow, are not addreſſed to a female. I do not know whether this antiquarian had any other authority than his miſapprehenſion concerning theſe lines, for the epithet by which he has deſcribed our great poet's wife. He had made very large collections for a life of our author, and perhaps in the courſe of his reſearches had learned this particular. However this may have been, the other part of his conjecture (that Shakſpeare was jealous of her) may perhaps be thought to derive ſome probability from the following circumſtances. It is obſervable, that his daughter, and not his wife, is his executor; and in his Will, he bequeaths the latter only an old piece of furniture; nor did he even think of her till the whole was finiſhed, the clauſe relating to her being an interlineation. What proviſion was made for her by ſettlement, does not appear. It may likewiſe be remarked, that jealouſy is the principal hinge of *four* of his plays; and in his great performance (*Othello*) ſome of the paſſages are written with ſuch exquiſite feeling, as might lead us to ſuſpect that the author had himſelf been *perplexed* with doubts, though not perhaps *in the extreme.*—By the ſame mode of reaſoning, it may be ſaid, he might be proved to have ſtabbed his friend, or to have had a *thankleſs* child; becauſe he has ſo admirably deſcribed the horror conſequent on murder, and the effects of filial ingratitude, in *K. Lear*, and *Macbeth*. He could indeed aſſume all ſhapes; and therefore it muſt be acknowledged that the preſent

May ſtill ſeem love to me, though alter'd-new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For

ſent hypotheſis is built on an uncertain foundation. All I mean to ſay is, that he appears to me to have written more immediately *from the heart* on the ſubject of jealouſy, than on any other; and it is therefore not improbable he might have felt it. The whole is mere conjecture. MALONE.

As all that is known with any degree of certainty concerning Shakſpeare, is—*that he was born at Stratford upon Avon,—married and had children there,—went to London, where he commenced actor, and wrote poems and plays,—returned to Stratford, made his will, died, and was buried,*—I muſt confeſs my readineſs to combat every unfounded ſuppoſition reſpecting the particular occurrences of his life *.
The

* I take the ſame opportunity to avow my diſbelief that Shakſpeare was the author of Mr. Combe's Epitaph, or that it was written by any other perſon at the requeſt of that gentleman. If Betterton the player did really viſit Warwickſhire for the ſake of collecting anecdotes relative to our author, perhaps he was too eaſily ſatisfied with ſuch as fell in his way, without making any rigid ſearch into their authenticity. It appears alſo from a following copy of this inſcription, that it was not aſcribed to Shakſpeare ſo early as two years after his death. Mr. Reed of Staple Inn obligingly pointed it out to me in the *Remains* &c. of Richard Brathwaite, 1618; and as his edition of our epitaph varies in ſome meaſure from the later one publiſhed by Mr. Rowe, I ſhall not heſitate to tranſcribe it:

"Upon one *John Combe* of *Stratford* upon *Avon*, a notable Uſurer, faſtened upon a Tombe that he had cauſed to be built in his Life Time.

"Ten in the hundred muſt lie in his grave,
"But a hundred to ten whether God will him have:
"Who then muſt be interr'd in this tombe?
"Oh (quoth the divell) my *John a Combe*."

Here it may be obſerved that, ſtrictly ſpeaking, this is no jocular epitaph, but a malevolent prediction; and Braithwaite's copy is ſurely more to be depended on (being procured in or before the year 1618) than that delivered to Betterton or Rowe, almoſt a century afterwards. It has been already remarked, (ſee Mr. Malone's Supplemental obſervations on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare, p. 67.) that two of the lines ſaid to have been produced on this occaſion, were printed as an epigram in 1608, by H. P. Gent. and are likewiſe found in Camden's *Remains*, 1614. I may add, that a uſurer's ſolicitude to know what would be reported of him when he was dead, is not a very probable circumſtance; neither was Shakſpeare of a diſpoſition to compoſe an invective, at once ſo bitter and uncharitable, during *a pleaſant converſation among the common friends* [See Rowe's

For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.

In

The misapprehension of Oldys may be naturally accounted for, and will appear venial to those who examine the two Sonnets before us. From the complaints of *inconstancy*, and the praises of *beauty*, contained in them, they should seem at first sight to be addressed by an inamorato to a mistress. Had our antiquarian informed himself of the tendency of such pieces as precede and follow, he could not have failed to discover his mistake.

Whether the wife of our author was beautiful, or otherwise, was a circumstance beyond the investigation of Oldys, whose collections for his life I have perused; yet surely it was natural to impute charms to one who could engage and fix the heart of a young man of such uncommon elegance of fancy.

That our poet was jealous of this lady, is likewise an unwarrantable conjecture. Having, in times of health and prosperity, provided for her by settlement, (or knowing that her father had already done so) he bequeathed to her at his death, not merely *an old piece of furniture*, but perhaps, as a mark of peculiar tenderness,

"The very bed that on his bridal night
"Receiv'd him to the arms of Belvidera."

His momentary forgetfulness as to this matter, must be imputed to disease. He has many times given support to the sentiments of others, let him speak for once in his own defence:

"Infirmity doth still neglect all office
"Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
"When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
"To suffer with the body."

Mr. Malone therefore ceases to argue with his usual candour, when he

"——takes the indispos'd and sickly fit
"For the sound man."

The

Rowe's Life &c.) of himself and a gentleman, with whose family he lived in such friendship, that at his death he bequeathed his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe as a legacy. A miser's monument indeed, constructed during his life time, might be regarded as a challenge to satire; and we cannot wonder that anonymous lampoons should have been affixed to the marble designed to convey the character of such a being to posterity.—I hope I may be excused for this attempt to vindicate Shakspeare from the imputation of having poisoned the hour of confidence and festivity, by producing the severest of all censures on one of his company. I am unwilling, in short, to think he could so wantonly and so publickly have expressed his doubts concerning the salvation of one of his fellow-creatures.

STEEVENS.

In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ [9], in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But

The *perfect health* mentioned in the will, (on which Mr. Malone relies in a subsequent note) was introduced as a thing of course by the attorney who drew it up; and perhaps our author was not sufficiently recovered during the remaining two months of his life to attempt any alterations in this his last work. It was also natural for Shakspeare to have chosen his daughter and not his wife for an executrix, because the latter, for reasons already given, was the least interested of the two in the care of his effects.

That Shakspeare has written with his utmost power on the subject of jealousy, is no proof that he had ever felt it. Because he has, with equal vigour, expressed the varied aversions of Apemantus and Timon to the world, does it follow that he himself was a Cynic, or a wretch deserted by his friends? Because he has, with proportionable strength of pencil, represented the vindictive cruelty of Shylock, are we to suppose he copied from a fiend-like original in his own bosom?

Let me add (respecting the four plays alluded to by Mr. Malone) that in *Cymbeline* jealousy is merely incidental. In the *Winter's Tale*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the folly of it is studiously exposed. *Othello* alone is wholly built on the fatal consequences of that destructive passion. Surely we cannot wonder that our author should have lavished his warmest colouring on a commotion of mind the most vehement of all others; or that he should have written with sensibility on a subject with which every man who loves is in some degree acquainted. Besides, of different pieces by the same hand, one will prove the most highly wrought, though sufficient reasons cannot be assigned to account for its superiority.

No argument, however, in my opinion, is more fallacious than that which imputes the success of a poet to his interest in his subject. Accuracy of description can be expected only from a mind at rest. It is the unruffled lake that is a faithful mirror.

STEEVENS.

Every author who writes on a variety of topicks will have sometimes occasion to describe what he has himself felt. To attribute to our great poet (to whose amiable manners all his contemporaries bear testimony) the moroseness of a cynick, or the depravity

[9] *In many's looks, the false heart's history*
Is writ,——] In *Macbeth* a contrary sentiment is asserted:
"——There is *no* art
"To find the mind's construction in the face." MALONE.
Thus, in Gray's *Church-yard Elegy*:
"And read their *history in a nation's eyes*." STEEVENS.

But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face ſweet love ſhould ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks ſhould nothing thence but ſweetneſs tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy ſweet virtue anſwer not thy ſhow!

depravity of a murderer, would be to form an idea of him contradicted by the whole tenour of his character, and unſupported by any kind of evidence: but to ſuppoſe him to have felt a paſſion which it is ſaid "moſt men who ever loved have in ſome degree experienced," does not appear to me a very wild or extravagant conjecture.

Our author's forgetfulneſs of his wife (from whatever cauſe it aroſe,) cannot well be imputed to the *indiſpoſed and ſickly fit*; for, from an imperfect eraſure in his Will (which I have ſeen) it appears to have been written (though not executed) *two* months before his death; and in the firſt paragraph he has himſelf told us that he was, at the time of making it, in *perfect health*; words, which no honeſt attorney, I believe ever inſerted in a Will, when the teſtator was notoriouſly in a contrary ſtate. Any ſpeculation on this ſubject is indeed unneceſſary; for the various regulations and proviſions of our author's Will ſhow that at the time of making it he had the entire uſe of his faculties. Nor, ſuppoſing the contrary to have been the caſe, do I ſee what in the two ſucceeding months he was to recollect or to alter. His wife had not wholly eſcaped his memory; he had forgot her,—he had recollected her,—but ſo recollected her, as more ſtrongly to mark how little he eſteemed her; he had already (as it is vulgarly expreſſed) cut her off, not indeed with a ſhilling, but with an old bed.

However, I acknowledge, it does not neceſſarily follow, that becauſe he was inattentive to her in his Will, he was therefore jealous of her. He might not have loved her; and perhaps ſhe might not have deſerved his affection.

This note having already extended to too great a length, I ſhall only add, that I muſt ſtill think that a poet's intimate knowledge of the paſſions and manners which he deſcribes, will generally be of uſe to him; and that in ſome *few* caſes experience will give a warmth to his colouring, that mere obſervation may not ſupply. No man, I believe, who had not felt the power of beauty, ever compoſed love-verſes that were worth reading.

That in order to produce any ſucceſsful compoſition, the mind muſt be at eaſe, is, I conceive, an incontrovertible truth. I never ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare wrote on the ſubject of jealouſy during the paroxyſm of the fit. MALONE.

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt and will do none,
That do not do the thing they moſt do ſhow,
Who, moving others, are themſelves as ſtone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation ſlow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And huſband nature's riches from expence;
They are the lords and owners of their faces [1],
Others but ſtewards of their excellence.
The ſummer's flower is to the ſummer ſweet,
Though to itſelf it only live and die;
But if that flower with baſe infection meet,
The baſeſt weed out-braves his dignity:
For ſweeteſt things turn ſoureſt by their deeds;
Lilies that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds [2].

XCV.

How ſweet and lovely doſt thou make the ſhame
Which, like a canker in the fragrant roſe,
Doth ſpot the beauty of thy budding name?
O, in what ſweets doſt thou thy ſins encloſe!
That tongue that tells the ſtory of thy days,
Making laſcivious comments on thy ſport,
Cannot diſpraiſe but in a kind of praiſe;
Naming thy name bleſſes an ill report [3].
O what a manſion have thoſe vices got,
Which for their habitation choſe out thee!
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turns to fair, that eyes can ſee!

[1] *They are the* lords *and owners* of their faces,] So, in *K. John*:
"*Lord of thy preſence*, and no land beſide." MALONE.

[2] *Lillies that feſter, ſmell far worſe than weeds.*] This line is likewiſe found in the anonymous play of *K. Edward III.* 1599. STEEVENS.

[3] *Naming thy name* bleſſes *an ill report.*] The ſame ideas occur in the ſpeech of Ænobarbus to Agrippa in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"——For vileſt things
"Become themſelves in her; that the holy prieſts
"*Bleſs* her when ſhe is riggiſh." STEEVENS.

Take

Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardeſt knife ill-us'd doth loſe his edge.

XCVI.

Some ſay thy fault is youth, ſome wantonneſs,
Some ſay thy grace is youth and gentle ſport;
Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and leſs[4]:
Thou mak'ſt faults graces that to thee reſort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The baſeſt jewel will be well eſteem'd;
So are thoſe errors that in thee are ſeen,
To truths tranſlated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the ſtern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks tranſlate[5]!
How many gazers might'ſt thou lead away,
If thou would'ſt uſe the ſtrength of all thy ſtate!
But do not ſo; I love thee in ſuch ſort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report[6].

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my abſence been[7]
From thee, the pleaſure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days ſeen?
What old December's bareneſs every where!
And yet this time remov'd[8] was ſummer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increaſe,

[4] *Both grace and faults are lov'd of* more and leſs:] By great and ſmall. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
"The *more and leſs* came in &c." MALONE.

[5] *If like a lamb he could his looks* tranſlate!] If he could change his natural look, and aſſume the innocent viſage of the lamb. So, in *Timon of Athens*:
"——to preſent ſlaves and ſervants
"*Tranſlates* his rivals." MALONE.

[6] *But do not ſo: I love thee in ſuch ſort,* &c.] This is likewiſe the concluding couplet of the 36th Sonnet. MALONE.

[7] *How like a winter hath my abſence been* &c.] In this and the two following Sonnets the pencil of Shakſpeare is very diſcernible. MALONE.

[8] *And yet this time* remov'd——] This time in which I was *remote* or abſent from thee. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"He ever lov'd the life *remov'd*." MALONE.

Bearing the wanton burden of the prime [9],
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' deceaſe:
Yet this abundant iſſue ſeem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For ſummer and his pleaſures wait on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they ſing, 'tis with ſo dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been abſent in the ſpring,
When proud-pied April, dreſs'd in all his trim,
Hath put a ſpirit of youth in every thing [1];
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the ſweet ſmell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any ſummer's ſtory tell [2],
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew [3]:

Nor

[9] *The* teeming autumn *big with rich* increaſe,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,] So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:
"The *ſpring*, the ſummer,
"The *childing autumn*, angry winter, change
"Their wonted liveries; and the 'mazed world
"By their *increaſe* now knows not which is which."
The *prime* is the ſpring. MALONE.

[1] ——— *in the ſpring*,
When proud-pied April, *dreſs'd in all his trim*,
Hath put a ſpirit of youth *in every thing*;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"Such comfort as do luſty *young men* feel
"When *well-apparel'd April* on the heel
"Of limping winter treads." MALONE.

[2] *Could make me any* ſummer's ſtory *tell*,] By a *ſummer's ſtory* Shakſpeare ſeems to have meant ſome *gay fiction*. Thus, his comedy founded on the adventures of the king and queen of the fairies, he calls *A* Midſummer *Night's Dream*. On the other hand, in *The Winter's Tale* he tells us, "a *ſad tale's* beſt for *winter*." So alſo, in *Cymbeline*:
"—— if it be *ſummer* news,
"Smile

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praiſe the deep vermilion in the roſe;
They were but ſweet, but figures of delight[4],
Drawn after you, you pattern of all thoſe.
Yet ſeem'd it winter ſtill, and, you away,
As with your ſhadow I with theſe did play:

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide;—
Sweet thief, whence didſt thou ſteal thy ſweet that ſmells,
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy ſoft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou haſt too groſsly dy'd.
The lily I condemned for thy hand[5],
And buds of marjoram had ſtolen thy hair:

"Smile to it before: if winterly, thou need'ſt
"But keep that countenance ſtill." MALONE.

[3] *Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:*] So, in *K. Richard II:*

"Who are the violets now
"That ſtrew the green *lap* of the new-come *ſpring?*" MALONE.

[4] *They were but ſweet, but figures of delight,*] What more could be expected from flowers than that they ſhould be *ſweet?* To gratify the ſmell is their higheſt praiſe. I ſuſpect the compoſitor caught the word *but* from the latter part of the line, and would read:

They were, *my* ſweet, but figures of delight.

So, in the 109th *Sonnet:*

"Save thou, *my roſe*; in it thou art my all." MALONE.

The old reading is ſurely the true one. The poet refuſes to enlarge on the beauty of the flowers, declaring that they are *only* ſweet, *only* delightful, ſo far as they reſemble his friend. STEEVENS.

Nearly this meaning the lines, after the emendation propoſed, will ſtill ſupply. In the preceding couplet the *colour*, not the *ſweetneſs*, of the flowers is mentioned; and in the ſubſequent line the words *drawn* and *pattern* relate only to their external appearance. MALONE.

[5] *The lily I condemned for thy hand,*] I condemned the lily for preſuming to emulate the whiteneſs of thy hand. MALONE.

The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair[6];
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to his robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death[7].
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stolen from thee.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power, to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, restive Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised every where.

[6] One *blushing shame, another white despair,*] The old copy reads:

Our blushing shame, another white despair.

Our was evidently a misprint. MALONE.

All this conceit about the colour of the roses is repeated again in *K. Henry VI.* P. I:

" ———Your cheeks do counterfeit our roses,
" For pale they look with fear.
———thy cheeks
" Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses."
STEEVENS.

[7] *A vengeful* canker eat *him* up *to* death.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*.

" Full soon the *canker death eats up* that plant."

Again, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" This *canker* that *eats up* love's tender spring."
MALONE.

Give

Give my love fame faſter than Time waſtes life;
So thou prevent'ſt his ſcythe, and crooked knife [8].

CI.

O truant Muſe, what ſhall be thy amends,
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So doſt thou too, and therein dignify'd.
Make anſwer, Muſe: wilt thou not haply ſay,
Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay:
But beſt is beſt, if never intermix'd?—
Becauſe he needs no praiſe, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuſe not ſilence ſo; for it lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muſe; I teach thee how
To make him ſeem long hence as he ſhows now.

CII.

My love is ſtrengthen'd, though more weak in ſeeming;
I love not leſs, though leſs the ſhow appear:
That love is merchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming
The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where [9].

[8] *So thou* prevent'ſt *his ſcythe*, &c.] i. e. ſo by anticipation thou hindereſt the deſtructive effects of his weapons. STEEVENS.

[9] *That love is* merchandiz'd——] This expreſſion may ſerve to ſupport the old reading of a paſſage in *Macbeth*:
"——the feaſt is *ſold*
"That is not often vouch'd &c."
where Pope would read *cold*. MALONE.

That love is merchandiz'd, whoſe rich eſteeming
The owner's tongue doth publiſh every where.] So, in *Love's Labour's loſt*:
"——my beauty though but mean,
"Needs not the painted flouriſh of your praiſe;
"*Beauty* is bought by judgment of the eye,
"Not utter'd by baſe *ſale of chapmen's tongues*." C.

Our love was new [1], and then but in the ſpring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in ſummer's front doth ſing [2],
And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now
Than when her mournful hymns did huſh the night,
But that wild muſick burdens every bough,
And ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight [3].
Therefore, like her, I ſometime hold my tongue,
Becauſe I would not dull you with my ſong.

CIII.

Alack! what poverty my muſe brings forth,
That having ſuch a ſcope to ſhow her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praiſe beſide.
O blame me not if I no more can write!
Look in your glaſs, and there appears a face
That over-goes my blunt invention quite [4],
Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace.

[1] *Our* love *was new*—] The numerous expreſſions of this kind that occur in theſe Sonnets cannot but appear ſtrange to a modern reader. In juſtice therefore to our author, it is proper to obſerve, that they were the common language of the time. B. Jonſon concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne by telling him that he is his "ever true *lover*;" and Drayton, in a letter to Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, informs him, that Mr. Joſeph Davis is *in love* with him. MALONE.

[2] *As Philomel in* ſummer's front *doth* ſing,] In the beginning of ſummer. We meet a kindred expreſſion in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
"——thou art a ſummer bird,
"Which ever in the *haunch of winter ſings*
"The lifting up of day." MALONE.

[3] —*their* dear *delight.*] This epithet has been adopted by Pope:
"Peace is my *dear delight*, not Fleury's more." MALONE.

[4] ———— *a face,*
That over-goes *my blunt invention quite,*] So, in *Othello*:
"———— a maid,
"One that excells the quirks of blazoning pens."
Again, in *The Tempeſt*:
"For thou wilt find ſhe will *out-ſtrip* all praiſe,
"And make it halt behind her." STEEVENS.

Were

Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well [5]?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride [6];
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd [7],
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd [8],
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion [9], and mine eye may be deceiv'd.

For

5 ———*striving to mend,*
To mar the subject that before was well?] So, in *K. John:*
"When workmen strive to do better than well,
"They do confound their skill." STEEVENS.

6 *Have from the forests shook* three summers' pride,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Let two more *summers* wither in *their pride*"
STEEVENS.

7 *Three beauteous* springs *to* yellow autumn *turn'd,*] So, in *Macbeth:*
"——my *May* of life
"Is fallen into the sear, the *yellow leaf.*" MALONE.

8 *Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,*
Steal *from his figure, and* no pace perceiv'd,] So, before:
"Thou by thy dial's shady *stealth* may know
"Time's thievish progress to eternity."
Again, in *K. Richard III:*
"——mellow'd by the *stealing* hours of *time.*"
MALONE.

9 *So your sweet hue, which methinks* still doth stand,
Hath motion,——] So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"The

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's ſummer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol ſhow,
Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be,
To one, of one, ſtill ſuch, and ever ſo.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still conſtant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verſe to conſtancy confin'd,
One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention ſpent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous ſcope affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept ſeat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of waſted time
I ſee deſcriptions of the faireſt wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhime,
In praiſe of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then in the blazon of ſweet beauty's beſt,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow [1],
I ſee their antique pen would have expreſs'd
Even ſuch a beauty as you maſter now [2].

So

"The *fixure* of her eye hath *motion* in it." MALONE.
Again, in *Othello*:
"——for the *time* of ſcorn
"To point his *ſlow, unmoving* finger at." STEEVENS.

[1] *Then in the* blazon *of ſweet beauty's beſt,*
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,] So, in *Twelfth Night*:
"Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, &c.
"Do give thee five-fold *blazon*." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſuch a beauty as you* maſter *now.*] So, in *K. Henry V*:
"Be-

So all their praiſes are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not ſkill enough your worth to ſing [3]:
For we, which now behold theſe preſent days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praiſe.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetick ſoul [4]
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the leaſe of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a cònfin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipſe endur'd [5],
And the ſad augurs mock their own preſage [6];
Incertainties now crown themſelves aſſur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endleſs age.
Now with the drops of this moſt balmy time
My love looks freſh, and Death to me ſubſcribes [7],
Since ſpite of him I'll live in this poor rhime,
While he inſults o'er dull and ſpeechleſs tribes.
And thou in this ſhalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' creſts and tombs of braſs are ſpent.

" Between the promiſe of his greener days,
" And thoſe he *maſters* now." STEEVENS.

[3] *They had not* ſkill *enough your worth to ſing*:] The old copy has:

They had not *ſtill* enough ——

For the preſent emendation the reader is indebted to Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

[4] ——*the* prophetick ſoul] So, in *Hamlet*:

" Oh my *prophetick ſoul!* mine uncle." STEEVENS.

[5] *The* mortal moon *hath her* eclipſe *endur'd*,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Alas, our *terrene moon* is now *eclips'd!*" STEEVENS.

[6] *And the ſad augurs* mock *their own preſage*,] I ſuppoſe he means that they *laugh* at the futility of their own predictions. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*and Death to me* ſubſcribes,] Acknowledges me his ſuperior. MALONE.

CVIII.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true ſpirit?
What's new to ſpeak, what new to regiſter [8],
That may expreſs my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, ſweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I muſt each day ſay o'er the very ſame;
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when firſt I hallowed thy fair name.
So that eternal love in love's freſh caſe [9]
Weighs not the duſt and injury of age [1],
Nor gives to neceſſary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
  Finding the firſt conceit of love there bred,
  Where time and outward form would ſhow it dead.

CIX.

O never ſay that I was falſe of heart,
Though abſence ſeem'd my flame to qualify.
As eaſy might I from myſelf depart,
As from my ſoul which in thy breaſt doth lie:
That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
Like him that travels, I return again [2];

[8] ——*what* new *to regiſter*,] The quarto is here manifeſtly erroneous. It reads:

——what *now* to regiſter. MALONE.

[9] ——*in love's freſh* caſe,] By the *caſe* of *love* the poet means his own compoſitions. MALONE.

[1] Weighs *not the duſt* &c.] A paſſage in *Love's Labour's loſt* will at once exemplify and explain this phraſe:

"You *weigh* me not,—O, that's you *care not for me*."
STEEVENS.

[2] *That is* my home *of love: if I have rang'd,*
Like him that travels, I return *again*.] Thus, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

"My heart with her but as gueſt-wiſe ſojourn'd,
"And now to Helen it is *home return'd*."

So alſo, Prior:

"No matter what beauties I ſaw in my way,
"They were but my viſits, but thou art my *home*."
MALONE.

Juſt

Juſt to the time, not with the time exchang'd,—
So that myſelf bring water for my ſtain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that beſiege all kinds of blood [3],
That it could ſo prepoſterouſly be ſtain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy ſum of good;
For nothing this wide univerſe I call,
Save thou, my roſe; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myſelf a motley to the view [4],
Gor'd mine own thoughts [5], ſold cheap what is moſt dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Moſt true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Aſkance and ſtrangely; but, by all above,
Theſe blenches gave my heart another youth [6],
And worſe eſſays prov'd thee my beſt of love.
Now all is done, ſave what ſhall have no end [7]:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.

[3] *All frailties that* beſiege *all kinds of blood,*] So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"——— Nature
"To whom all ſores lay *ſiege.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *And made myſelf a* motley *to the view,*] Appeared like a fool; (of whom the dreſs was formerly a *motley* coat.) MALONE.

[5] Gor'd *mine own thoughts,*——] I know not whether this be a quaintneſs, or a corruption. STEEVENS.

[6] *Theſe* blenches *gave my heart another youth,*] Theſe ſtarts or aberrations from rectitude. So, in *Hamlet:*

"I'll obſerve his looks;
"I'll tent him to the quick; if he but *blench,*
"I know my courſe." MALONE.

[7] *Now all is done,* have *what ſhall have no end,*] This line appearing to me unintelligible, I have adopted a conjectural reading ſuggeſted by Mr. Tyrwhitt. MALONE.

Then give me welcome, next my heaven the beſt,
Even to thy pure and moſt moſt loving breaſt.

CXI.

O for my ſake do you with fortune chide [8],
The guilty goddeſs of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than publick means, which publick manners breeds [9].
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almoſt thence my nature is ſubdu'd
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wiſh I were renew'd;
Whilſt, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyſell, 'gainſt my ſtrong infection [1];
No bitterneſs that I will bitter think,
Nor double pennance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I aſſure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impreſſion fill
Which vulgar ſcandal ſtamp'd upon my brow;

[8] *O for my ſake do you* with *fortune chide*,] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads—*wiſh* fortune chide. MALONE.

To *chide with* fortune is to quarrel with it. So, in *Othello*:
"The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
"And he does *chide with* you." STEEVENS.

[9] *Than publick means, which publick manners breeds.*] The author ſeems here to lament his being reduced to the neceſſity of appearing on the ſtage, or writing for the theatre. MALONE.

[1] *Potions of* eyſell, *'gainſt my ſtrong* infection;] *Eyſell* is vinegar. So, in *A mery Geſte of the Frere and the Boye*:
"God that dyed for us all,
"And dranke both *eyſell* and gall." STEEVENS.

Vinegar is eſteemed very efficacious in preventing the communication of the plague and other contagious diſtempers. MALONE.

For

For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow [2]?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong [3].
In so profound abysm I throw all care [4]
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critick and to flatterer stopped are [5].
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—

[2] *For what care I who calls me well or ill,*
So you o'er-green *my bad, my good* allow?] I am indifferent to the opinion of the world, if you do but throw a friendly veil over my faults, and approve of my virtues. The allusion seems to be either to the practice of covering a bare coarse piece of ground with fresh *green*-sward, or to that of planting ivy or jessamine to conceal an unsightly building.

To allow, in ancient language, is to *approve*. MALONE.

I would read:

——o'er-g*rieve* my bad,——

i. e. I care not what is said of me, so that you *compassionate* my failings and approve my virtues. STEEVENS.

[3] *That my steel'd* sense or *changes, right or wrong.*] It appears from the next line but one, that *sense* is here used for *senses*. We might better read:

——*e'er* changes, right or wrong. MALONE.

None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.] The meaning of this purblind and obscure stuff seems to be—You are the only person who has power to change my stubborn resolution *either* to what is right, or to what is wrong. STEEVENS.

[4] *In so profound* abysm *I throw all care*] Our author uses this word likewise in the *Tempest*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*: "—the *abysm* of time," and "—the *abysm* of hell." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*that my* adder's sense
To critick *and to flatterer stopped are*:] That my ears are equally *deaf* to the *snarling censurer*, and the flattering encomiast. *Critick* for *cynick*. So, in *Love's Labour's lost*:

"And *critick* Timon laugh at idle toys"

Our author again alludes to the deafness of the adder in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"——ears more *deaf* than *adders* to the voice
"Of any true decision." MALONE.

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks are dead[6].

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind[7],
And that which governs me to go about,
Doth part his function[8], and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out[9];
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth lack;
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow, or dove, it shapes them to your feature.

[6] *That all the world besides* me thinks *y'are dead.*] Thus the quarto. The context rather requires that we should read:

That all the world besides *you* thinks *me* dead.

i. e. all the world except you &c. So before:

"None else to me, nor *I to none alive.*" MALONE.

I would read, if alteration be necessary,

That all the world besides, *methinks*, *is* [or are] dead.

The sense would be this—I pay no regard to the sentiments of mankind; and observe how I account for this my indifference. I think so much of you, that I have no leisure to be anxious about the opinions of others. I proceed as if the world, yourself excepted, were no more. STEEVENS.

I have followed the regulation proposed by Mr. Steevens, which was likewise suggested by an anonymous correspondent, whose favours have been already acknowledged. MALONE.

[7] ——*mine eye is in my mind,*] We meet the same phrase in *Hamlet:*

"In my *mind's eye*, Horatio."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Was left unseen, save to the *eye of mind.*" MALONE.

[8] *Doth* part *his function,*——] That is, *partly* performs his office. MALONE.

[9] *Seems seeing, but effectually is out:*] So, in *Macbeth:*

"*Doct.* You see her eyes are open.

"*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut." STEEVENS.

Incapable

Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue [1].

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery,
Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alcumy,
To make of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best [2],
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O 'tis the first; 'tis flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing [3],
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;

[1] *My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.*] Thus the quarto. If there be no corruption, the word *untrue* must be considered as a substantive. *The sincerity of my affection is the cause of my* untruth; i. e. of my not seeing objects truly, such as they appear to the rest of mankind. So Milton:

"—— grace descending had remov'd
"The *stony* from their hearts."

We might read.

My most true mind thus *makes* mine *eye* untrue.

Or—*Thy* most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

The old copy having *maketh*, and the metre being complete without any additional word, the latter emendation appears to me the best. However, as the line is intelligible as it stands, and the licentious use of the adjective is much in our author's manner, no change is necessary. MALONE.

[2] Creating *every bad a* perfect best,] So, in *The Tempest*:

"—— *creating* you
"*Of every creature's best*." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *what with* his gust *is 'greeing*,] That is, what is pleasing to the *taste* of my *mind*. MALONE.

Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, *now I love you best*,
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds[4]
Admit impediments. Love is not love[5]
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken[6];
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

[4] *Let me not to the* marriage *of true minds*] To the sympathetick union of souls. So, in *Romeo and Juliet* [4to, 1599]:
"Examine every *married* lineament——" MALONE.

[5] ——*Love is not love*
Which alters when it alteration finds, &c.] So, in *K. Lear*:
"——*Love's not love*,
"When it is mingled with regards, that stand
"Aloof from th' entire point." STEEVENS.

[6] *O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,*
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;] So, in *K. Henry VIII*:
"——though perils did
"Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
"Appear in forms more horrid, yet my *duty*,
"*As doth the rock against the chiding flood,*
"*Should the approach of this wild river break,*
"*And stand unshaken yours.*"
Again, in *Coriolanus*:
"Like a great *sea-mark*, *standing every flaw*,
"And saving those that eye thee." MALONE.

Love's

Love's not Time's fool [7], though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom [8].
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus; that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day [9];
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchas'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof, surmise accumulate,
Bring me within the level of your frown [1],
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate [2]:
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

[7] *Love's not* Time's fool, ——] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
"But thought's the slave of life, and life *Time's fool.*"
MALONE.

[8] *But* bears it *out even* to the edge *of doom.*] So, in *All's Well that ends Well:*
"We'll strive *to bear it* for your worthy sake,
"To the extreme *edge* of hazard." MALONE.

[9] *Whereto all* bonds do tie *me day by day*;] So, in *K. Rich. II:*
"There is my *bond* of faith,
"To *tie* thee to my strong correction." MALONE.

[1] *Bring me* within the level *of your frown,*] So, in *King Henry VIII:*
"——I stood *i' the level*
"Of a full-charg'd conspiracy." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*your* waken'd *hate:*] So, in *Othello:*
"Than answer my *wak'd* wrath." STEEVENS.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding,
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness [3], would by ill be cured.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Syren tears,
Distil'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted [4],
In the distraction of this madding fever!

3 —— rank *of goodness,* ——] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" *Rank* of gross diet." STEEVENS.

4 *How have mine* eyes *out of their* spheres *been* fitted
In the distraction of this madding fever!] How have mine eyes been convulsed during the frantick *fits* of my feverous love! So, in *Macbeth*:
" Then comes my *fit* again; I had else been perfect,
" Whole as the marble &c."
The participle *fitted*, is not, I believe, used by any other author, in the sense in which it is here employed. MALONE.

We meet in *Hamlet* the same image as here:
" Make thy two *eyes*, like stars, *start from their spheres*."
STEEVENS.

O be-

O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better[5];
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew[*],
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by your's, you have pass'd a hell of time[6];
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O that our night of woe might have remember'd[7]
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosom fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms your's, and your's must ransom me.

5 *O benefit of ill! now I find true*
That better is by evil still made better;] So, in *As you like it*:
"Sweet are the uses of adversity." STEEVENS.

* *And* ruin'd love, *when it is* built *anew*,] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
"Shall *love* in *building* grow so *ruinate*?" MALONE.

6 ——*you have pass'd a* hell of time;] So, in *Othello*:
"But oh, what *damned minutes* tells he o'er,
"Who doats, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves."
Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"And that deep torture may be call'd a *hell*,
"Where more is felt than one hath power to tell."
MALONE.

Again, in *K. Richard III*:
"——*for a season after*,
"Could not believe but that *I was in hell*." STEEVENS.

7 ——*might have* remember'd] That is, might have *reminded*. So, in *K. Richard II*:
"It doth *remember me* the more of sorrow." MALONE.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No,—I am that I am [8]; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel [9];
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory [1],
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity:
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist [2];

[8] — *—I am that I am,* —] So, in *K. Richard III:*
"—— I am myself alone." STEEVENS.

[9] —*bevel;*] i. e. crooked; a term used only, I believe, by masons and joiners. STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *within my* brain
Full character'd *with lasting* memory,] So, in *Hamlet:*
"——from the *table of my memory*
"I'll wipe away all trivial fond records——
"And thy commandment all alone shall live
"Within the *book* and *volume* of my *brain*." MALONE.
Or at the least so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;] So, in *Hamlet:*
"———Remember thee?
"Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
"In this distracted globe." STEEVENS.

Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold[3],
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls

[3] *That poor* retention *could not so much hold*,] *That poor retention* is the table-book given to him by his friend, incapable of *retaining*, or rather of containing, so much as the *tablet of the brain*.
MALONE.

Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretick,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politick [4],
That it not grows with heat [5], nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime [6].

CXXV.

Were it aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring [7],
Or lay'd great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?

[4] *But all alone stands hugely politick,*] This line brings to mind Dr. Akinside's noble description of the Pantheon:

"Mark how the dread Pantheon stands,
"Amid the domes of modern hands!
"Amid the toys of idle state,
"How simply, how severely great!" STEEVENS.

[5] *That it not grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.*] Though a building may be *drown'd*, i. e. deluged by rain, it can hardly *grow* under the influence of *heat*.—I would read—*glows*. STEEVENS.

Though the poet had compared his affection to a building, he seems to have deserted that thought; and here, perhaps, meant to allude to the progress of vegetation, and the accidents that retard it. So, in the 15th Sonnet:

"When I perceive that every thing that *grows*,
"Holds in perfection but a little moment—
"When I perceive that *men* as *plants* increase,
"*Cheared* and *check'd* even by the self-same *sky* &c."
MALONE.

[6] ——— *the fools of time,*
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.] Perhaps this is a stroke at some of *Fox's Martyrs*. STEEVENS.

[7] *With my extern the outward honouring,*] Thus, in *Othello*:

"When my *outward* action doth demonstrate
"The native act and figure of my heart
"In compliment *extern*——" STEEVENS.

Have

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No;—let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art [8],
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy [*], who in thy power
Dost hold time's fickle glass, his fickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure;
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee [9].

[8] *Which is not* mix'd wtth seconds,——] I am just informed by an old lady, that *seconds* is a provincial term for the *second kind of flour*, which is collected after the smaller bran is sifted. That our author's oblation was pure, *unmixed with baser matter*, is all that he meant to say. STEEVENS.

[*] *O thou, my lovely boy,*—] This Sonnet differs from all the others in the present collection, not being written in alternate rhimes. MALONE.

[9] *And her* quietus——] So, in *Hamlet*:
"——might his *quietus* make
"With a bare bodkin"
See note on that passage, edit. 1778. Vol. X. p. 277. This Sonnet consists of only twelve lines. STEEVENS.

CXXVII.

In the old age [1] black was not counted fair [2],
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But

[1] *In the old age* &c.] The reader will find almost all that is said here on the subject of complexion, is repeated in *Love's Labour's lost*:

"O, who can give an oath? where is a book?
"That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
"If that she learn not of her eye to look?
"No face is *fair* that is not full so *black*.

"O, if in black my lady's brow be deck'd,
"It mourns, that painting and usurping hair
"Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
"And therefore is she born to make black fair."

STEEVENS.

[2] *In the old age* &c.] All the remaining Sonnets are addressed to a female. MALONE.

A Sonnet was surely the contrivance of some literary Procrustes. The single thought of which it is to consist, however luxuriant, must be cramped within fourteen verses, or, however scanty, must be spun out into the same number. On a chain of certain links the existence of this metrical whim depends; and its reception is secure as soon as the admirers of it have counted their expected and statutable proportion of rhimes. The gratification of head or heart, is no object of the writer's ambition. That a few of these trifles deserving a better character may be found, I shall not venture to deny; for chance co-operating with art and genius, will occasionally produce wonders.

Of the Sonnets before us, one hundred and twenty-six are inscribed (as Mr. Malone observes) to a friend: the remaining twenty-eight (a small proportion out of so many) are devoted to a mistress. Yet if our author's Ferdinand and Romeo had not expressed themselves in terms more familiar to human understanding, I believe few readers would have rejoiced in the happiness of the one, or sympathized with the sorrows of the other. Perhaps, indeed, quaintness, obscurity, and tautology, are to be regarded as the constituent parts of this exotick species of composition. But, in whatever the excellence of it may consist, I profess I am one of those who should have wished it to have expired in the country where it was born, had it not fortunately provoked the ridicule of *Lope de Vega*, which, being faintly imitated by *Voiture*, was at last

But now is black beauty's succeſſive heir,
And beauty ſlander'd with a baſtard ſhame.

For

laſt transfuſed into Engliſh by Mr. Roderick, and exhibited as follows, in the ſecond volume of Dodſley's Collection.

A SONNET.

"Capricious Wray a ſonnet needs muſt have;
"I ne'er was ſo put to't before:—a ſonnet!
"Why, fourteen verſes muſt be ſpent upon it:
"'Tis good, howe'er, to have conquer'd the firſt ſtave.

"Yet I ſhall ne'er find rhymes enough by half,
"Said I, and found myſelf i' the midſt o' the ſecond.
"If twice four verſes were but fairly reckon'd,
"I ſhould turn back on th' hardeſt part, and laugh.

"Thus far, with good ſucceſs, I think I've ſcribled,
"And of the twice ſeven lines have clean got o'er ten.
"Courage! another'll finiſh the firſt triplet.
"Thanks to thee, Muſe, my work begins to ſhorten,
"There's thirteen lines got through, driblet by driblet.
"'Tis done. Count how you will, I warr'nt there's fourteen."

Let thoſe who might conceive this ſonnet to be unpoetical, if compared with others by more eminent writers, peruſe the next, being the eleventh in the collection of Milton.

"A book was writ of late call'd Tetrachordon,
"And woven cloſe, both matter, form and ſtyle;
"The ſubject new: it walk'd the town a while,
"Numb'ring good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.

"Cries the ſtall-reader, Bleſs us! what a word on
"A little page is this! and ſome in file
"Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to Mile-
"End Green. Why is it harder Sirs than Gordon,

"Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Gallaſp?
"Thoſe rugged names to our like mouths grow ſleek,
"That would have made Quintilian ſtare and gaſp.
"Thy age, like ours, O ſoul of Sir John Cheek,
"Hated not learning worſe than toad or aſp,
"When thou taught'ſt Cambridge, and king Edward Greek."

The

For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false-borrow'd face,

Sweet

The reader may now proceed to more pieces of the same structure, which the friends of the late Mr. Edwards were willing to receive as effusions of fancy as well as friendship. If the appetite for such a mode of writing be even then unsatisfied, I hope that old Joshua Sylvester (I confess myself unacquainted with the extent of his labours) has likewise been a sonneteer; for surely his success in this form of poetry must have been transcendent indeed, and could not fail to afford complete gratification to the admirers of a stated number of lines composed in the highest strain of affectation, pedantry, circumlocution, and nonsense. In the mean time, let inferiour writers be warned against a species of composition which has reduced the most exalted poets to a level with the meanest rhimers; has almost cut down Milton and Shakspeare to the standards of Pomfret and—but the name of Pomfret is perhaps the lowest in the scale of English versifiers.' As for Mr. Malone, whose animadversions are to follow mine, "Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in." Let me however borrow somewhat in my own favour from the same speech of Mercutio, by observing that "Laura had a better love to be rhyme her." Let me adopt also the sentiment which Shakspeare himself, on his amended judgment, has put into the mouth of his favourite character in *Love's Labour's lost*:

"Tut! none but minstrels like of *sonneting*." STEEVENS.

I do not feel any great propensity to stand forth as the champion of these compositions. However, as it appears to me that they have been somewhat under-rated, I think it incumbent on me to do them that justice to which they seem entitled.

Of Petrarch (whose works I have never read) I cannot speak; but I am slow to believe that a writer who has been warmly admired for four centuries by his own countrymen, is without merit, though he has been guilty of the heinous offence of addressing his mistress in pieces of only that number of lines which by long usage has been appropriated to the sonnet.

The burlesque stanzas which have been produced to depretiate the poems before us, it must be acknowledged, are not ill executed; but they will never decide the merit of this species of composition, until it shall be established that ridicule is the test of truth. The fourteen rugged lines that have been quoted from Milton for the same purpose, are equally inconclusive; for it is well known that he generally failed when he attempted rhime, whether his verses assumed the shape of a sonnet or any other form. These pieces of our author therefore must at last stand or fall by themselves.

When they are described as a mass of affectation, pedantry,

cir-

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy hour,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.

There-

circumlocution, and nonsense, the picture appears to me overcharged. Their great defects seem to be a want of variety, and the majority of them not being directed to a female, to whom alone such ardent expressions of esteem could with propriety be addressed. It cannot be denied too that they contain some far-fetched conceits; but are our author's plays entirely free from them? Many of the thoughts that occur in his dramatick productions, are found here likewise; as may appear from the numerous parallels that have been cited from his dramas, chiefly for the purpose of authenticating these poems. Had they therefore no other merit, they are entitled to our attention, as often illustrating obscure passages in his plays.

I do not perceive that the versification of these pieces is less smooth and harmonious than that of Shakspeare's other compositions. Though many of them are not so simple and clear as they ought to be, yet some of them are written with perspicuity and energy. A few have been already pointed out as deserving this character; and many beautiful lines, scattered through these poems, will, it is supposed, strike every reader who is not determined to allow no praise to any species of poetry except blank verse or heroick couplets. MALONE.

The case of these Sonnets is certainly bad, when so little can be advanced in support of them. Ridicule is always successful where it is just. A burlesque on *Alexander's Feast* would do no injury to its original. Some of the rhime compositions of Milton (Sonnets excepted) are allowed to be eminently harmonious. Is it necessary on this occasion to particularize his *Allegro*, *Penseroso*, and *Hymn on the Nativity?* I must add, that there is more conceit in any thirty-six of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, than in the same number of his *Plays*. When I know where that person is to be found who *allows no praise to any species of poetry, except blank verse and heroic couplets*, it will be early enough for me to undertake his defence. STEEVENS.

That ridicule is generally successful when it is just, cannot be denied; but whether it be just in the present instance, is the point to be proved. It may be successful when it is not just; when neither the structure nor the thoughts of the poem ridiculed, deserve to be derided.

No burlesque on *Alexander's Feast* certainly would render it ridiculous; yet undoubtedly a successful parody or burlesque piece might be formed upon it, which in itself might have intrinsick merit. The success of the burlesque therefore does not necessarily depend upon, nor ascertain, the demerit of

the

Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited [3]; and they mourners seem

At

the original. Of this Cotton's *Virgil Travestie* affords a decisive proof. The most rigid muscles must relax on the perusal of it; yet the purity and majesty of the *Eneid* will ever remain undiminished.—With respect to Milton, (of whom I have only said that he *generally*, not that he *always* failed in rhyming compositions,) Dryden, at a time when all rivalry and competition between them were at an end, when he had ceased to write for the stage, and when of course it was indifferent to him what metre was considered as best suited to dramatick compositions, pronounced, that he composed his great poem in blank verse, "because rhime was not his talent. He had neither (adds the Laureate) the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifest in his *Juvenilia* or Verses written in his youth; *where his rhime is always constrained, and forced, and comes hardly from him*, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhimer, though not a poet."

MALONE.

Cotton's work is an innocent parody, was designed as no ridicule on the Æneid, and consequently will not operate to the disadvantage of that immortal poem. The contrary is the case with Mr. Roderick's imitation of the Spaniard. He wrote it as a ridicule on the *structure*, not the *words* of a *Sonnet*; and this is a purpose which it has completely answered. No one ever retired from a perusal of it with a favourable opinion of the species of composition it was meant to deride.

The decisions of Dryden are never less to be trusted than when he treats of blank verse and rhime, each of which he has extolled and depreciated in its turn. When this subject is before him, his judgment is rarely secure from the seductions of convenience, interest or jealousy; and Gildon has well observed, that in his prefaces he had always confidence enough to defend and support his own most glaring inconsistencies and self-contradictions. What he has said of the author of *Paradise Lost*, is with a view to retaliation. Milton had invidiously asserted that Dryden was *only a rhymist*; and therefore Dryden, with as little regard to truth, has declared that Milton was *no rhymist at all*. Let my other sentiments shift for themselves. Here I shall drop the controversy.

STEEVENS.

In justice to Shakspeare, whose cause I have undertaken, however unequal to the task, I cannot forbear to add, that a literary Procrustes may as well be called the inventor of the

couplet,

---

[3] *Her eyes so* suited,—] Her eyes of the same colour as those of the raven. MALONE.

At such, who not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem [4]:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe [5],
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my musick [6], musick play'st,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds [7],

Do

couplet, the stanza, or the ode, as of the Sonnet. They are all in a certain degree restraints on the writer; and all poetry, if the objection now made be carried to its utmost extent, will be reduced to blank verse. The admirers of this kind of metre have long remarked with triumph that of the couplet the first line is generally for sense, and the next for rhime; and this certainly is often the case in the compositions of mere versifiers; but is such a redundancy an essential property of a couplet, and will the works of Dryden and Pope afford none of another character?—The bondage to which Pindar and his followers have submitted in the structure of strophé, antistrophé, and epode, is much greater than that which the Sonnet imposes. If the scanty thought be disgustingly dilated, or luxuriant ideas unnaturally compressed, what follows? Not surely that it is impossible to write good Odes, or good Sonnets, but that the poet was injudicious in the choice of his subject, or knew not how to adjust his metre to his thoughts. MALONE.

4 ——*and they mourners seem*
At such, who not born fair no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:] They seem to mourn that those who are not born fair, are yet possessed of an artificial beauty, by which they pass for what they are not, and thus dishonour nature by their imperfect imitation and false pretensions. MALONE.

5 ——*becoming of their woe,*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"Fye, wrangling queen!
"Whom every thing *becomes*, to chide, to laugh,
"To *weep*." MALONE.

6 ——*when thou*, my musick,——] So, in *Pericles:*
"You are a viol, and your sense the strings,
"Which, finger'd to *make man his lawful musick*, &c"
STEEVENS.

7 *The* wiry concord *that mine ear confounds,*] We had the same expression before in the eighth *Sonnet:*

"If

Do I envy' those jacks [8], that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand [9],
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait [1],
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this [2],
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expence of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;

"If the true *concord* of well-tuned sounds,
"By *unions married*, do offend thine ear." MALONE.

[8] *Do I envy' those jacks,* —] This word is accented by other ancient writers in the same manner. So, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:
"If for these dignities thou be *envy'd.*" MALONE.

[9] —*those jacks that nimble leap*
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand?] So, in *Chrononhotonthologos*:
"——the tea-cups skip
"With eager haste to kiss your royal lip." STEEVENS.

There is scarcely a writer of love-verses, among our elder poets, who has not introduced hyperboles as extravagant as that in the text. Thus Waller, in his Address *to a Lady playing on the Lute:*
"The trembling *strings* about her fingers *crowd*,
"And tell their joy for ev'ry *kiss* aloud." MALONE.

[1] *O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,*] Here again *their* is printed in the old copy instead of *thy*. So also in the last line of this Sonnet. MALONE.

[2] *Since saucy* jacks *so happy are in this,*] He is here speaking of a small kind of spinnet, anciently called a *virginal*. So, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:
"Where be these rascals that skip up and down
"Like *virginal jacks?*"
See note on *The Winter's Tale*, edit. 1778. Vol. IV. p. 299.
STEEVENS.

Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd no ſooner, but deſpiſed ſtraight;
Paſt reaſon hunted; and no ſooner had,
Paſt reaſon hated, as a ſwallow'd bait,
On purpoſe laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in purſuit, and in poſſeſſion ſo;
Had, having, and in queſt to have, extreme;
A bliſs in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe[3];
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream:
All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To ſhun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My miſtreſs' eyes are nothing like the ſun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red:
If ſnow be white, why then her breaſts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have ſeen roſes damaſk'd, red and white,
But no ſuch roſes ſee I in her cheeks;
And in ſome perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my miſtreſs reeks.
I love to hear her ſpeak,—yet well I know
That muſick hath a far more pleaſing ſound;
I grant I never ſaw a goddeſs go,—
My miſtreſs, when ſhe walks, treads on the ground;
And yet by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any ſhe bely'd with falſe compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, ſo as thou art,
As thoſe whoſe beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'ſt to my dear doting heart
Thou art the faireſt and moſt precious jewel.

[3] —*and prov'd* a *very woe*;] The quarto is here evidently corrupt. It reads:
——and prov'd *and* very woe. MALONE.

Yet, in good faith, ſome ſay that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To ſay they err, I dare not be ſo bold,
Although I ſwear it to myſelf alone.
And, to be ſure that is not falſe I ſwear,
A thouſand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck [4], do witneſs bear
Thy black is faireſt in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, ſave in thy deeds,
And thence this ſlander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart, torment me with diſdain;
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning ſun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the eaſt [5],
Nor that full ſtar that uſhers in the even,
Doth half that glory to the ſober weſt [6],
As thoſe two mourning eyes become thy face [7]:
O let it then as well beſeem thy heart

To

4 *A thouſand* groans, *but thinking on thy face,*
One on another's neck——] So, in *Hamlet:*
"One *woe* doth tread upon *another's heels,*
"So faſt they follow." MALONE.

5 *And truly not the morning* ſun *of heaven*
Better becomes the grey *cheeks of the eaſt,*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
"——it ſtuck upon him as the *ſun*
"In the *grey* vault of heaven." MALONE.

6 *Nor that full ſtar that uſhers in the* even
Doth half that glory to the ſober *weſt,*] Milton had perhaps theſe lines in his thoughts, when he wrote the deſcription of the evening in his fourth book of *Paradiſe Loſt:*
"Now came ſtill *evening* on, and twilight grey
"Had in her *ſober* livery all things clad——"
MALONE.

7 *As thoſe two* mourning *eyes become thy face:*] Thus the old copy.

To mourn for me, ſince mourning doth thee grace,
And ſuit thy pity like in every part.
  Then will I ſwear beauty herſelf is black,
  And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beſhrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But ſlave to ſlavery my ſweet'ſt friend muſt be?
Me from myſelf thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next ſelf thou harder haſt engroſs'd;
Of him, myſelf, and thee, I am forſaken;
A torment thrice three-fold thus to be croſs'd.
Priſon my heart in thy ſteel boſom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Who e'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canſt not then uſe rigour in my gaol:
  And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
  Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So now I have confeſs'd that he is thine,
And I myſelf am mortgag'd to thy will;
Myſelf I'll forfeit, ſo that other mine
Thou wilt reſtore, to be my comfort ſtill:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;

copy. But the context, I think, clearly ſhows, that the poet wrote—*mourning*. So before:

" Thine eyes——
" Have put on *black*, and living *mourners* be."

The two words were, I imagine, in his time pronounced alike. In a Sonnet of our author's, printed by W. Jaggard, 1599, we meet:

" In black *morne* I———"

The ſame Sonnet is printed in *England's Helicon*, 1600, and there the line ſtands:

" In black *mourn* I——" MALONE.

He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty * thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me;
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
And will to boot, and will in over-plus;
More than enough am I that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy will,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfill.
Will will fulfill the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one [8].

* *The* statute *of thy beauty*—] *Statute* has here its legal signification, that of a security or obligation for money. MALONE.

[8] Ay, *fill it full with wills, and my will one.*] The modern editors, by following the old copy, in which the vowel *I* is here used instead of *ay*, have rendered this line unintelligible. MALONE.

In

In things of great receipt with eafe we prove;
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pafs untold [9],
Though in thy ftores' account I one muft be;
For nothing hold me, fo it pleafe thee hold
That nothing me, a fomething fweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that ftill,
And then thou lov'ft me,—for my name is Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what doft thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and fee not what they fee?
They know what beauty is, fee where it lies,
Yet what the beft is, take the worft to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay [1] where all men ride,
Why of eyes' falfehood haft thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is ty'd [2]?
Why fhould my heart think that a feveral plot [3],
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?

[9] *Among a* number *one is* reckon'd none.
Then in the number let me pafs untold, &c.] The fame conceit is found in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" Search among view of many: mine, being *one*,
" May ftand in *number*, though *in reckoning none*."
STEEVENS.

[1] *Be* anchor'd *in the bay* ——] So, in *Meafure for Meafure*:
" Whilft my intention, hearing not my tongue,
" *Anchors* on Ifabel" STEEVENS.

[2] ————hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart *is* ty'd?] So, in *Hamlet*:
" Grapple them to thy *foul* with *hooks* of fteel."
Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" My *heart* was to thy rudder *ty'd* with ftrings."
STEEVENS.

[3] *Why fhould my heart think that a* feveral *plot*,] The reader will find a full account of a *feveral* or *feveral plot*, in a note on *Love's Labour's Loft*, Vol. II. p. 407. edit 1778. MALONE.

Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face[4]?
In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears[5] that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies;
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtilties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue;
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

4 *To put fair truth upon so foul a face?*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"False face must hide what the false heart doth know."
STEEVENS.

5 *When my love swears* &c.] This Sonnet is also found (with some variations) in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a collection of verses printed as Shakspeare's in 1599. It there stands thus:
"When my love swears that she is made of truth,
"I do believe her, though I know she lies;
"That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
"*Unskilfull* in the world's false *forgeries*.
"Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
"Although *I know* my *years be* past the best,
"I *smiling* credit her false speaking tongue,
"*Out-facing faults in love with love's ill rest.*
"But wherefore says *my love that she is young*?
"And wherefore say not I that I am old?
"O, love's best habit is *a soothing tongue*,
"And age in love loves not to have years told.
"Therefore I'll lie with *love*, and *love* with me,
"*Since that our* faults *in love thus smother'd* be."
MALONE.

CXXXIX.

CXXXIX.

O call not me to juſtify the wrong,
That thy unkindneſs lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue [6];
Uſe power with power, and ſlay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'ſt elſewhere; but in my ſight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aſide.
What need'ſt thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-preſs'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuſe thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies;
And therefore from my face ſhe turns my foes,
That they elſewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not ſo; but ſince I am near ſlain,
Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL.

Be wiſe as thou art cruel; do not preſs
My tongue-ty'd patience with too much diſdain;
Leſt ſorrow lend me words, and words expreſs
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me ſo *;
(As teſty ſick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their phyſicians know:)
For, if I ſhould deſpair, I ſhould grow mad,
And in my madneſs might ſpeak ill of thee:
Now this ill-wreſting world is grown ſo bad,
Mad ſlanderers by mad ears believed be.

[6] Wound *me not with thine* eye, —] Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet:* "—he's already dead; *ſtabb'd* with a white wench's black *eye.*" MALONE.

Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;] So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III:

"Ah, kill me with thy weapons, not thy words." STEEVENS.

* —*to tell me* ſo,] To tell me, thou doſt love me. MALONE.

That I may not be so, nor thou bely'd,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide [7].

CXLI.

In faith I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits, nor my five senses can [8]
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin, awards me pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,

[7] *Bear thine eyes straight*, though thy proud heart go wide.] That is, (as it is expressed in a former Sonnet)
"Thy looks with me, *thy heart in other place*."
MALONE.

[8] *But my five* wits nor *my five senses can*
Dissuade——] That is, but neither my wits nor senses can &c. So, in *Measure for Measure:*
"More *nor* less to others paying——"
"The *wits*, Dr. Johnson observes, seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the five inlets of ideas. *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power." MALONE.

And

And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine [9];
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents [1].
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine impòrtune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pity'd be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be deny'd!

CXLIII.

Lo as a careful house-wife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift dispatch
In púrsuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent [2];
So run'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I thy babe chace thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still [3].

CXLIV.

[9] *And* seal'd *false bonds of love as oft as mine*;] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Pure *lips*, sweet *seals* in my soft lips imprinted,
"What bargains may I make, still to be *sealing*?"

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

"Take, O take those *lips* away,
"That so sweetly were forsworn,—
"But my kisses bring in again,
"*Seals* of *love*, but *seal'd in vain*." MALONE.

[1] *Robb'd others' beds* revenues *of their rents*.] So, in *Othello*:
"And pour our *treasures* into foreign laps." STEEVENS.

[2] *Not* prizing *her poor infant's discontent*;] Not regarding, not making any account of her child's uneasiness. MALONE.

[3] ——*that thou may'st have thy* Will,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.] The image with which this Sonnet begins, is at once pleasing and natural; but the conclusion of it is lame and impotent indeed. We attend to

CXLIV.

Two loves I have [4] of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still *;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side [5],
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride [6].
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me [7], both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know [8], but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out [9].

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make †,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, *I hate*,
To me that languish'd for her sake:
But when she saw my woeful state,

to the cries of the infant, but laugh at the loud blubberings of the great boy *Will*. STEEVENS.

* —*do* suggest *me still*;] See p. 474. note [3]. MALONE.

[4] *Two loves I have* &c.] This Sonnet was printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599, with some slight variations. MALONE.

[5] *Tempteth my better angel from my* side,] The quarto has—from my *sight*. The true reading is found in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. MALONE.

Tempteth my better angel from my side,] So, in *Othello*:
"Yea, curse his *better angel from his side*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*with her* foul *pride*.] The copy in *The Passionate Pilgrim* has—with her *fair* pride. MALONE.

[7] *But being both* from *me*,——] *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads—*to* me. MALONE.

[8] Yet this shall I ne'er *know*,—] *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads:
The truth I shall not know—— MALONE.

[9] *Till my bad angel* fire *my good one out*.] So, in *K. Lear*:
"——and *fire* us hence, like foxes." STEEVENS.

† *Those lips that Love's own hand did make*,]
——oscula, quæ Venus
Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit. *Hor.* MALONE.

Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever ſweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom;
And taught it thus a-new to greet:
I hate ſhe alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night [1], who like a fiend *
From heaven to hell is flown away.
I hate from hate away ſhe threw,
And ſav'd my life, ſaying—*not you* [2].

CXLVI.

Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful earth [3],
Fool'd by thoſe rebel powers that thee array [4],
Why

[1] *That follow'd it as gentle day*
Doth follow night,——] So, in *Hamlet:*
"And it muſt *follow, as the night the day,*
"Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man." MALONE.

* —*night, who like a fiend*] So, in *K. Henry V:*
"——*night,*
"*Who like a foul and ugly witch* &c." STEEVENS.

[2] I hate *from* hate *away ſhe* threw,
And ſav'd my life, ſaying—not you.] Such ſenſe as theſe Sonnets abound with, may perhaps be diſcovered as the words at preſent ſtand; but I had rather read:
I hate—away from hate ſhe *flew,* &c.
Having pronounced the words *I hate,* ſhe left me with a declaration in my favour. STEEVENS.

I hate *from* hate *away ſhe threw,*
And ſav'd my life, ſaying—not you.] The meaning is—ſhe removed the words *I hate* to a diſtance from *hatred*; ſhe changed their natural import, and rendered them inefficacious, and undeſcriptive of diſlike, by ſubjoining *not you.* The old copy is, I think, right. The poet relates what the lady ſaid; ſhe is not herſelf the ſpeaker. MALONE.

[3] *Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful* earth,] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
"Than thou, fair ſun, which on my *earth* doſt ſhine."
We meet a ſimilar alluſion in *The Merchant of Venice:*
"Such harmony is in immortal *ſouls.*
"But while this *muddy* veſture of decay
"Doth cloſe it in, we cannot hear it." MALONE.

[4] Fool'd by *thoſe rebel powers that thee array,*] The old copy reads:

Poor

Why doſt thou pine within, and ſuffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls ſo coſtly gay?
Why ſo large coſt, having ſo ſhort a leaſe,
Doſt thou upon thy fading manſion ſpend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this exceſs,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, ſoul, live thou upon thy ſervant's loſs,
And let that pine to aggravate thy ſtore[5];
Buy terms divine in ſelling hours of droſs;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So ſhalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing ſtill
For that which longer nurſeth the diſeaſe;
Feeding on that which doth preſerve the ill,
The uncertain ſickly appetite to pleaſe.
My reaſon, the phyſician to my love[6],
Angry that his preſcriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I deſperate now approve,
Deſire is death, which phyſick did except.

Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful earth,
My ſinful earth theſe rebel pow'rs that thee array.

It is manifeſt that the compoſitor inadvertently repeated the three laſt words of the firſt verſe in the beginning of the ſecond, omitting two ſyllables, which are ſufficient to complete the metre. What the omitted word or words were, it is impoſſible now to determine. Rather than leave an hiatus, I have hazarded a conjecture, and filled up the line. MALONE.

I would read:

Starv'd by the rebel powers &c.

The *dearth* complained of in the ſucceeding line, appears to authorize the conjecture. The poet ſeems to allude to the ſhort commons and gaudy habit of ſoldiers. STEEVENS.

5 —*to aggravate* thy *ſtore*;] The error that has been ſo often already noticed, has happened here; the original copy, and all the ſubſequent impreſſions, reading *my* inſtead of *thy*. MALONE.

6 *My reaſon, the phyſician to my love*,] So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Aſk me no reaſon why I love you; for though *Love* uſe *reaſon* for his preciſian, [r. *phyſician*] he admits him not for his counſellor." MALONE.

Paſt

Paſt cure I am, now reaſon is paſt care [7],
And frantick-mad with ever-more unreſt;
My thoughts and my diſcourſe as mad men's are,
At random from the truth vainly expreſs'd;
For I have ſworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night [8].

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head,
Which have no correſpondence with true ſight?
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That cenſures falſely [9] what they ſee aright?
If that be fair whereon my falſe eyes dote,
What means the world to ſay it is not ſo?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not ſo true as all men's: no,
How can it? O how can Love's eye be true,
That is ſo vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I miſtake my view;
The ſun itſelf ſees not, till heaven clears.
O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'ſt me blind,
Leſt eyes well-ſeeing thy foul faults ſhould find.

[7] Paſt cure *I am, now reaſon is* paſt care,] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt* (firſt folio): "Great *reaſon*; for *paſt care* is ſtill *paſt cure*." It ſeems to have been a proverbial ſaying. The paſſage now before us ſhows that Mr. Theobald's tranſpoſition (for paſt *cure* is ſtill paſt *care*) which has been adopted in the modern editions, is unneceſſary. MALONE.

[8] —*as black as hell, as dark as night.*] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"—Black is the badge of *hell*,
"The hue of dungeons, and the ſcowl of *night*."

STEEVENS.

[9] *That* cenſures *falſely*—] That *eſtimates* falſely. So, in Sir Walter Raleigh's *Commendatory Verſes* prefixed to Gaſcoigne's *Steel Glaſſe*, 1575:

"Wherefore, to give my *cenſure* of this book—"

MALONE.

CXLIX.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake [1]?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake [2]?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend [3]?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou low'rst on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes [4]?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind;
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?

[1] *When I, against myself, with thee partake?*] i. e. take part with thee against myself. STEEVENS.

[2] —*all tyrant, for thy sake?*] That is, for the sake of *thee*, thou tyrant. Perhaps however the author wrote:

———when I forgot
Am of myself, all *truant* for thy sake?

So, in the 101st *Sonnet:*

"O *truant* Muse, what shall be thy amends
"For thy *neglect* of truth——" MALONE.

[3] *Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?*] This is from one of the Psalms: "Do I not hate those that hate thee? &c." STEEVENS.

[4] *Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?*] So, in *Coriolanus:*
"He wag'd me with his countenance." STEEVENS.

Again, more appositely, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"Her gentlewomen like the Nereides,
"So many mermaids, *tended her i' the eyes*,
"And made their *bends* adornings?" MALONE.

To

To make me give the lie to my true ſight,
And ſwear that brightneſs doth not grace the day[5]?
Whence haſt thou this becoming of things ill[6],
That in the very refuſe of thy deeds
There is ſuch ſtrength and warrantiſe of ſkill,
That in my mind, thy worſt all beſt exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and ſee juſt cauſe of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou ſhould'ſt not abhor my ſtate;
  If thy unworthineſs rais'd love in me,
  More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conſcience is;
Yet who knows not, conſcience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiſs,
Leſt guilty of my faults thy ſweet ſelf prove.
For thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my groſs body's treaſon;
My ſoul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; fleſh ſtays no farther reaſon;
But riſing at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be;
To ſtand in thy affairs, fall by thy ſide.
  No want of conſcience hold it that I call
  Her love, for whoſe dear love I riſe and fall.

[5] *And ſwear that brightneſs doth not grace the day?*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo:
"*I'll ſay, yon grey is not the morning's eye* &c."
STEEVENS.

[6] *Whence haſt thou this* becoming of things ill,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"Fie, wrangling queen!
"Whom every thing *becomes*; to chide, to laugh,
"To weep." MALONE.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'ſt I am forſworn,
But thou art twice forſworn, to me love ſwearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuſe thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd moſt;
For all my vows are oaths but to miſuſe thee,
And all my honeſt faith in thee is loſt:
For I have ſworn deep oaths of thy deep kindneſs,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy conſtancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindneſs,
Or made them ſwear againſt the thing they ſee[7];
For I have ſworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To ſwear, againſt the truth, ſo foul a lie[8]!

CLIII.

Cupid lay'd by his brand, and fell aſleep[9]:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,

And

[7] —*ſwear againſt the thing they ſee*;] So, in *Timon*,
"Swear againſt *objects*." STEEVENS

[8] ———*more perjur'd* I
To ſwear, againſt the truth, ſo foul a lie!] The quarto is here, I think, corrupt. It reads—more perjur'd *eye* &c.
MALONE.

[9] *Cupid lay'd by his brand and fell aſleep*;] This and the following Sonnet, are compoſed of the very ſame thoughts differently verſified. They ſeem to have been early eſſays of the poet, who perhaps had not determined which he ſhould prefer. He hardly could have intended to ſend them both into the world.
MALONE.

That the poet intended them alike for publication, may be inferred from the following lines in the 105th *Sonnet:*
"Since all alike my ſongs and praiſes be,
"To one, of one, ſtill ſuch and ever ſo——"
Again:
"Therefore my verſe——
"One thing expreſſing, leaves out difference."
Again:

"Fair,

And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men prove,
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye love's brand new-fired,
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I sick withal, the help of bath desired [1],
And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
  But found no cure; the bath for my help lies
  Where Cupid got new fire; my mistress' eyes.

CLIV.

The little love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,

"Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
"Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words."
STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *the help of* bath *desired*,
And thither *hied*, ——] Query, whether we should read *Bath* (i. e the city of that name). The following words seem to authorize it. STEEVENS.

See the subsequent sonnet, which contains the same thoughts differently versified:

"Growing *a* bath &c.
"———but I my mistress' thrall
"Came *there* for cure."

So, before, in the present Sonnet:

"And grew *a* seething *bath*——" MALONE.

Growing a bath and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
  Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
  Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

PAS-

PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

PASSIONATE PILGRIM [1].

I.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument [2],
Per-

[1] *The Passionate Pilgrim* was first published by W. Jaggard in duodecimo, 1599, with our author's name. Two of the Sonnets inserted in that collection are also found (as has been already observed) in the larger collection, printed in 1609; which having been already laid before the reader, [see before, Sonnet 138 and 144,] are omitted. Most of these little pieces bear the strongest marks of the hand of Shakspeare. However, as the editor inserted among them a poem of Marlowe's, (which is now rejected,) perhaps one or two other pieces may have likewise crept in, that were not the production of our author. MALONE.

Why the present collection of Sonnets &c. should be entitled *The Passionate Pilgrim*, I cannot discover, as it is made up out of the loose fragments of Shakspeare, together with pieces of other writers. Perhaps it was so called by its first editor William Jaggard the bookseller. We may be almost sure that our author never designed the majority of these his unconnected scraps for the publick.

On the Stationers' books the two following entries occur: "Jan. 3. 1599, Amours by J. D. with certen Sonets by W. S." This entry is made by Eleazar Edgar.

Nov. 4. 1639, John Benson "Entred for his copie under the handes of D. Wykes and M. Fetherston wardens, an addicion of some excellent Poems to Shakspeare's Poems, by other gentle-

[2] ——cannot *hold argument*,] This is the reading in *Love's Labour's Lost*, where this Sonnet is inserted. *The Passionate Pilgrim* has:

——*could* not hold argument. MALONE.

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine [3],
Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise [4]?

II.

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook [5],
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,
Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.

men. viz. His Mistress Drawne, and her Mind, by Ben Jonson. An Epistle to Ben Jonson, by Francis Beaumont. His Mistris Shade, by R. Herrick &c."

These collections I have never seen. STEEVENS.

The latter entry relates to the edition of Shakspeare's Poems in duodecimo, published in 1640, by Thomas Cotes, for John Benson. At the end are annexed the Poems of B. Jonson &c. above mentioned. MALONE.

[3] — which *on* my *earth* dost *shine*,] So *Love's Labour's Lost*. *The Passionate Pilgrim* reads:

—— *that* on *this* earth *doth* shine,
Exhale this vapour &c. MALONE.

Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st *this vapour*——] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"It is some meteor that the *sun exhales*." STEEVENS.

[4] *To break an oath, to win a paradise?*] So, in *Love's Labour's Lost:*

"It is religion, to be thus forsworn." STEEVENS.

[5] *Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,*] Several of these Sonnets seem to have been essays of the author when he first conceived the idea of writing a poem on the subject of Venus and Adonis, and before the scheme of his poem was adjusted. MALONE.

She

She told him ſtories to delight his ear;
She ſhow'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, ſhe touch'd him here and there:
Touches ſo ſoft ſtill conquer chaſtity [6].
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refus'd to take her figur'd proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile and jeſt at every gentle offer:
  Then fell ſhe on her back, fair queen, and toward;
  He roſe and ran away; ah fool too froward!

III.

If love make me forſworn, how ſhall I ſwear to love?
O never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myſelf forſworn, to thee I'll conſtant prove;
Thoſe thoughts to me like oaks, to thee like oſiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes [7],
Where all thoſe pleaſures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee ſhall ſuffice;
Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend;
All ignorant that ſoul that ſees thee without wonder;
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admire:

[6] Touches *ſo ſoft ſtill* conquer *chaſtity*.] Thus, in *Cymbeline*:
"——a *touch* more rare
"*Subdues* all pangs all fears." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*makes his book thine eyes*,] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:
"From women's *eyes* this *doctrine* I derive &c."
Again, ibid:
"——women's *eyes*——
"They are the *books*, the *arts*, the academes——"
MALONE.

Thine eye Jove's lightning ſeems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is muſick and ſweet fire [8].
Celeſtial as thou art, O do not love that wrong,
To ſing the heavens' praiſe with ſuch an earthly
tongue.

IV.

Scarce had the ſun dried up the dewy morn [9],
And ſcarce the herd gone to the hedge for ſhade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an oſier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon us'd to cool his ſpleen.
Hot was the day; ſhe hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.

8 ———*thy voice his dreadful* thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is muſick *and ſweet fire.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——his *voice* was property'd
" As all the *tuned ſpheres*, and that to friends.
" But when he meant to quail and ſhake the orb,
" He was as rattling *thunder*." STEEVENS.

9 *Scarce had the ſun dried up the dewy morn*, &c.] Of this Sonnet the following tranſlation was made by the late Mr. Vincent Bourne:

Vix matutinum ebiberat de gramine rorem,
Umbroſa invitans Phœbus ad antra boves,
Cum ſecum placidi Cytherea ad fluminis undas,
Adventum expectans ſedit, Adoni, tuum.
Sub ſalicis ſedit ramis, ubi ſæpe ſolebat
Procumbens faſtum depoſuiſſe puer.
Æſtus erat gravis; at gravior ſub pectore divæ
Qui fuit, et longe ſævior, æſtus erat.
Mox puer advenit, poſuitque a corpore veſtem,
Tam prope vix Venerem delituiſſe ratus:
Utque deam vidit recubantem in margine ripæ,
Attonitus mediis inſiliebat aquis.
Crudelem decepta dolum fraudemque ſuperbum
Ut videt, his mæſtis ingemit illa modis:
Cur ex æquoreæ ſpumâ cum naſcerer undæ,
Non ipſa, o inquit Jupiter! unda fui! MALONE.

Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly, as this queen on him:
He spying her, bounc'd in, whereas he stood;
Oh Jove, quoth she, why was not I a flood?

V.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle,
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle [1],
Softer than wax, and yet, as iron, rusty:
A little pale, with damask die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burnt with love, as straw with fire flameth,
She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth [2];
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing,
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VI.

If musick and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,

[1] *Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle,*]
Quam digna inscribi vitro, cum lubrica, lævis,
Pellucens, fragilis, vitrea tota nites!
Written under a lady's name on an inn window. STEEVENS.

[2] *She burnt out love, as soon as straw out burneth*;] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:
"——rash *bavin* wits,
"*Soon kindled and soon burnt.*" STEEVENS.

Then

Then muſt the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lov'ſt the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear [3], whoſe heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth raviſh human ſenſe;
Spenſer to me, whoſe deep conceit is ſuch [4],
As paſſing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'ſt to hear the ſweet melodious ſound,
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of muſick, makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd,
Whenas himſelf to ſinging he betakes.
  One god is god of both, as poets feign;
  One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

VII.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * *
Paler for ſorrow than her milk-white dove [5],
For Adon's ſake, a youngſter proud and wild;

[3] Dowland *to thee is dear*,——] *Dowland* was a celebrated Lutaniſt. The king of Denmark was ſo much pleaſed with him, that he requeſted king James to permit him to leave England. He accordingly went to Denmark, and died there. MALONE.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, on the 31ſt of October 1597, is entered "a booke called The firſt booke of Songs or Aires, made of Foure Parts, with Tribletures for the Lute, by *John Dowland*, Batcheler of Muſicke." Again, July 16. 1600, "A booke called The Second Book of Songes or Ayres, of twoo, foure, and five Partes, with Tribletures for the Lute or Orpherion, with the Viol-de-gambo. Compoſed by *John Dowland*, Bachelor of Muſick, and Lutaniſt unto the moſt famous Chriſtian the 4th, by the grace of God, king of Denmark, Norway, &c." Again, in April 1604: "A book called Seven Teares of John Dowland, feigned in Seven Paſſionate Pavans &c. and ſet forth for the Lute &c. in five parts." There are other entries of the works of Dowland in ſubſequent years, viz. 1608, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Spenſer to me, whoſe* deep conceit *is ſuch*,] This ſeems to allude to the *Faery Queen*. If ſo, theſe Sonnets were not written till after 1590, when the firſt three books of that poem were publiſhed. MALONE.

[5] *Paler for ſorrow than her milk-white dove*,] The line preceding this is loſt. MALONE.

Her

Her ſtand ſhe takes upon a ſteep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She ſilly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he ſhould not paſs thoſe grounds;
Once, quoth ſhe, did I ſee a fair ſweet youth
Here in theſe brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a ſpectacle of ruth!
See in my thigh, quoth ſhe, here was the ſore[6]:
  She ſhowed hers; he ſaw more wounds than one,
  And bluſhing fled, and left her all alone.

VIII.

Sweet roſe, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, ſoon faded[7],
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the ſpring[8]!

[6] *See in my thigh, quoth ſhe, here was the ſore* &c.] Rabelais hath ſported with the ſame thought in a chapter where he relateth the ſtory of the *Old Woman and the Lion.* La Fontaine alſo indulgeth himſelf in *Le Diable Papeſiguiere*, after a manner no whit more chaſtiſed:

"Bref auſſi tôt qu'il apperçut l'enorme
"Solution de continuité,
"Il demeura ſi fort épouvanté,
"Qu'il prit la fuite et laiſſa-la Perrette."

The varlet Shakſpeare, however, on this occaſion might have remembered the ancient ballad of the *Gelding of the Devil*, which beginneth thus:

"A pretty jeſt I will you tell &c."

And now I bethink me, ſomewhat like the ſame fancy occurreth in the *Speculum Majus* of Vincentius Bellovacenſis, otherwiſe Vincent de Beauvais. AMNER.

[7] *Sweet roſe* &c.] This ſeems to have been intended for a dirge to be ſung by Venus on the death of Adonis. MALONE.

[8] ——*vaded in the ſpring.*] The verb *fade* throughout theſe little fragments &c. is always thus ſpelt, either in compliance with ancient pronunciation, or in conſequence of a primitive which perhaps modern lexicographers may feel ſome reluctance to acknowledge. They tell us that we owe this word to the French *fade*; but I ſee no reaſon why we may not as well impute its origin to the Latin *vado*, which equally ſerves to indicate departure, motion, and evaneſcence. STEEVENS.

Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely ſhaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too ſoon by death's ſharp ſting!
  Like a green plumb that hangs upon a tree,
  And falls, through wind, before the fall ſhould be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cauſe I have;
For why? thou left'ſt me nothing in thy Will.
And yet thou left'ſt me more than I did crave;
For why? I craved nothing of thee ſtill:
  O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
  Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

IX.

Fair Venus with Adonis ſitting by her [9],
Under a myrtle ſhade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her [1],
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him.
Even thus, quoth ſhe, the warlike god embrac'd me;
And then ſhe clip'd Adonis in her arms:
Even thus, quoth ſhe, the warlike god unlac'd me,
As if the boy ſhould uſe like loving charms.
Even thus, quoth ſhe, he ſeized on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure;
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he ſkips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
  Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
  To kiſs and clip me till I run away!

[9] Fair *Venus with Adonis ſitting by her,*] The old copy reads:
Venus with Adonis ſitting by her.
The defect of the metre ſhows that a word was omitted at the preſs. This remark I owe to Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

[1] *She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,*] See *Venus and Adonis*, ante, p. 409:
"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
"Even by the ſtern and direful god of war, &c."
MALONE.

——*how god* Mars did try her,] So, Prior:
"By Mars himſelf *that armour has been try'd.*"
STEEVENS.

X.

X.

Crabbed age and youth [1]
  Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasance,
  Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
  Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
  Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
  Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
  Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
  O, my love, my love is young:
Age, I do defy thee *;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
  For methinks thou stay'st too long.

[1] *Crabbed age and youth* &c.] This little poem is likewise found in the *Garland of Good-will*, Part III. Dr. Percy thinks that it was "intended for the mouth of Venus, weighing the comparative merits of *youthful* Adonis and *aged* Vulcan." See the *Reliques of Anc. Poet.* vol. I. p. 337. 2d edit. MALONE.

As we know not that Vulcan was much more *aged* than his brethren, Mars, Mercury, or Phœbus, and especially as the fabled deities were supposed to enjoy a perpetuity of health, life, and pleasure, I am unwilling to admit that the laughter-loving dame disliked her husband on any other account than his ungraceful form and his lameness. He who could forge the thunderbolts of Jove, was surely in full strength, and equal to the task of discharging the highest claims and most terrifying exactions even of Venus herself. I do not, in short, perceive how this little poem could have been put, with any singular propriety, into the mouth of the queen of Love, if due regard were paid to the classical situation of her and her husband. STEEVENS.

* *Age, I do* defy *thee*;] I despise or reject thee. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I do *defy* thy conjuration." MALONE.

XI.

XI.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A ſhining gloſs, that fadeth ſuddenly;
A flower that dies, when firſt it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glaſs, that's broken preſently:
A doubtful good, a gloſs, a glaſs, a flower,
Loſt, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods loſt are ſeld or never found,
As faded gloſs no rubbing will refreſh [3],
As flowers dead, lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glaſs no cement can redreſs,
So beauty blemiſh'd once, for ever's loſt,
In ſpite of phyſick, painting, pain, and coſt.

XII.

Good night, good reſt. Ah! neither be my ſhare:
She bade good night, that kept my reſt away;
And daft me [4] to a cabbin hang'd with care,
To deſcant [5] on the doubts of my decay.

[3] *As faded gloſs no rubbing will* refreſh;] A copy of this poem ſaid to be printed from an ancient Mſ. and publiſhed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. XXIX. p. 39. reads:

As faded gloſs no rubbing will *excite*;

and in the correſponding line:

As broken glaſs no cement can *unite*. MALONE.

Read the firſt of theſe lines how we will, it is founded on a falſe poſition. Every one knows that the gloſs or poliſh on all works of art may be reſtored, and that rubbing is the means of reſtoring it. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare, I believe, alludes to faded ſilk, of which the colour, when once changed, cannot be reſtored but by a ſecond dying. MALONE.

[4] *And* daft *me* &c.] So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"——canſt thou ſo *daffe* me?"

To *daff*, or *doff*, is to put off. STEEVENS.

[5] *To* deſcant *on the doubts* &c.] *Deſcant* is muſical paraphraſe. See note on *K. Richard III*, laſt edit. Vol. VII. p. 6. STEEVENS.

Farewel,

Farewel, quoth ſhe, and come again to-morrow;
Farewel I could not, for I ſupp'd with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile,
In ſcorn or friendſhip, nill I conſtrue whether:
May be, ſhe joy'd to jeſt at my exile,
May be [6], again to make me wander thither:
Wander, a word for ſhadows like myſelf,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XIII.

Lord how mine eyes throw gazes to the eaſt!
My heart doth charge the watch [7]; the morning riſe
Doth cite each moving ſenſe from idle reſt.
Not daring truſt the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark [8];

For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty [9],
And drives away dark diſmal-dreaming night:
The night ſo pack'd, I poſt unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wiſhed ſight;
Sorrow chang'd to ſolace, ſolace mix'd with ſorrow;
For why? ſhe ſigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;

[6] 'T *may be*——
'T *may be*,——] I will never believe any poet could begin two lines together, with ſuch offenſive eliſions. They may both be omitted without injury to ſenſe or metre. STEEVENS.

[7] *My heart doth* charge the watch;——] The meaning of this phraſe is not very clear. STEEVENS.

Perhaps the poet, wiſhing for the approach of morning, enjoins the watch to haſten through their nocturnal duty. MALONE.

[8] *While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,*
And wiſh her lays were tuned like the lark.] In *Romeo and Juliet*, the lark and nightingale are in like manner oppoſed to each other. MALONE.

[9] *For ſhe doth welcome day-light with her ditty,*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"It was the *lark*, the *herald* of the *morn*," MALONE.

To spite me now, each minute seems an hour[1];
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow;
Short, Night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XIV.

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three[2],
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till

[1] *To spite me now, each minute seems an hour;*] So, in one of our author's plays:

"In lovers' minutes there are many hours."

From the want of rhime, I suspect there is here some corruption. The compositor probably caught the word *hour* from the preceding line. MALONE.

I would read—each minute seems a *moon*; i. e. a *month*. Thus is the rhime restored without diminution of the sense. STEEVENS.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems an hour;] Thus, in Dr. Young's *Revenge:*

"While in the lustre of her charms I lay,
"Whole summer suns roll'd unperceiv'd away—
"Now fate does rigidly her dues regain,
"And every moment is an age of pain."

Dr. Young, however, was no needy borrower, and therefore the coincidence between these passages may be regarded as the effect of accident. There are, however, certain hyperbolical expressions which the inamoratoes of all ages have claimed as right of commonage. STEEVENS.

[2] *It was a lording's daughter* &c.] This and the five following Sonnets are said in the old copy to have been set to musick. Mr. Oldys, in one of his MSS. says they were set by John and Thomas Morley. MALONE.

There is a wretched ditty, beginning:

"*It was a lady's daughter*
"*Of Paris properly* &c."

Another:

"*It was a blind beggar*
"*That long had lost his sight*—"

Another:

"*It was an old man and his poor wife*
"*In great distress did fall*—"

and

Till looking on an Englishman, the fairest that eye
could see,
Her fancy fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtful, that love with love
did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
knight:
To put in practice either, alas it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.
But one must be refused, more mickle was the pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both to
gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded with
disdain:
Alas she could not help it!
Thus art with arms contending was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

XV.

On a day (alack the day [3]!)
Love, whose month was ever May [4],
Spy'd a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air,

and twenty more *It was's*, that might as reputably be imputed to Shakspeare, who excels in ballads, as this despicable composition. STEEVENS.

I am afraid our author is himself answerable for one of these *It was's*. See *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 375. edit. 1778:
"*It was* a lover and his lass &c." MALONE.

[3] *On a day (alack the day!)* &c.] This Sonnet is likewise found in a collection of verses entitled *England's Helicon*, printed in 1600. It is there called *The Passionate Sheepheard's Song*, and our author's name is affixed to it. It occurs also in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act IV. sc. iii. MALONE.

[4] ——*whose month* was *ever May*,] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, it is—"*is* ever May." MALONE.

Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen [4], 'gan passage find;
That the lover [5], sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath:
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow,
Air, would I might triumph so!
But alas! my hand hath sworn [6]
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee [7];
Thou for whom even Jove would swear [8]
Juno but an Ethiope were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love [9].

XVI.

My flocks feed not [1],
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:

Love's

[4] ——— *the* wind
All unseen, ——] This passage will serve to support the old reading in a song in *As you like it:*
" Thy tooth is not so keen,
" Because thou art *not seen.*" STEEVENS.

[5] *That the* lover ——] *England's Helicon* reads:
That the *shepherd* &c. MALONE.

[6] —*my hand* hath *sworn*] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, this line is printed with a slight variation:
But alas my hand *is* sworn. MALONE.

[7] *Do not call it* &c.] These two lines are supplied from the play. They are wanting in *England's Helicon*, and in the *Passionate Pilgrim.* MALONE.

[8] ——even *Jove would swear*] The word *even* has been supplied by some modern editor. MALONE.

[9] ——*for* thy *love.*] *England's Helicon* reads:
Turning mortal for *my* love. MALONE.

[1] *My flocks feed not*, &c.] This Sonnet is also found in *England's*

Love's denying [2],
Faith's defying,
Heart's renying,
Causer of this [3].
All my merry jigs are quite forgot [4],
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss;
O frowning fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see,
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I [5],
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me [6],
Living in thrall:

Heart

gland's Helicon, 1600. It is there entitled *The Unknown Sheepherd's Complaint*; and subscribed *Ignoto*. It is likewise printed in a Collection of Madrigals, by Thomas Weelkes, quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[2] *Love's denying* &c.] A denial of love, a breach of faith &c. *being* the cause of all these misfortunes. *The Passionate Pilgrim* has—Love *is dying*, and—Heart's *denying*. The reading of the text is found in *England's Helicon*, except that it has Love *is*, and Faith *is*. *Renying* is from the French, *renier*, to forswear. MALONE.

[3] *Causer of this.*] Read—'*Cause* of this; i. e. *Because* of this. STEEVENS.

[4] *All my merry* jigs *are quite forgot*,] A *jig* was a metrical composition. So, in the Prologue to Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage:*

"A *jig* shall be clap'd at, and every *rhime*
"Prais'd and applauded &c."

Again, in *Bussy d'Ambois*, a tragedy by Chapman, 1607:

"'Tis one of the best *jigs* that ever was *acted*." MALONE.

[5] *In black* mourn *I*,] Jaggard's copy has—*morne*. The reading of the text was supplied by *England's Helicon*. MALONE.

[6] *Love* hath *forlorn* me,] As the mêtre as well as rhime in this

Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
(O cruel ſpeeding!)
Fraughted with gall.
My ſhepherd's pipe can ſound no deal [7],
My wethers' bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but ſeems afraid;
With ſighs ſo deep,
Procures to weep [8],
In howling-wiſe, to ſee my doleful plight.
How ſighs reſound *
Through heartleſs ground [9],
Like a thouſand vanquiſh'd men in bloody fight!
Clear

this paſſage is defective, I ſuſpect ſome corruption, and would read:

Love forlorn I,

i. e. I love forlorn, i. e deſerted, forſaken &c. STEEVENS.

The metre is the ſame as in the correſponding line:

O cruel ſpeeding.

To the exactneſs of rhime the author appears to have paid little attention. We have juſt had *dame* and *remain*. MALONE.

[7] *My ſhepherd's pipe can ſound no* deal,] i. e. in no degree, more or leſs. Thus Fairfax:

"This charge, ſome *deal* thee haply honour may."
STEEVENS.

[8] *With ſighs ſo deep,*
Procures to *weep* &c.] There is, I believe, here ſome groſs corruption. If any example could be produced of ſuch an abbreviation being anciently uſed, we might read:

With ſighs ſo deep,
Poor curs do weep, &c.

Perhaps, however, only the firſt word of the former line is corrupt, and *my* ſhould be ſubſtituted inſtead of *with*. The paſſage deſerves but little conſideration. MALONE.

The verb *procure* is uſed with great laxity by Shakſpeare in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"——it is my lady mother:
"What unaccuſtom'd cauſe *procures* her hither?"

In ſhort, the dog *procures* (i. e. manages matters) ſo as to weep.
STEEVENS.

* How *ſighs reſound*] I believe we ſhould read—*His* ſighs &c.
MALONE.

[9] ——*through* heartleſs *ground*,] *Heartleſs* ground is *exhauſted* mould.

Clear wells ſpring not,
Sweet birds ſing not,
Green plants bring not
  Forth; they die:
Herds ſtand weeping,
Flocks all ſleeping,
Nymphs back [1] peeping
  Fearfully.
All our pleaſure known to us poor ſwains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening ſport from us is fled,
All our love is loſt, for love is dead.
Farewel, ſweet love,
Thy like ne'er was [2]
  For ſweet content, the cauſe of all my moan [3]:
Poor Coridon
Muſt live alone,
  Other help for him I ſee that there is none.

mould. To plough ſoil out of *heart*, is ſtill a common phraſe. In the preſent inſtance it means fields left in a ſtate of ſterility, becauſe they were unable to bear a crop. STEEVENS.

Heartleſs ground means here, I think, *deſolated* ground; correſponding in its appearance to the unhappy ſtate of its owner. MALONE.

[1] *Nymphs* back——] This is the reading of *England's Helicon*. *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* has:
  Nymphs *black* peeping fearfully. MALONE.

[2] *Farewel, ſweet love,*
  Thy like ne'er was,] In the correſponding part of the preceding Sonnet, the ſtructure of which is exactly the ſame as that of this, the lines rhime. Perhaps we ought to read:
  Farewel, ſweet *laſs*. MALONE.

——*thy like ne'er* was,] There is no rhime to correſpond with *was*, unleſs we tranſpoſe the next line, and read:
  ——of all my moan the *cauſe*. STEEVENS.

[3] *For ſweet content, the cauſe of all my* moan.] This reading was furniſhed by the copy printed in *England's Helicon*. The rhime ſhows it to be the true one. *The Paſſionate Pilgrim* has:
  ——the cauſe of all my *woe*.
Perhaps we ought to read—*thou* cauſe &c. MALONE.

XVII.

When as thine eye hath chofe the dame,
And ftall'd the deer that thou fhould'ft ftrike [4],
Let reafon rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial might [5];
  Take counfel of fome wifer head,
  Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'ft thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk [6],
Left fhe fome fubtle practice fmell;
(A cripple foon can find a halt:)
  But plainly fay thou lov'ft her well,
  And fet her perfon forth to fale [7].

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;

[4] *And ftall'd the deer that thou fhould'ft ftrike,*] So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——when thou haft ta'en thy ftand,
"The elected deer before thee." MALONE.

[5] *As well as* fancy, *partial* might:] *Fancy* here means *love*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"A martial man to be foft *fancy*'s flave!"

The reading of the old copy—partial *might*, appears to me to afford no meaning. A letter was, I fuppofe, inverted at the prefs, and *might* printed inftead of *wight*. This is, I think, the only error. In the next ftanza the rhime is, as here, imperfect; and yet the fenfe fhows there that the text is not corrupt. Our ancient poets fometimes contented themfelves with very imperfect rhimes. MALONE.

Partial *might* is partial *power*; and who, in poetical language, would fcruple to call *Fancy* a *powerful* but a partial *being*? Were it neceffary to fend out conjecture in queft of a better rhime, we might read—partial *tike*, a term of contempt employed by Shakfpeare and our old writers. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *with* filed *talk*,] With ftudied or polifhed language. So, in B. Jonfon's Verfes on our author:

"In his well-torned and true-*filed* lines." MALONE.

[7] —*to* fale.] The rhime requires that we fhould read—to *fell*, and the fenfe is no way injured by the change. STEEVENS.

And then too late ſhe will repent,
That thus diſſembled her delight;
And twice deſire, ere it be day [8],
That which with ſcorn ſhe put away.

What though ſhe ſtrive to try her ſtrength,
And ban and brawl [9], and ſay thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to ſay:
"Had women been ſo ſtrong as men,
In faith you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways;
Spare not to ſpend,—and chiefly there
Where thy deſert may merit praiſe,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with aſſured truſt,
And in thy ſuit be humble, true;
Unleſs thy lady prove unjuſt,
Preſs never thou to chooſe anew:
When time ſhall ſerve, be thou not ſlack
To proffer, though ſhe put thee back.

[8] *And twice deſire ere it be day*,] The old copy reads:
——*yet* it be day.
Yet was manifeſtly a miſprint for *yer*, which is found in the ſecond line of this ſtanza. *Yer* for *ere*. So, in Corin's *Dream of his Fair Cloris*, inſerted in *England's Helicon*, 1600:
"But I could neither my faire Chloris view,
"Nor yet the ſatire which *yer*-while I ſlew." MALONE.
We ſhould certainly read either *ere*, or at leaſt *y'ere*, i. e. *you ere*. We may ſervilely follow ancient falſe ſpelling, till what we publiſh is unintelligible. STEEVENS.

[9] *And* ban *and brawl*,——] To *ban* is to curſe. So, in *K. Richard III:*
"You bade me *ban*, and will you have me leave?"
MALONE.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know.
  Have you not heard it said full oft,
  A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin, and never for to saint[1]:
There is no heaven, by holy then[2],
When time with age shall them attaint.
  Were kisses all the joys in bed,
  One woman would another wed.

But soft; enough,—too much I fear,
Lest that my mistress hear my song;
She'll not stick to round me i' th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
  Yet will she blush, here be it said,
  To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XVIII.

As it fell upon a day[3],
In the merry month of May,

Sitting

[1] *To sin, and never for to saint.*] So, Pope:
"—— to sinner it or saint it." MALONE.

[2] —— *by holy then,*] Perhaps a phrase equivalent to another still in use—*By all that's sacred.* It may however be a corruption. STEEVENS.

[3] *As it fell* &c.] Part of this elegant Sonnet is likewise printed in *England's Helicon*, and is there said to have been written by the same author as the preceding one, beginning,—*My flocks feed not*, It is subscribed *Ignoto.* MALONE.

Ignoto is the occasional signature of Spenser. STEEVENS.

The editor of *England's Helicon* printed most of the poems in his collection from MSS. which at that time were probably handed about, and in the possession of many persons, even after they had appeared in print. In consequence of this, he has to some of those pieces subscribed only initial letters, to others no name

at

Sitting in a pleafant fhade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beafts did leap, and birds did fing,
Trees did grow, and plants did fpring:
Every thing did banifh moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breaft up-till a thorn [4],
And there fung the dolefull'ft ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
Fie, fie, fie, now would fhe cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to hear her fo complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, fo lively fhown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'ft in vain;
None take pity on thy pain:
Senfelefs trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthlefs beafts [5], they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion [6], he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead:
All thy fellow birds do fing,
Carelefs of thy forrowing.

at all, though the very fame poems had before been publifhed with their authors' names. He appears to have ufed the fignature *Ignoto* in the fame fenfe as we now employ the word *Anonymous.* MALONE.

4 *Lean'd her breaft* up-till *a thorn,*] *England's Helicon* reads:
"Lean'd her breaft *againft* a thorn." MALONE.

5 *Ruthlefs* beafts, ——] This is the reading in *England's Helicon.* So, before: "*Beafts* did leap." *The Paffionate Pilgrim* has:
Ruthlefs *bears* they will not cheer thee. MALONE.

Beafts is the reading I fhould prefer, becaufe the poet was an Englifhman, and wrote in his own country, where *bears* are exhibited only as rarities, though enough of other animals are within the obfervation of ruftick lovers. STEEVENS.

6 *King* Pandion, ——] The father of Philomela, who, according to the fable, was turned into a nightingale. MALONE.

Even

Even ſo, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me [7].

Whilſt as fickle fortune ſmil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſery.
Words are eaſy like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend;
But if ſtore of crowns be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want [8].
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call:
And with ſuch like flattering,
"*Pity but he were a king.*"

If he be addict to vice [9],
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewel his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Uſe his company no more.

[7] *Even ſo poor bird* &c.] Theſe two lines were ſupplied from *England's Helicon*. The following verſes are wanting in that collection. MALONE.

[8] *Every man will be thy friend,*
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend;
But if ſtore of crowns be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want] So, in *Hamlet*:
"And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
"For who not needs ſhall never lack a friend;
"And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
"Directly ſeaſons him his enemy." MALONE.
Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos;
Nullus ad amiſſas ibit amicus opes. STEEVENS.

[9] *If he be addict to vice*, &c.] This and the three following lines are wanting in a copy of this poem, in the Pepyſian Collection, Magdalen College, Cambridge. MALONE.

He

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou ſorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot ſleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
Theſe are certain ſigns to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe [1].

XIX.

Take, oh, take thoſe lips away [2],
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn;
And thoſe eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do miſlead the morn:
But my kiſſes bring again,
Seals of love, but ſeal'd in vain [3].

[1] *—from flattering foe.*] The foregoing eighteen Sonnets are all that are found in the Collection printed by W. Jaggard in 1599, under the title of *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, excepting two, which have been already inſerted in their proper places (p. 621. and 646.), and a Madrigal, beginning with the words, *Come live with me* &c. which has been omitted, as being the production, not of Shakſpeare, but Marlowe. In the room of theſe, two ſmall pieces have been added, the authenticity of which ſeems unqueſtionable. MALONE.

[2] *Take, oh, take thoſe lips away,*] This little poem is not printed in *The Paſſionate Pilgrim*, probably becauſe it was not written ſo early as 1599. The firſt ſtanza of it is introduced in *Meaſure for Meaſure*. In Fletcher's *Bloody Brother* it is found entire. Whether the ſecond ſtanza was alſo written by Shakſpeare, cannot now be aſcertained. All the ſongs, however, introduced in our author's plays, appear to have been his own compoſition; and the preſent contains an expreſſion of which he ſeems to have been peculiarly fond. See the next note. MALONE.

[3] Seals of love, *but ſeal'd in vain.*] So, in our author's 142d *Sonnet:*

"——not from thoſe lips of thine,
"That have prophan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
"And *ſeal'd falſe bonds of love*, as oft as mine."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis:*

"Pure lips, ſweet *ſeals*, in my ſoft lips imprinted,
"What bargains may I make ſtill to be *ſealing*?"

MALONE.

Hide,

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow [4],
Are of those that April wears.
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

XX.

Let the bird of loudest lay [5],
On the sole Arabian tree [6],
Herald

[4] *On whose tops the* pinks *that grow,*] The following thought in one of Prior's poems is akin to this:

"An ugly hard *rose-bud* has fallen in my neck."

STEEVENS.

[5] *Let the bird of loudest lay,*] In 1601 a book was published, entitled LOVE'S MARTYR, *or* ROSALIN'S COMPLAINT, *Allegorically shadowing the Truth of Love, in the constant Fate of the Phœnix and Turtle. A Poem enterlaced with much Varietie and Raritie; now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato Cæliano, by Robert Chester. With the true Legend of famous King Arthur, the last of the nine Worthies; being the first Essay of a new British Poet: collected out of diverse authentical Records.*

To these are added some new Compositions of several modern Writers, whose Names are subscribed to their severall Workes; upon the first Subject, viz. the Phœnix and Turtle.

Among these new compositions is the following poem, subscribed with our author's name. The second title prefixed to these verses, is yet more full. "*Hereafter follow diverse Poetical Essaies on the former Subject, viz. the Turtle and Phœnix. Done by the best and chiefest of our modern Writers, with their Names subscribed to their particular Workes.* Never before extant.

And now first consecrated by them all generally to the Love and Merit of the true-noble Knight, Sir John Salisburie."

The principal writers associated with Shakspeare in this collection are B. Jonson, Marston, and Chapman. The above very particular account of these verses leaves us, I think, no room to doubt of the genuineness of this little poem. MALONE.

[6] *On the* sole *Arabian* tree,] A learned friend would read:

Sole on the Arabian tree.

As there are many Arabian trees, though fabulous narrations have celebrated but one Arabian bird, I was so thoroughly convinced of the propriety of this change, that I had once regulated the text accordingly. But in emendation, as in determining on the life

Herald ſad and trumpet be [7],
To whoſe ſound chaſte wings obey.

But thou ſhrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-curꝛer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end [8],
To this troop come thou not near [9].

From this ſeſſion interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king [1]:
Keep the obſequy ſo ſtrict.

Let

life of man, *nulla unquam cunctatio longa eſt*; for the following paſſage in *The Tempeſt* fully ſupports the old copy:

" Now I will believe
" That there are unicorns; that in *Arabia*
" There is *one tree*, the *phœnix'* throne; one phœnix
" At this hour reigning there." MALONE.

[7] Herald ſad *and* trumpet *be*,] So, in *K. John*:

" ——Be thou the *trumpet* of our wrath,
" And *ſullen preſage* of your own decay." STEEVENS.

[8] *But thou* ſhrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-curꝛer *of the fiend*,
Augur of the fever's end,] The ſcritch-owl; the *foul pre-curꝛer* of death. So, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" Now the waſted brands do glow,
" While the *ſcritch-owl*, ſcritching loud,
" Puts the wretch that lies in woe,
" In remembrance of a ſhrowd."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" And even the like *precurſe* of fierce events,
" As *harbingers* preceding ſtill the *fates*,
" And *prologue to the omen coming on* ——
" Have heaven and earth together demonſtrated
" Unto our climatures and countrymen." MALONE.

[9] *To this troop come thou not near*.] Part of this poem reſembles the ſong in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" Ye ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
" Thorny hedge-hogs, be not ſeen;
" Newts, and blind-worms, do no harm;
" *Come not near our fairy queen* &c." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*the eagle*, feather'd *king*;] So, in Mr. Gray's *Ode on the Progreſs of Poetry*:

" ——thy

Let the prieſt in ſurplice white,
That defunctive muſick can [2],
Be the death-divining ſwan,
Leſt the *requiem* lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow [3],
That thy ſable gender mak'ſt [4]
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,
'Mongſt our mourners ſhalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:—
Love and conſtancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the eſſence but in one;
Two diſtincts, diviſion none:
Number there in love was ſlain.

"——thy magick lulls the *feather'd king*
"With ruffled plumes and flagging wing." STEEVENS.

[2] *That defunctive muſick can,*] That underſtands funereal muſick. To *con* in Saxon ſignifies to *know*. The modern editions read:

That defunctive muſick *ken*. MALONE.

[3] *And thou*, treble-dated *crow*,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"To pluck the quills from *ancient* ravens' wings."
MALONE.

——cornicum ut ſecla vetuſta.
Ter tres ætates humanas garrula vincit
Cornix—— *Lucret.* STEEVENS.

[4] That thy ſable gender mak'ſt
With the breath thou giv'ſt and tak'ſt,] I ſuppoſe this uncouth expreſſion means, that the *crow*, or *raven*, continues its race by the *breath* it *gives* to them as its parent, and by *that* which it *takes* from other animals: i. e. by firſt producing its young from itſelf, and then providing for their ſupport by depredation. Thus, in *K. John*:
"——and vaſt confuſion waits
"*(As doth a raven on a ſick-fallen beaſt)*
"The imminent decay of wreſted pomp."
This is the beſt I can make of the paſſage. STEEVENS.

Hearts

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder [5].

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right [6]
Flaming in the phœnix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same [7];
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded;

[5] *But in them* it were a wonder.] So extraordinary a phænomenon as *hearts remote, yet not asunder* &c. would have excited astonishment had it been found any where else *except in these* two birds. In them it was not wonderful. MALONE.

[6] *That the turtle saw his* right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight;] I suppose we should read *light*; i. e. the turtle saw all the *day* he wanted, in the eyes of the phœnix. So, Antony speaking to Cleopatra:
" —— O thou *day* o' the world,
" Chain my arm'd neck!"
Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
Bass. " We should hold *day* with the Antipodes,
" *If you would walk in absence of the sun.*
Por. " Let me *give light*, but let me not be light." STEEVENS.
I do not perceive any need of change. The turtle saw those qualities which were his *right*, which were peculiarly *appropriated* to him, in the phœnix.—*Light* certainly corresponds better with the word *flaming* in the next line; but Shakspeare seldom puts his comparisons on four feet. MALONE.

[7] *Property was thus appall'd,*
That the self was not the same;] This communication of *appropriated* qualities alarmed the power that presides over *property*. Finding *that the self was not the same*, he began to fear that nothing would remain distinct and individual; that all things would become common. MALONE.

That

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain[8].

Whereupon it made this threne[9]
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love;
As chorus to their tragick scene.

THRENOS.

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest,
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:—
'Twas not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

8 *Love hath reason, reason none,*
If what parts *can so remain.*] Love is reasonable, and reason is folly, [has no reason] *if two that are disunited* from each other, can yet remain together and undivided. MALONE.

9 *Whereupon it made this* threne] This *funeral song*. A book entitled David's *Threanes*, by J. Heywood, was published in 1620. Two years afterwards it was reprinted under the title of David's *Tears*: the former title probably was discarded as obsolete. For this information I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

A LO-

A LOVER's COMPLAINT.

A LOVER's COPMLAINT[1]

From off a hill whofe concave womb re-worded [2]
A plaintful ftory from a fiftering vale [3],
My fpirits to attend this double voice accorded [4],
And down I lay to lift the fad-tun'd tale :
Ere long efpy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with forrow's wind and rain [5].

[1] This poem was firft printed in 1609, with our author's name, at the end of the quarto edition of his *Sonnets*. MALONE.

[2] —— *whofe concave womb* re-worded] Repeated; re-echoed. The fame verb is found in *Hamlet* :

" Bring me to the teft,
" And I the matter will *re-word*." MALONE.

[3] ——*from a* fiftering *vale*,] This word is again employed by Shakfpeare in *Pericles*, 1609 :

" That even her art *fifters* the natural rofes."

It is not, I believe, ufed by any other author. MALONE.

[4] *My* fpirits *to attend this double voice accorded*,] The poet meant, I think, that the word *fpirits* fhould be pronounced as if written *fprights*. MALONE.

[5] *Storming her* world *with forrow's wind and rain*.] So, in *Julius Cæfar* :

" ——— and the ftate of man,
" Like to a little *kingdom*, fuffers then
" The nature of an infurrection."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

" ———Remember thee ?
" Ay, thou poor ghoft, while memory holds a feat
" In this diftracted *globe*."

Sorrow's *wind and rain* are *fighs* and *tears*. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra* : " We cannot call her *winds* and *waters*, *fighs* and *tears*." The modern editions read corruptedly :

Storming her *words* with *forrows*, wind &c. MALONE.

Upon her head a platted hive of ſtraw,
Which fortified her viſage from the ſun,
Whereon the thought might think ſometime it ſaw
The carcaſe of a beauty ſpent and done [6].
Time had not ſcythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, ſpite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of ſear'd age [7].

Oft did ſhe heave her napkin [8] to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters [9],
Laund'ring the ſilken figures in the brine
That ſeaſon'd woe had pelleted in tears [1],

And

[6] —*ſpent and* done.] *Done*, it has been already obſerved, was anciently uſed in the ſenſe of *conſumed*. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"And if poſſeſs'd, as ſoon decay'd and *done*." MALONE.

[7] *Some* beauty *peep'd through* lattice *of* ſear'd *age*.] Thus, in the 3d *Sonnet*:

"So thou through *windows* of thine *age* ſhall ſee,
"Deſpite of wrinkles, this thy golden time."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——my way of life
"Is fallen into the *ſear*, the yellow leaf."

This line ſeems to confirm a conjecture of Dr. Johnſon's in *Timon of Athens*:

"—— for thoſe milk-paps
"That through the window-*bars* bore at men's eyes,
"Are not within the leaf of pity writ——"

The old copy reads window-*barn*. MALONE.

Shakſpeare has applied this image to a comick purpoſe in *K. Henry IV*. P. II: "He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red *lattice*, and I could diſcern no part of his face from the window: at laſt I ſpied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and *peep'd through*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Oft did ſhe heave her* napkin——] Her *handkerchief*. So, in *Othello*:

"Your *napkin* is too little" MALONE.

[9] *Which on it had* conceited characters,] Fanciful images. Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Which the *conceited* painter drew ſo proud—" MALONE.

[1] Laund'ring *the ſilken figures in the* brine
That ſeaſon'd *woe had* pelleted *in tears*,] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"*Seaſoning*

And often reading what contents it bears;
As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe,
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride [2],
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime diverted * their poor balls are ty'd
To the orbed earth [3]; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and no where fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor ty'd in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;

"*Seasoning* the earth with showers of silver *brine*."
Laundering is *wetting*. The verb is now obsolete. To *pellet* is to form into *pellets*, to which, being *round*, Shakspeare, with his usual licence, compares falling tears. The word, I believe, is found no where but here and in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" - My brave Egyptians all,
" By the discandying of this *pelleted* storm,
" Lie graveless." MALONE.

Season'd *woe had* pelleted *in tears*,] This phrase is from the kitchen. *Pellet* was the ancient culinary term for *a forced meat ball*, a well-known *seasoning*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Sometimes her* level'd *eyes their* carriage *ride*,] The allusion, which is to a piece of ordnance, is very quaint and far-fetched. MALONE.

In *The Merchant of Venice*, the eyes of Portia's picture are represented as mounted on those of Bassanio:

" ——Move these eyes?
" Or whether, *riding* on the balls of mine,
" Seem they in motion?" STEEVENS.

* *Sometime* diverted—] Turned from their former direction. So, in *As you like it*:

" I rather will subject me to the malice
" Of a *diverted* blood, and bloody brother." MALONE.

[3] *To the* orbed earth;—] So, in the mock tragedy in *Hamlet*:

" ——and Tellus' *orbed ground*." STEEVENS.

For ſome, untuck'd, deſcended her ſheav'd hat [4],
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beſide;
Some in her threaden fillet ſtill did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though ſlackly braided in looſe negligence.

A thouſand favours from a maund ſhe drew [5]
Of amber, cryſtal, and of beddeil jet [6],
Which one by one ſhe in a river threw,
Upon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet,—
Like uſury, applying wet to wet [7],

Or

[4] *For ſome, untuck'd, deſcended* her ſheav'd hat,] Her *ſtraw* hat. MALONE.

[5] —*from a* maund *ſhe drew*] A *maund* is a hand-baſket. MALONE.

[6] *Of amber, cryſtal, and of* bedded *jet.*] Thus the quarto, 1609. If *bedded* be right, it muſt mean *ſet* in ſome kind of metal. Our author uſes the word in *The Tempeſt*:

"——my ſon i' the ooze is *bedded*."

The modern editions read—*beaded* jet, which may be right; *beads* made of jet The conſtruction, I think, is,—ſhe drew from a maund a thouſand favours, of amber, cryſtal, &c. MALONE.

Baſkets made of *beads* were ſufficiently common even ſince the time of our author. I have ſeen many of them. *Beaded* jet, is jet formed into *beads*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Upon whoſe* weeping margent *ſhe was ſet,—*
Like uſury, applying wet to wet,] In *K. Henry VI.* P. III. we meet a ſimilar thought:

"With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
"And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much."

Agein, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"With tears augmenting the freſh morning dew,
"Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs."

Again, in *As you like it*:

"Thou mak'ſt a teſtament
"As worldlings do, giving the ſum of more
"To that which hath too much."

Perhaps we ſhould read:

Upon whoſe *margent weeping* ſhe was ſet.

The words might have been accidentally tranſpoſed at the preſs. *Weeping margent*, however, is, I believe, right, being much in our author's manner. *Weeping* for *weeped* or *be-weeped*; the margin wetted with tears. MALONE.

To

Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries *some*[8], but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;
Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud[9];
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
With sleided silk[1] feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy[2].

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear[3];

Cry'd

To *weep* is to drop. Milton talks of

"Groves whose rich trees *wept* od'rous gums and balm."

Pope speaks of the "*weeping* amber," and Mortimer observes that "rye-grass grows on *weeping* ground," i. e. lands abounding with wet, like the margin of the river on which this damsel is sitting. The rock from which water drops, is likewise poetically called a *weeping* rock:

Κρήνην τ' ἀέναον πέτρης ἀπὸ ΔΑΚΡΥΟΕΣΣΗΣ. STEEVENS.

[8] *Where want* cries *some*,——] I suspect our author wrote:

Where want *craves* some—— MALONE.

I *cry* halves, is a common phrase among school-boys. STEEVENS.

[9] *Bidding them find their* sepulchres in mud;] So, in *The Tempest*:

"My son i' the *ooze* is *bedded*." MALONE.

Again, ibid:

"——I wish
"Myself were *mudded* in that oozy *bed*
"Where my son lies." STEEVENS.

[1] *With* sleided *silk*——] *Sleided* is *ravelled*. So, in *Pericles*:

"Be't when she weav'd the *sleided silk*." MALONE.

[2] *With* sleided silk *feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and* seal'd *to curious secrecy*.] To be convinced of the propriety of this description, let the reader consult the *Royal Letters* &c. in the British Museum, where he will find that anciently the ends of a piece of narrow ribbon were *ravelled* and placed under the *seals* of letters, to connect them more closely. STEEVENS.

[3] *And often kiss'd, and often* 'gan *to tear*,] The quarto reads, I think, corruptedly:

——and

Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here!
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
(Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew [4]
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours [5],) observed as they flew [6];
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew [7];
And, priviledg'd by age, desires to know
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat [8],
And comely-distant sits he by her side;

When

——and often *gave* to tear.

We might read:

——and often gave *a* tear.

But the corresponding rhime rather favours the conjecture which I have inserted in the text. Besides, her *tears* had been mentioned in the preceding line. MALONE.

[4] ——*that the* ruffle *knew*] *Rufflers* were a species of bullies in the time of Shakspeare. "To *ruffle* in the common-wealth," is a phrase in *Titus Andronicus*. See note on that passage, Vol. VIII. p. 474. edit. 1778. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*and had let go by*
The swiftest hours——] Had passed the prime of life, when time appears to move with his quickest pace. MALONE.

[6] ——*observed* as they flew;] i. e. as the scattered fragments of paper flew. Perhaps, however, the parenthesis that I have inserted may not have been intended by the author. If it be omitted, the meaning will be, that this reverend man, though engaged in the bustle of the court and city, had not suffered the busy and gay period of youth to pass by without gaining some knowledge of the world. MALONE.

[7] —— *this afflicted* fancy——] This afflicted *love-sick* lady. *Fancy*, it has been already observed, was formerly sometimes used in the sense of *love*. So, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"Sighs and tears, poor *fancy's* followers." MALONE.

[8] ——*his* grained bat,] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"My *grained* ash——"

His

When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught apply'd
Which may her suffering ecstasy [9] assuage,
'Tis promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old [1];
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power [2]:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-apply'd
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit (it was to gain my grace)
Of one by nature's outwards so commended [3],
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place [4];

His *grained bat* is his staff on which the *grain* of the wood was visible. STEEVENS.

9 ——*her suffering* ecstasy——] Her painful perturbation of mind. So, in *Macbeth:*

"——Better be with the dead—
"Than on the torture of the mind to lie,
"In restless *ecstacy*." MALONE.

1 ——— *though in me you behold*
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;] So, in *K. Henry IV*. P. II: "—every part about you *blasted* with *antiquity*." MALONE.

2 *Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power*:] Thus Lusignan, in Voltaire's *Zayre*:

"Mes maux m'ont affaibli plus encor que mes ans."
STEEVENS.

3 *Of one by nature's outwards so commended*,] The quarto reads:

O one by nature's outwards &c.

Mr. Tyrwhitt proposed the emendation inserted in the text, which appears to me clearly right. MALONE.

4 —*made him her* place.] i. e. her seat, her mansion. In the sacred writings the word is often used with this sense. STEEVENS.

So, in *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 294. edit. 1778:

"This is no *place*; this house is but a butchery." MALONE.

And

And when in his fair parts ſhe did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls;
And every light occaſion of the wind
Upon his lips their ſilken parcels hurls.
What's ſweet to do, to do will aptly find [5]:
Each eye that ſaw him did enchant the mind;
For on his viſage was in little drawn,
What largeneſs thinks in paradiſe was ſawn [6].

Small ſhow of man was yet upon his chin;
His phœnix down [7] began but to appear,
Like unſhorn velvet, on that termleſs ſkin,
Whoſe bare out-brag'd the web it ſeem'd to wear;
Yet ſhow'd his viſage [8] by that coſt moſt dear;
And nice affections wavering ſtood in doubt
If beſt 'twere as it was, or beſt without.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm [9]

As

[5] *What's ſweet to do, to do will aptly find:*] I ſuppoſe he means, things pleaſant to be done will eaſily find people enough to do them. STEEVENS.

[6] —*in paradiſe was* ſawn.] i. e. ſeen. This irregular participle, which was forced upon the author by the rhime, is, I believe, uſed by no other writer. MALONE.

The ſame thought occurs in *K. Henry V*:
"Leaving his body as a *paradiſe*."
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"In mortal *paradiſe* of ſuch ſweet fleſh." STEEVENS.

[7] *His* phœnix *down*—] I ſuppoſe ſhe means *matchleſs*, *rare*, down. MALONE.

[8] *Yet ſhow'd his viſage*—] The words are placed out of their natural order for the ſake of the metre:
Yet his *viſage ſhow'd* &c. MALONE.

[9] *Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm* &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"—his voice was property'd

"A

As oft 'twixt May and April is to fee,
When winds breathe fweet, unruly though they be *.
His rudenefs fo with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falfenefs in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would fay,
"*That horfe his mettle from his rider takes*[1]:
Proud of fubjection, noble by the fway,
What rounds, what bounds, what courfe, what ftop he makes!"
And controverfy hence a queftion takes,
Whether the horfe by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing fteed.

But quickly on this fide † the verdict went;
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplifh'd in himfelf, not in his cafe:
All aids, themfelves made fairer by their place,

" As all the tuned fpheres, and that to friends;
" But when he meant to quail, and fhake the orb,
" He was as rattling thunder."
Again, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
" Open as day to melting charity;
" Yet notwithftanding, being *incens'd* he's flint;
" As humorous as winter, and as *fudden*
" *As flaws congealed in the fpring of day.*" MALONE.
Again, in *Cymbeline*:
" ———and yet as rough,
" Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rudeft wind,
" That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
" And make him ftoop to the vale." STEEVENS.

* *When* winds breathe *fweet*, unruly *though they be.*] So, Amiens in *As you like it*, addreffing the wind:
" Thou art not fo unkind,
" Although thy *breath* be *rude*." MALONE.

[1] *That horfe his* mettle *from his rider takes*] So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II:
" For from his *metal* was his party fteel'd." STEEVENS.

† *But quickly on this fide—*] Perhaps the author wrote—*his*. There is however no need of change. MALONE.

Came

Came for additions [1]; yet their purpos'd trim
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him [2].

So on the tip of his ſubduing tongue
All kind of arguments and queſtion deep,
All replication prompt, and reaſon ſtrong,
For his advantage ſtill did wake and ſleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different ſkill,
Catching all paſſions in his craft of will [3];

That he did in the general boſom reign [4]
Of young, of old; and ſexes both enchanted [5],
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain

[1] *All aids, themſelves made fairer by their place,*
Can for additions, ——] This is the reading of the quarto and the modern editions. It appearing to me unintelligible, I have ſubſtituted what I ſuppoſe to have been the author's word. The ſame miſtake happened in *Macbeth*, where we find

" ——As thick as tale
" *Can* poſt with poſt—"

printed inſtead of " *Came* poſt with poſt." MALONE.

[2] ————*yet their purpos'd trim*
Piec'd not his grace, but were all grac'd by him.] So, in *Timon of Athens*:

" You mend the jewel by the wearing it." MALONE.

[3] *Catching all paſſions in his craft of will*;] Theſe lines, in which our poet has accidentally delineated his own character as a dramatiſt, would have been better adapted to his monumental inſcription, than ſuch as are placed on the ſcroll in Weſtminſter Abbey. By our undiſcerning audiences, however, they are always heard with profounder ſilence, and follow'd by louder applauſe than accompany any other paſſage throughout all his plays. The vulgar ſeem to think they were ſelected for publick view, as the brighteſt gems in his poetick crown. STEEVENS.

[4] *That he did in the* general boſom *reign*] So, in *Hamlet*:

" And cleave the *general ear* with horrid ſpeech."
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*he did in the general boſom reign*
Of young, of old; and ſexes both enchanted, &c.] So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——Such a holy *witch*,
" That he *enchants* ſocieties to him." MALONE.

In

In perſonal duty, following where he haunted [6]:
Conſents bewitch'd, ere he deſire, have granted;
And dialogu'd for him what he would ſay,
Aſk'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

Many there were that did his picture get,
To ſerve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination ſet
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and manſions, their's in thought aſſign'd;
And labouring in more pleaſures to beſtow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them [7]:

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly ſuppos'd them miſtreſs of his heart.
My woeful ſelf, that did in freedom ſtand,
And was my own fee-ſimple [8], (not in part,)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reſerv'd the ſtalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as ſome my equals did,
Demand of him, nor being deſired, yielded;
Finding myſelf in honour ſo forbid,
With ſafeſt diſtance I mine honour ſhielded:
Experience for me many bulwarks builded

6 ——*following where he* haunted:] Where he frequented. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"——here in the publick *haunt* of men." MALONE.

7 ——*the true* gouty landlord *which doth owe them*.] So, *Timon*, addreſſing himſelf to the gold he had found:
"——Thou'lt go, ſtrong thief,
"When *gouty keepers* of thee cannot ſtand."
STEEVENS.

8 *And was my own* fee-*ſimple* —] So, in *Macbeth*:
"——What concern they?
"The general cauſe? or is it a *fee*-grief
"Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?" MALONE.

Of

Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this falſe jewel [9], and his amorous ſpoil.

But ah! who ever ſhun'd by precedent
The deſtin'd ill ſhe muſt herſelf aſſay?
Or forc'd examples, 'gainſt her own content,
To put the by-paſs'd perils in her way?
Counſel may ſtop a while what will not ſtay;
For when we rage, advice is often ſeen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it ſatisfaction to our blood,
That we muſt curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the ſweets that ſeem ſo good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment ſtand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taſte,
Though reaſon weep, and cry *it is thy laſt*.

For further I could ſay, *this man's untrue*,
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew [1],
Saw how deceits were gilded in his ſmiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling [2];

[9] ——— *the* foil
Of this falſe jewel, ——] So, in *K. Richard II:*
" ——— thy weary ſteps
" Eſteem a *foil*, in which thou art to ſet
" The precious *jewel* of thy home-return." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *in others'* orchards *grew*,] *Orchard* and *garden* were, in ancient language, ſynonymous. Our author has a ſimilar alluſion in his 16th *Sonnet:*
" ——— many *maiden gardens* yet *unſet*,
" With virtuous wiſh would bear you living *flowers*,
" Much liker than your painted counterfeit."
MALONE.

[2] *Knew* vows *were ever* brokers to defiling;] So, in *Hamlet:*
" Do not believe his *vows*; for they are *brokers*,
" Meer implorators of *unholy ſuits*." STEEVENS.

Thought,

Thought, characters, and words, merely but art [3],
And baſtards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon theſe terms I held my city [4],
'Till thus he 'gan beſiege me: "Gentle maid,
Have of my ſuffering youth ſome feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That's to you ſworn, to none was ever ſaid;
For feaſts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never vow.

All my offences that abroad you ſee,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind:
Love made them not; with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind [5]:
They ſought their ſhame that ſo their ſhame did find;
And ſo much leſs of ſhame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have ſeen [6],
Not one whoſe flame my heart ſo much as warm'd,
Or

3 Thought, *characters, and words, merely but art,*] *Thought* is here, I believe, a ſubſtantive. MALONE.

4 *And long upon theſe terms I held* my city,] Thus, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"So did I, Tarquin; ſo *my Troy* did periſh."
MALONE.

5 *Love made them not; with* acture *they may be,*
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:] Thus the old copy. I have not met the word *acture* in any other place, but ſuppoſe it to have been uſed as ſynonymous with *action*. His *offences* that might be *ſeen abroad* in the world, were the plants before mentioned, that he had ſet in others' gardens. The meaning of the paſſage then ſhould ſeem to be—My illicit amours were merely the effect of conſtitution, and not approved by my reaſon.—Pure and genuine love had no ſhare in them or in their conſequences; for the mere congreſs of the ſexes may produce ſuch fruits, without the affections of the parties being at all engaged. MALONE.

6 *Among the many that mine eyes have ſeen,* &c.] So, in *The Tempeſt:*

"——Full

Or my affection put to the smallest teen [7],
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me [8],
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly [9].

And lo! behold these talents of their hair [1],
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd [2],
I have receiv'd from many a several fair,
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd,)
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality [3].

The

"——Full many a lady
"I have ey'd with best regard,—but never any
"With so full soul——" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*to the smallest teen,*] *Teen* is *sorrow*. MALONE.

[8] *Look here what tributes wounded fancies sent me,*] *Fancy* is here used for love or affection. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave." MALONE.

[9] *Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.*] So, in *Hamlet*:
"Sir, in my *heart* there was a kind of *fighting*." STEEVENS.

[1] *And lo! behold these talents of their hair* &c.] These *lockets*, consisting of hair platted and set in *gold*. MALONE.

[2] —— *amorously* impleach'd,] *Impleach'd* is *interwoven*; the same as *pleached*, a word which our author uses in *Much ado about Nothing*, and in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"——Steal into the *pleached* bower,
"Where honey-suckles ripen'd by the sun
"Forbid the sun to enter."
"——with *pleach'd* arms bending down
"His corrigible neck." MALONE.

[3] *Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.*] In the age of Shakspeare,

The diamond; why 'twas beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invis'd properties did tend [4];
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued saphire and the opal blend
With objects manifold; each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render,
That is, to you, my origin and order:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

O then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise [5];
Take all these similies to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs did raise;
What me your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes [6]
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

Shakspeare, peculiar virtues were imputed to every species of precious stones. STEEVENS.

[4] *Whereto his* invis'd *properties did tend*;] *Invis'd for invisible.* This is, I believe, a word of our author's coining. His *invised* properties are the invisible qualities of his mind. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
"Thy *inward beauty* and *invisible*." MALONE.

[5] *O then advance of yours that* phraseless hand,
Whose white *weighs down* &c] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"——— they may seize
"On the *white wonder* of dear Juliet's *hand*." MALONE.

[6] ——*and to your* audit *comes*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"———— in compt,
"To make their *audit* at your highness' pleasure,
"Still to return your own." STEEVENS.

Lo! this device was ſent me from a nun,
Or ſiſter ſanctified of holieſt note [7];
Which late her noble ſuit in court did ſhun [8],
Whoſe rareſt havings made the bloſſoms dote [9];
For ſhe was ſought by ſpirits of richeſt coat [1],
But kept cold diſtance, and did thence remove,
To ſpend her living in eternal love.

But O, my ſweet, what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not, maſtering what not ſtrives?
Playing the place which did no form receive,
Playing patient ſports in unconſtrained gyves [2]:
She that her fame ſo to herſelf contrives,

The

[7] *Or ſiſter ſanctified of holieſt note*;] The poet, I ſuſpect, wrote:

A ſiſter ſanctified, of holieſt note. MALONE.

[8] *Which late her* noble ſuit *in court did ſhun*,] Who lately retired from the ſolicitation of her noble admirers. The word *ſuit*, in the ſenſe of *requeſt* or *petition*, was much uſed in Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

[9] *Whoſe rareſt* havings *made the* bloſſoms *dote*,] Whoſe accompliſhments were ſo extraordinary that the flower of the young nobility were paſſionately enamoured of her. MALONE.

[1] *For ſhe was ſought by ſpirits of* richeſt coat,] By nobles; whoſe high deſcent is marked by the number of quarters in their *coats* of arms. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Yea, though I die, the ſcandal will ſurvive,
"And be an eye-ſore in my *golden coat*." MALONE.

[2] Playing the place *which did no* form *receive*,
Playing *patient ſports in unconſtrained gyves*:] This paſſage is evidently corrupt. I ſuſpect the words *playing* and *form* in the firſt line, and *playing* in the ſecond, the metre of which ſhows that ſome word of one ſyllable ſtood here originally. It was probably overlooked by the printer, whoſe eye might have glanced on the preceding line, and caught the firſt word from thence, which I believe he alſo miſprinted.—The lover is ſpeaking of a nun who had voluntarily retired from the world. But what merit (he adds) could ſhe boaſt, or what was the difficulty of ſuch an action? What labour is there in leaving what *we have not*, [i. e. what we do not enjoy—See *Rape of Lucrece*, p. 481. n. 6.] or in reſtraining deſires that do not agitate our breaſt? So far is clear. The ſenſe of the next two lines was perhaps this.—

[What

The ſcars of battle ſcapeth by the flight [3],
And makes her abſence valiant, not her might.

O pardon me, in that my boaſt is true;
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force ſubdue,
And now ſhe would the caged cloiſter fly:
Religious love put out religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would ſhe be enmur'd [4],
And now, to tempt all, liberty procur'd.

How

[What labour is there in] *ſecuring that heart which had received no impreſſion of love, and which therefore might with ſufficient patience endure and even frolick in voluntary confinement?* But what the words were, of which I ſuppoſe this to have been the ſenſe, it is difficult to form even a conjecture. Perhaps we ought to read thus:

But O my ſweet! what labour is't to leave
The thing we have not; maſtering what not ſtrives;
Paling the place which *does* no *fawn* receive?—
Play patient ſports in unconſtrained gyves:
She that her fame &c.

The poet might have compared the unfeeling heart of this recluſe in her voluntary retirement, to a park without deer, unneceſſarily incloſed with *pales*. So, afterwards:

"And now ſhe would the *caged* cloiſter fly."

This image, fanciful as it may appear, our author has introduced into his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Fondling, ſaith ſhe, ſince I have hemm'd thee here,
"Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,
"I'll be thy *park*, and thou ſhalt be my *deer*;
"Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or on dale."

MALONE.

I do not believe there is any corruption in the words

———did no *form receive*,

as the ſame expreſſion occurs again in the laſt ſtanza but three:

"———a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
"Applied to cautels, all ſtrange *forms receives*."

Again, in *Twelfth Night*:

"How eaſy is it for the proper falſe
"In women's waxen hearts *to ſet their forms*?"

STEEVENS.

3 ——*by* the *flight*,] Perhaps the author wrote—by *her* flight.

STEEVENS.

4 *Not to be tempted would ſhe be enur'd*,] Thus the quarto; from

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among;
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physick your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun [5],
Who disciplin'd and dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when I the assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place [6].
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame [7],
How

from which the reading of the text has been formed. The modern editions have—*immur'd*. MALONE.

Immur'd is a verb used by Shakspeare in *K. Richard III.* and *The Merchant of Venice.* We have likewise *immures*, subst. in the Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida.* STEEVENS.

[5] *My parts had power to charm a sacred* sun,] I believe the poet wrote

——a sacred *nun*.

If *sun* be right, it must mean, *the brightest luminary of the cloister.* MALONE.

In *Coriolanus*, the chaste Valeria is called "the *moon* of Rome." STEEVENS.

[6] *My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,*
Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Believ'd her eyes when they to *assail begun,*
All vows and consecrations giving place.] Thus the quarto and all the modern editions. For the present regulation of the text, the propriety of which, I think, will at once strike every reader, I am indebted to an anonymous correspondent, whose communications have been already acknowledged. MALONE.

[7] ——*When thou wilt inflame,*
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?] Thus, in Rowe's *Lady Jane Gray:*

"—every

How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense, 'gainst shame[8],
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears[9].

Now all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,
And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth."

This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were level'd on my face[1];

"——every other joy, how dear soever,
"Gives way to that, and we leave all for love.
"At the imperious tyrant's lordly call,
"In spite of reason and restraint we come,
"Leave kindred, parents, and our native home.
"The trembling maid, with all her fears he charms &c."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Love's arms are* peace, *'gainst rule* &c.] I suspect our author wrote

Love's arms are *proof* 'gainst rule, &c.

The meaning, however, of the text as it stands, may be—The *warfare* that love carries on against rule, sense &c. produces to the parties engaged a *peaceful* enjoyment, *and sweetens* &c. The construction in the next line is perhaps irregular.—Love's arms are peace &c. and *love* sweetens——. MALONE.

Perhaps we should read:

Love *aims at* peace——
Yet sweetens &c. STEEVENS.

And sweetens in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.] So, in *Cymbeline*:
"——a touch more rare
"Subdues all pangs, all fears." STEEVENS.

[1] *This said his watery eyes he did dismount,*
Whose sights *till then were* level'd *on my face*;] The allusion is to the old English fire-arms, which were supported on what was called a *rest*. MALONE.

Each

Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace:
O how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who, glaz'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses
That flame [2] through water which their hue incloses.

O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear?
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect [3]! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

For lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolv'd my reason into tears [4];
There my white stole of chastity I daft [5],
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears;
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels [6], all strange forms receives,

[2] ——— gate *the glowing roses*
That flame——] That is, procured for the glowing roses in his cheeks that flame &c. *Gate* is the ancient perfect tense of the verb *to get*. MALONE.

[3] O *cleft effect!*——] O divided and discordant effect! O cleft &c. is the modern reading. The old copy has—*Or* cleft effect, from which it is difficult to draw any meaning. MALONE.

[4] ——— resolv'd *my reason* into tears;] So, in *Hamlet:*
"Thaw, and *resolve* itself *into a dew*." STEEVENS.

[5] —*my white stole of chastity* I daft,] To *daff* or *doff* is to put off,—*do off*. MALONE.

[6] *Applied to* cautels,—] Applied to insidious purposes, with subtilty and cunning. So, in *Hamlet:*
"Perhaps he loves you now;—
"And now no soil of *cautel* doth besmirch
"The virtue of his will." MALONE.

ning blushes, or of weeping water,
ooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,
ther's aptness as it best deceives,
blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
r to turn white and swoon at tragick shows;

That not a heart which in his level came,
Could scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And veil'd in them, would win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burnt in heart-wish'd luxury [7],
He preach'd pure maid [8], and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd,
That the unexperienc'd gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd [9].
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?

* —*not a heart which in his* level *came,*
Could scape &c] So, in *K. Henry VIII:*
" —I stood i' the *level*
" Of a full-charg'd confederacy." STEEVENS.
Again, in our author's 117th *Sonnet:*
" Bring me within the *level* of your frown,
" But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate." MALONE.

7 —*in heart-wish'd* luxury,] *Luxury* formerly was used for *lasciviousness.* MALONE.

8 *He preach'd pure maid,*—] We meet with a similar phraseology in *K. John:*
" He *speaks plain cannon fire,* and bounce, and smoke."
Again, in *K. Henry V:*
" *I speak to thee plain soldier.*" MALONE.

9 —*like a* cherubin *above them hover'd.*] So, in *Macbeth:*
" —or heaven's *cherubin* hors'd
" Upon the sightless couriers of the air."
STEEVENS.

Ah

Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make
What I should do again for such a sake.

O, that infected moisture of his eye,
O, that false fire which in his cheek so glow'd,
O, that forc'd thunder from his heart did fly,[1]
O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrowed motion, seeming ow'd,[2]
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!

[1] *O, that forc'd* thunder *from his heart did fly,*] So, in *Twelfth Night:*

"With groans that *thunder* love, and sighs of fire."

MALONE.

[2] *O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming* ow'd,] The motion which he copied from others so naturally that it seemed real and his *own*. *Ow'd* has here, as in many other places in our author's works, the signification of *owned*. MALONE.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.